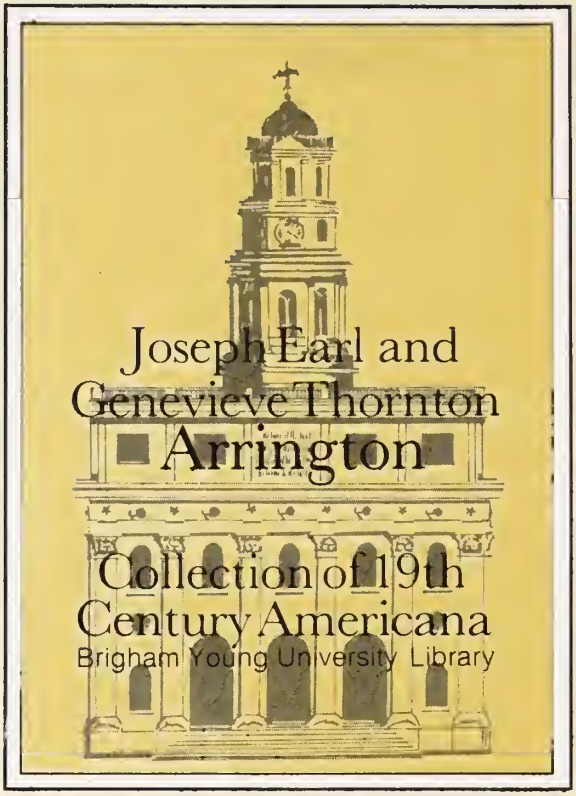
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NELSON

THE

HISTORIC GALLERY

OF

PORTRAITS AND PAINTINGS.

Painted by Julio Romano

Engraved by George Cook

LONDON:

WILLOUGHBY & Co 86. ALDERSGATE STREET.

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vol.1

THE PEOPLE'S ART UNION.

THE

HISTORIC GALLERY

OF

PORTRAITS & PAINTINGS,

WITH BRIEF MEMOIRS OF THE

MOST CELEBRATED MEN,

OF EVERY AGE AND COUNTRY.

EMBELLISHED BY ENGRAVINGS IN OUTLINE,

OF

THE FINEST SPECIMENS OF THE ARTS,

Ancient and Modern.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

WILLOUGHBY & CO., 86, ALDERSGATE STREET.

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PREFACE.

As the utility of biography cannot be questioned, any comment on its importance would be superfluous. Without it, history is defective, and chronology uninteresting. It is by the recital of particular facts, and the display of minute circumstances, that the reader's attention is arrested, and the knowledge of great events imprinted on his memory. But however pleasing or valuable in itself, it is capable of receiving considerable aid and embellishment from sculpture, and painting. What history records, they exhibit; and if, by the perusal of brilliant exploits, and the contemplation of magnanimous actions, the judgment be regulated, and the mind enlarged, the correct and skilful delineation of them, no less forcibly enchants the fancy, and informs the understanding. The union, therefore, of History, Painting, and Sculpture, and their dependence upon each other is so apparent, as to render unnecessary any further observation.

The design of the present work being to combine instruction with amusement; and to blend the labours of the historian, with the happiest efforts of the pencil, the proprietors flatter themselves that, to the literary student and the artist, it will be found of considerable use. By those who delight in reflecting on the fortunes, the talents, and the achievments of illustrious men, it will be regarded with peculiar interest, as displaying the AUTHENTIC PORTRAITS of personages whose virtues and defects, whose daring projects or literary attainments, they may admire, censure, or extol.

The Historic Gallery rests its pretensions to public patronage upon a still stronger basis. Presenting to the contemplation of the artist and the connoisseur, specimens of the most esteemed works of the best masters, this publication, it is presumed, will contribute to the advancement of science; assist in diffusing a knowledge of what, for ages, has been highly appreciated and enthusiastically admired and instil into the mind of the most indifferent observer of ideal excellence, a taste for the polite arts.

If considered as a book of reference alone, The Historic Gallery cannot fail of being most useful, instructive, and entertaining, the whole being compiled with some care from the best biographical sources, and being replete with the requisite classical knowledge, will be found useful for educational purposes, and conduce to the attainment of mental and moral improvement. The details of actual life, interest all, beyond most other species of reading. Hence, if we would raise up Howards, Franklins, Miltons, and Newtons, to bless the world, we must present our youth, not with a dry abstract of the principles which form such characters, but with a portrait of those living and glowing spirits themselves; for a single forcible delineation of a Nero, or a Caligula, will do more to save us from a repetition of their vices, than a volume of mere warnings and philippics thereon. Man is naturally imitative. Here, in numerous instances, he will find noble models. For those of a different character we have only to say:

> "Learn to be wise by others' harm,
> And you shall do full well."

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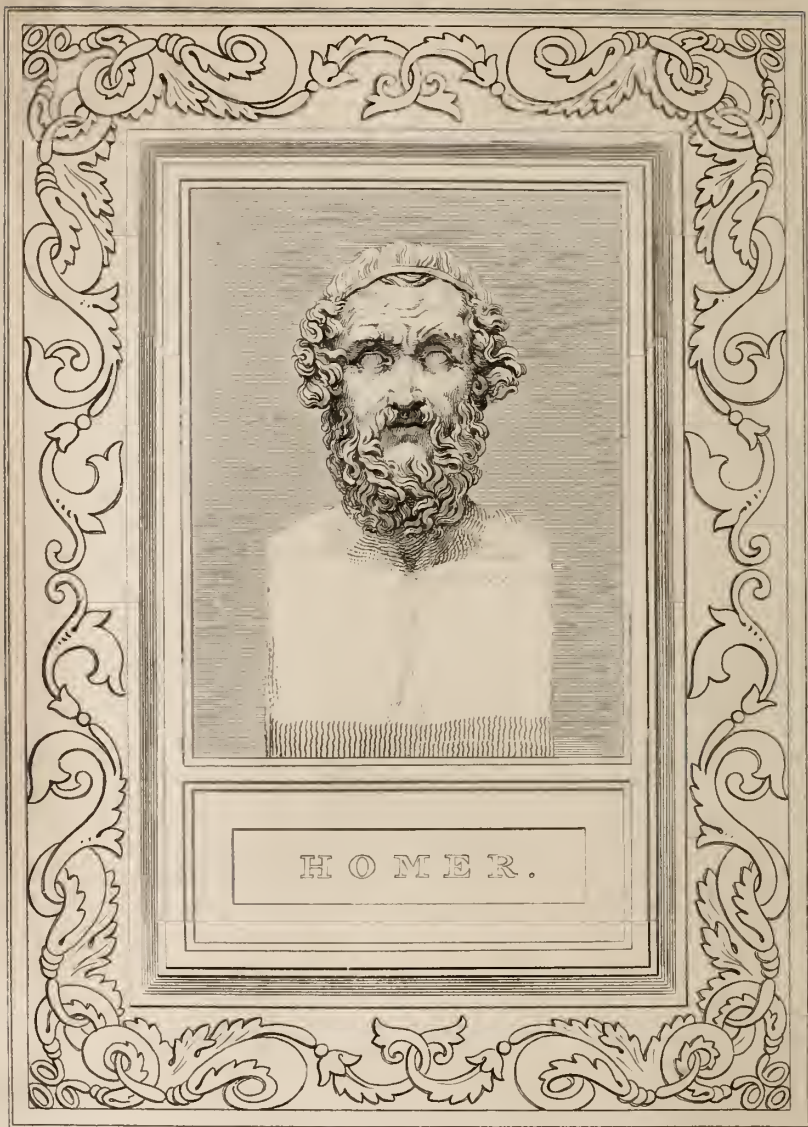


HOMER.

HOMER.

A STRANGE tale is the history of Homer. The existence of the man is lost and almost wholly forgotten. We know not whether he was a prince, statesman, or *only* poet; o'er his grave time has heaped the ruins of three thousand years, has changed the face of the globe, and annihilated every memorial of physical greatness, and yet the mind of this one mortal still survives—a portion of the indestructible essence of being. Tradition reports that he was a blind beggar, gleaning an uncertain subsistence by the recital of his wondrous poems; yet who, amongst the earth's proudest, but would have exchanged places with the sightless mendicant, could they have foreseen that his memory was doomed to an eternity of fame! The same sun that shone on the birth of Adam ripens our daily food; the impulses that prompted the acts of the patrons of Homer, were similar to those which influenced the conduct of the friends of Burns. Could they have imagined his future glory, the aristocracy of Scotland would have softened the daily tasks of the "guager."

> "Seven Grecian cities mourn for Homer dead,
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

We too have lived to see a nation doing penance at the shrine of its greatest, and know that the tears of ages will flow for the crime of a single generation.

The question as to the birthplace of Homer has long since been abandoned, and the dispute respecting the sole or joint authorship of the Iliad and Odyssey may be said to have passed into a like oblivion. It would seem almost impossible that works so complete in design, so perfect in all their details, and displaying throughout an equal degree of excellence, should have been made up by the contributions of successive ages. The life which they pourtray is all so different from our existence, yet it is so identical with our own. The kings are often compelled to supply their meanest wants; the princesses wash their own garments in the running stream; the cares of empire are diversified by the tasks of the shepherd and the trader; yet ambition, love, and revenge, with all the vices, since named "cardinal," and all the virtues, since acknowledged as "christian," mingled in the web of their daily being. Ulysses is the Talleyrand of the earlier time, Achilles the

Nelson to whom combat was pleasure for its own sake. Other Troys have since been lost for other Helens, and of deserted and ever-constant Penelopes the world has had no lack since men first began to leave their homes for battle or foreign travel. We read the works of Homer for their beauty, and remember them for their wisdom.

There is hardly any civilised nation which has not its own translation of Homer and his disciple, the Roman Virgil. English literature can boast of a dozen versions, each distinguished by its own peculiar kind of excellence. It is, of course, certainly impossible to convey, through the medium of a translation, anything beyond a faint idea of the real merits of the originals; but, two of our greatest poets have not disdained the subordinate task of weaving modern garments for the thoughts of their oldest masters. The Iliad of Pope lacks the fire of its model; but its unequalled sweetness of versification will always render it a favourite with the public. Dryden, in his translation of the Æneid has exhibited all the characteristics of his usual style, passages of unequalled beauty, alternating with stanzas of limping barrenness. Here, a thought faithfully rendered, to be followed by a whole page of bad English and worse poetry. But the globe must not be measured by a carpenter's rule. Pope and Dryden are men for whom we have to be thankful, and of whom we will say, as of Homer and all other great men since the birth of the world, that they form a portion of the great funded capital of genius, of which we daily receive the dividends.

Homer lived B. C. 850, and is supposed to have been contemporary with the prophet Elijah.

THE FAMILY OF DARIUS.

(Painted by Le Brun.)

The engraving in this instance represents a scene with which every school-boy, or student of general history, is familiar, The last of a line of kings has been defeated by Alexander on the plains of Arbela, and the whole of the Persian monarchy placed in the power of the victor. The celebrated painter, Le Brun, has chosen for the subject of his picture the interview of the conqueror with the wife and mother of Darius, when Sysigambis, estimating greatness by a female standard, has thrown herself at the feet of Hephestion. Informed of her error, she hastens to repair it; but the youthful victor replies, with the enthusiasm of friendship, "No, my mother, you have not been deceived. He also is Alexander."

In the engraving before us the painter has succeeded in conveying a vivid representation of this famous scene. The distress of the family of Darius is evident in every gesture and attitude of the suppliant group, and the chivalrous bearing of Alexander seems to warrant the praises which contemporary historians have bestowed upon his conduct after this, his greatest triumph. It is of the battle of Arbela that Dryden has spoken when he celebrated the mournful fate of

"Darius great and good."

This subject has formed the theme of innumerable efforts in all the varied departments of art and literature.

The Family of Darius

HORATIO VISCOUNT NELSON.

HAD the Grecian Mythology still remained to be invented, the God of War would have been invested with the dominion of the seas, and the isles of Britain rendered famous as being the birth-place of the divinity. There is no character throughout the range of ancient and modern history which more nearly approaches the ideal of perfection than that of England's greatest naval commander.

The purer philosophy of our times recoils with horror from the contemplation of the warrior's career; but, to estimate rightly a conqueror's worth, we must ascertain, if possible, his motives to exertion, and obtain a knowledge of the value of his services to his country and mankind. The life of a village schoolmaster may have been in reality more heroic than that of Nelson; but the question for us to consider is, whether or not the existence of the latter was necessary in carrying out the great designs of an ever beneficent Providence. Tried by this test, the acts of Attila may cease to excite our indignation, and the overthrow of empires only serve to impress us with the melancholy feeling that the goal is yet far distant to which, after a journey of six thousand years, mankind is hastening, as to the realisation of their dreams of human happiness and virtue.

Horatio Nelson was born at Burnham Thorpe, a small village in Norfolk, September 29th, 1758. His father was rector of the place, but was undistinguished by the possession of any superior quality of mind, and his mother died when Horatio was but nine years old. To the circumstance of the family being in straitened circumstances, the boy owed his first introduction to the profession of which he was destined to become the tutelary angel, and was sent to sea in the Raisonnable, 64, at that time under the command of his maternal uncle. His first voyage was made under the most unfavourable auspices, and a subsequent trip which he made in a merchantman, confirmed a disgust which he had by this time conceived to the royal navy. His uncle, Captain Suckling, succeeded in luring him back to his profession, and the young Nelson went out as coxswain in the Raechorse bomb, on an expedition to the Polar Seas. Here his daring spirit was exhibited on several occasions, and on the return to England, he was appointed to the Seahorse of 20 guns,

destined to reinforce the squadron in the East Indies. After some time had elapsed, he was rated a midshipman, and remained abroad eighteen months, when he was sent home reduced by disease to a skeleton, and utterly broken in spirit. A season of gloomy despondency was succeeded by a revulsion of feeling which, at some time or other, has been felt by every man of genius, and in his own words, "a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me, and presented my king and country as my patrons. Well then, I exclaimed, I will be a hero! and, confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger." The light which had thus dawned upon him, was only quenched with his death, and just as his prospects seemed most hopeless, the appointment of his uncle as comptroller of the navy, opened the road to his promotion. He was eventually appointed acting lieutenant in the Worcester, 74, and having passed a highly creditable examination, received his commission as lieutenant of the Lowestoffe frigate the 9th of April, 1777. It was whilst in this vessel that he first gave a proof of his recklessness of danger by volunteering to board a prize, during a gale which rendered such a service almost impossible. His zeal and ability was now strongly appreciated by those with whom he served: and in 1779 he was made post-captain, having attained that rank at the age of 21. His first service of note was a share in the disastrous expedition of General Dalling against the Spanish Main, the object of which was to cut off the communication between the possessions in North and South America. The design, however, miscarried from the lateness of the season, and the dreadful effects of the climate: and Nelson, who had exposed himself on all occasions, went home to England with a debilitated frame, and a constitution prematurely shattered. Whilst confined to his bed, he was appointed to the command of the Janus, 44 guns, and subsequently to the Albemarle, in which, whilst still suffering from illness, he was sent to the North Seas, and kept there a whole winter. From thence he was sent to Canada, where, by the interposition of a friend, he was prevented from the *ruin* of marriage with a lady who had captivated him. The late king, William IV., then serving in the navy himself, gives a ludicrous picture of the personal appearance of Nelson at this time. His boyish appearance, and his costume of a laced coat, old fashioned waistcoat with long flaps, and lank unpowdered hair, tied in an enormous tail, after the approved nautical fashion, made up so strange a figure that," said the prince, "I had never seen anything like it before, nor could I imagine who he was nor what he came about. But his address and conversation were irresistibly pleasing, and when he spoke on professional subjects it was with an enthusiasm that showed he was no common being."

The peace found Nelson as yet unknown to fame; but he had won for himself the respect of all above, and the love of all beneath him. His first business when he returned to England was to look after the interests of his men, and at sea he encouraged in every possible way the hopes and the ambition of the youth entrusted to his care. Promoted to a command in the West Indies, as senior captain, he gave the first indications of that sublime courage which is rarely imitated, and less frequently applauded. The admiral in command gave him a written order to obey the instructions of a civil commissioner, who was authorised to hoist a broad pennant on board any of the ships he thought proper. Nelson refused to obey, on the ground of the inconsistency of the order with the regulations of the service, and ordered the pennant to be struck immediately. On the circumstances being investigated by the

Admiralty, their lordships approved of the conduct of Nelson; but, subsequent events showed how little value he attached to authority when its dictates were unwise. At an early age he had discovered the sufficiency of his own genius, and felt

> "That the ebbs and flows of his single soul
> Were tides to the rest of mankind."

That, whilst treating discipline with contempt, Nelson should have exacted the most implicit obedience to his own rule, is a seeming inconsistency, which is accounted for by the profound egotism of great intellect. Nelson governed by the right of the *wisest*, and required, as a matter of course, the homage of all inferior minds. Hence the dogmatism of his opinions, and his impatience of contradiction. The rules of the service he reduced for the use of his midshipmen into three concise maxims, which they were constantly to bear in mind. First: "to implicitly obey orders, without attempting to form any opinion of their own with regard to their propriety." Secondly: "to consider every man their enemy who spoke ill of their king; and, thirdly: "they were to hate a Frenchman as they hated the devil." The concluding sentence embodies the whole spirit of Nelson's political philosophy; the end and aim of his being was to fight the French. The existence of the feeling was in his days the test of patriotism; a morbid hatred, which the peasant justified by the plea that our continental neighbour ate frogs and wore wooden shoes; which Pitt applauded, and Burke vindicated on the ground that, in this dreadful contest, our country defended the best interests of a threatened world, and which Nelson considered should be entertained by every Englishman, seeing that the people of France were our national enemies. In our times such doctrines can hardly be said to rank as matters of opinion; half a century since they were preached from the pulpit as the rule of Christian behaviour.

Whilst engaged on the West India station, Nelson found employment in protecting the monopoly of commerce given to the inhabitants of British America with the islands in the West Indies. By the recognition of American independence, the people of the United States had become foreigners to us, and of course were debarred from trading with our colonies under the provisions of the Navigation Act. Notwithstanding this actual prohibition, the violation of which subjected all vessels to seizure and confiscation, the Americans continued to trade with the islands under the certificates obtained by their merchants at the time when they were still British subjects; and, as the commerce was on both sides a profitable one, the infraction of the law was connived at by the principal colonists. Matters were in this state when Nelson arrived, and he lost not a moment in his attempt to enforce the restrictions imposed by law. The great truths of political economy, though hardly broached in theory, were even at that time understood in practice, and the colonists could hardly be expected to acquiesce in the propriety of a system, which prohibited their trade with the United States, for the avowed purpose of compelling them to purchase their goods at a dearer rate from the settlers of Nova Scotia. The whole of the authorities, including even the commander-in-chief of the troops were, with a single exception, opposed to Nelson, who found means, however, to persuade the admiral on the station to allow him to enforce the act of parliament. Acting upon these instructions, he warned the American vessels off the forts of the various islands. But the interests at stake were too important to admit of this being sacrificed without

a struggle; and the admiral was persuaded to retract his previous order, and to issue a notice permitting the trade to be carried on as usual. Nelson without hesitation disobeyed the command. He knew that the law of England was in his favour, and having explained the reasons of his conduct to Sir Richard Hughes, the admiral, he sent word to the custom houses, that all foreign vessels found trading after a certain day would be made prizes of. Four American vessels, found in the Bay of St. Nevis, refused to depart, alleging that they were not the property of citizens of the United States, but, on examination, the actual facts were elicited, and Nelson seized them without hesitation. The storm raised against him in consequence would have quelled the spirit of any man of ordinary character. The admiral at first threatened to supersede him; but Nelson had won over all the officers of the squadron to his own way of thinking, and the menace was never carried into execution. On shore, however, the hostility did not so easily subside; the whole of the population were against him, and actions for damages to the amount of £40,000 were brought against him by the masters of the vessels which he had captured. For two months he was in daily hazard of being arrested; and, though the ships were subsequently condemned, and, in reply to a memorial addressed by him to the home government, orders were sent out that he should be defended at the cost of the crown, yet it was not for many years afterwards that the prosecution of the lawsuits against him was finally abandoned. The propriety of his conduct was freely admitted by the administration, but the honour which should have been bestowed upon Nelson, was, with the singular perversity which seemed in those days to be the rule of the ministry, conferred upon the commander-in-chief, who had done all which lay in his power to thwart the very measures which he was lauded for carrying into effect. This injustice was deeply felt by Nelson, and he was not slow in expressing his disgust. Indeed, so much had occurred to render him discontented with the service, that, on his return to England, he had resolved to wait upon the first lord of the admiralty, and resign his commission. Secret information of this intention was conveyed to Lord Hood, who, on the occasion of his arrival, wrote him a letter, requesting to see him immediately; and, by a little judicious compliment upon the value of his services, and the honour of presenting him to the king, banished for a time his sense of being neglected. This was not, however, the only time that Nelson was doomed to experience the mortifications which governments usually keep in store for those whose labours have in any way benefitted their country.

During his stay in the West Indies, Nelson married. His wife was the widow of Dr. Nisbet, by whom she had a son, afterwards a captain in the navy. Mrs. Nisbet was but eighteen at the time of her second marriage, and for many years her marriage with Nelson seemed to have been productive of mutual happiness; a blessing which the subsequent passages of their wedded life too fatally shewed was not destined to be permanent. The lady seems to have been in every way worthy of his respect.

On being paid off from the Boreas, Nelson, with his wife, took up his residence at the parsonage of his father, where he employed himself in agriculture and field sports. But his restless spirit sighed for more congenial occupations, and he sent numerous applications for a ship to the Admiralty, but without success; and his letters at this period are full of complaints of the injustice displayed to him by the government. A time was, however,

approaching, when such proffered services as those of Nelson's could no longer be slighted; the war of the French Revolution broke out, and on the 30th of July, 1793, he was appointed to the Agamemnon, 64, and placed under the orders of Lord Hood, in the Mediterranean. It was at this period that his acquaintance with Lady Hamilton, the wife of the British Minister at the court of Naples commenced, an intimacy fraught with the most pernicious consequences, both to his fame and domestic peace. Many reasons may be urged in extenuation of the facility with which he gave himself up to the influence of this fatal passion. The ambassador himself had gained a considerable reputation as a man of science; his wife was a woman of pleasing manners, and, by the aid of her talents for intrigue, had acquired great authority with the Neapolitan court. Applauded by the envoy, flattered by the king of Naples, and intoxicated by the admiration of Lady Hamilton, Nelson seems to have surrendered almost without a struggle. This connexion coloured all the events of his after life.

Being dispatched from thence to Tunis, Nelson fell in, on the way, with five sail of the enemy, to whom he gave chase, and succeeded in engaging one of them; but the action proved indecisive. Soon after this he was sent with a small squadron to operate on the Corsican coast, the inhabitants of that island having solicited the assistance of England in their efforts to throw off the yoke of the French. During several months he was engaged upon this service, and almost every day employed in actual fighting, the results of which are thus summed up in his journal: "One hundred and ten days I have been actually engaged, at sea and on shore, against the enemy; three actions against ships, two against Bastia, in my ship, four boat actions, and two villages taken, and twelve sail of vessels burnt." After recounting the mode in which his services had been neglected, he adds, "but never mind, I'll have a gazette of my own." It was at the siege of Calvi, a town in Corsica, that he lost the use of one of his eyes; a ball struck the ground near him, and drove the sand into his eye with such force as to destroy it: the next day he was at his duty, toiling as desperately as ever.

The next service in which Nelson was engaged, was with a portion of the French fleet of twenty-two sail, which had sailed out from Toulon with express orders to bring the English to action wherever they could find them. The fleet, under the Admiral Hotham consisted of fifteen sail of the line, and a partial engagement ensued between the hostile squadron; Nelson, in the Agamemnon, outsailed the rest of the fleet, and engaged the Ca Ira, 84, which having had her main and fore-top masts carried away, was in tow of a frigate. In the early part of the action the Agamemnon suffered severely from the fire of the enemy; but the genius of her commander soon devised an expedient by which, for the space of two hours, he poured his fire into the devoted vessel, without ever allowing the possibility of a single gun being brought to bear from either side upon him in return. This was effected by putting his helm a-starboard, and hauling up the after-sails, before giving the broadside, and then, having delivered her fire, bracing up the after-yards, putting the helm a-port, and standing after her again. The engagement continued the whole of the day, and was renewed the next morning, and the Censeur having taken the Ca Ira in tow, Nelson was obliged to engage both single-handed, and captured them after a determined resistance: for this action he was made colonel of marines, and sent as commodore, with eight frigates under his order, to co-operate with the Austrian army off the coast of Italy. The object

of the expedition was, however, entirely frustrated by the cowardice and incapacity of the Imperialists; and Nelson had the mortification of seeing the whole of Italy overrun by the republicans. Had the counsels of the commodore been listened to and seconded with even ordinary spirit, the result would have been of a very different nature.

Under the advice of Admiral Sir John Jervis, Nelson next effected the evacuation of Corsica, and afterwards, in the Minerva frigate, captured a Spanish frigate, the Sabina, which was, however, subsequently re-taken, and a squadron of the enemy heaving in sight, he was for some time in imminent danger of being captured himself. Having proceeded in search of the Admiral, who was at sea, engaged in looking out for the Spanish fleet, he fell in with the enemy, and carried the welcome news to him on the 13th of February, 1794. He was ordered to hoist his head pennant on board the Captain, 74, and on the following morning the action commenced. The Spanish fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line, six of which were three-deckers, and one of four decks, with ten frigates, and a brig: the English had fifteen sail of the line, four frigates, a sloop, and a cutter. Admiral Jervis, by a masterly movement, broke the enemy's line, and cut off nine ships from the main body, and then directing his attention to the rest, made a signal for each ship of his own squadron to tack in succession. Nelson, who was in the rear, foresaw that an obedience to this order would give an opportunity to the enemy either to join the vessels which had been cut off, or to get away without coming to a battle; he therefore paid no attention to it, and ordering his ship to be wore, dashed into the centre of the hostile squadron, and choosing his antagonist by the same rule, as a veteran tar observed, which prompts a school-boy in his selection of an apple, to make prize of the biggest, laid himself alongside the Santissima Trinidada, of 132 guns. The Culloden, Captain Troubridge, advanced to his support, and the two daring Englishmen found themselves obliged, for an hour, to bear, unassisted, the fire of five first-rates and two seventy-fours; the Blenheim then came up, and the Salvator del Mundo and the San Isidro shrinking from the murderous conflict, struck to Collingwood in the Excellent. But the situation of Nelson was most critical, for at this time he had entirely to sustain a combat with five of the enemy's vessels. The Culloden was crippled, and had drifted astern, a complete wreck, and the Blenheim had gone a-head to seek new opponents. The Excellent, for a moment, diverted the enemy's attention, by pouring in a tremendous fire into the colossal Santissima Trinidada; the San Nicholas now fell aboard the San Josef, the Captain ranging alongside the former vessel, and Nelson finding his ship utterly disabled, called for his boarders, and, preceded by a soldier of the 69th, jumped through the quarter-gallery window, sword in hand; the Spanish officers resisted with some show of bravery, but the cabin doors were forced, the brigadier was killed retreating to the quarter-deck, and Nelson making his appearance on the poop, found his sailors engaged in hauling down the Spanish colours. But the hazard of the hour was not yet overcome; the Spanish admiral, in the San Josef, opened his fire upon the handful of conquerors, and Nelson saw that he must either consent to see his prey snatched from his grasp, or achieve a still greater conquest; the alternative did not require a moment's consideration. Hastily planting sentinels over the numerous prisoners, he called his men to his side again, and led the way on board the San Josef, shouting "Westminster Abbey or victory!" The Spaniards were paralysed by the audacity of the

attaek, and in a few minutes the huge vessel was wholly in the power of the daring assailants. Perhaps, in the annals of naval warfare, it would be found impossible to eite another such instanee of sueeessful rashness.

For his serviees upon this oeeasion, Nelson was rewarded with the Order of the Bath. The dignity of rear-admiral had been previously eonferred upon him; but the most important of the eonsequences resulting from the vietory, was the just estimation which was from that time made of his genius and courage. It was of no moment that Sir John Jervis reeeived an earldom for an aehievement whieh was actually performed against his orders; men penetrated through the thin veil of offieial secresy, and saw in Nelson the hope of the eountry. From that moment his existenee became national.

The admiral now hoisted his flag on board the Theseus, and took the command of the inner squadron, at the blockade of Cadiz. It was whilst engaged in this task, that he headed a midnight attaek upon the Spanish gun-boats, and was assailed, in the heat of the eonflict, by their commander; twelve men to twenty-six, and no aid from superior skill, the contest was of the most deadly eharacter, and, but for the heroie bravery of his coxswain, Sykes, the eareer of Nelson would have been terminated that night, and perhaps the history of the European world wholly changed. It was not until eighteen of the Spaniards had been killed, and every man of the survivors wounded, that they resigned the combat.

The next serviee in which Nelson was engaged, was the unfortunate attack upon Teneriffe, for the purpose of capturing the Spanish galleons, whieh were supposed to have put into the bay of Santa Cruz. He took with him four ships of the line, three frigates, and a cutter, and having arrived off the town, and made the necessary arrangements, threw about a thousand men, at night, into the boats of the squadron, and made for the landing plaee, with the intention of storming the town. But the star of Nelson's fortune had nigh, upon this oeeasion, suffered a total eelipse; many of the boats were stove by the surf, and the seamen, who landed in safety, found that they had only eseaped one danger to eneounter another, almost equally imminent. The Spaniards were prepared for the attaek, and uninterrupted sheets of musketry blazed upon them at every step, whilst forty pieces of eannon kept up a eontinual storm of grape-shot and eanister. To advanee was impossible, and in a short time two thirds of the assailants were destroyed. Nelson himself had not got his foot ashore, when a ball passed through his right arm, and he fell, eatching his sword with the other hand. Fortunately, his son-in-law, Lieutenant Nisbet, was at hand, who took off his handkerehief, and applied it as a tourniquet; and a bargeman, named Lovell, tore up his shirt to make a sling for his beloved commander. They rowed back with him to the ship; but on the way, Nelson insisted upon going to the relief of the Fox cutter, whieh was sunk by the fire of the enemy, and he actually saved some of the erew with his own remaining hand. After displaying prodigies of valour, the survivors on shore eoneluded a capitulation with the Spaniards, by whieh it was agreed, that they should be allowed to return to their ships unmolested. Nelson's arm was amputated, but the operation was unskilfully performed, and for three months afterwards he suffered exeruciating pain. Contrary to his expeetations, his return to England was weleomed with eongratulations; civic honours were bestowed upon him by the ehief eities of the empire, and a pension given to him of £1,000 a year.

The rules of the service required that, previous to the issuing of this grant,

a memorial, distinctly stating his services, should be presented to his majesty; and a more brilliant one never met the eye of any sovereign. The following is a copy:

"To the king's most excellent majesty, the memorial of Sir Horatio Nelson, K.B., &c., humbly sheweth,—That during the present war, your memorialist has been in four actions with frigates; in six engagements against batteries: in ten actions in boats employed in cutting out of harbours, in destroying vessels, and in taking three towns. Your memorialist has also served on shore four months, and commanded the batteries at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi: that during the war he has assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers of different sizes; taken and destroyed nearly fifty merchant vessels; and your memorialist has actually been engaged against the enemy upwards of *one hundred and twenty times*. In which service your memorialist has lost his right eye and right arm, and been severely wounded and bruised in his body.—All of which services your memorialist most humbly submits to your majesty's most gracious consideration. "Horatio Nelson."

The year 1798 dawned upon England with chequered aspect. Upon the seas she was left without a rival, but her continental policy had been the most disastrous which could be imagined. Armies had been subsidised, only to be destroyed; coalitions had been formed only to be broken and dispersed in every direction. The soil of Italy offered no resting place to the foot of the avowed enemy of French domination; the continuance of the war had become impossible, from the want of resistance; and the oriental imagination of Bonaparte turned to the new worlds of conquest, which awaited him in the East. Armaments of the most extensive nature were known to be fitting out at Toulon, and the people of England were daily alarmed by rumours of meditated invasion. Orders were issued by the English ministry, to prevent, if possible, the sailing of the expedition, or, in the event of the enemy being enabled to put to sea, to attack him under any circumstances. Nelson was naturally selected for such a service, and sailed accordingly from Gibraltar, with three sail of the line and four frigates, to blockade the French fleet at Toulon, consisting of thirteen ships of the line, seven frigates, twenty-four smaller vessels, and two hundred transports. A storm, however, came on, which wholly dispersed the British squadron, and enabled the enemy to get out of harbour unmolested.

Nelson repaired his damages at St. Pietro, where he received a reinforcement of ten seventy-fours, and the Leander, 50; but the frigates which had been separated from him in the storm, were never able to rejoin him, and the loss of these "eyes of the fleet," as he termed them, was felt severely. No information could be obtained as to the course taken by the enemy, until news arrived that he had captured Malta; and now commenced a pursuit which is unmatched in naval history. Nelson sailed at once for Malta, but found that the French had left; he then bent his course for Egypt—their real destination; but he had out-sailed them, and reached Alexandria too soon. Baffled in this hope, he steered for Candia, with no better success; from thence to Syracuse, back to the Morea, and again to the Egyptian coast, and on the 1st of August, after a pursuit of six weeks, descried the French fleet moored off the shore, in the Bay of Aboukir. He had previously neglected all consideration of personal comfort, but he now dressed himself as a bridegroom preparing for his marriage, and sat down, with his officers, to a

sumptuous entertainment. He had prepared for every accident, except that of defeat. The victory, he felt, was secure; the only doubt was, who should survive to narrate the story, and in this mood he exclaimed to them at parting, "Before this time to-morrow, I shall have gained a peerage, or Westminster Abbey."

In a far different spirit did the French admiral prepare for the inevitable conflict. Despite their acknowledged courage, the army of Egypt had trembled at the thought of encountering the terrible Englishmen upon that element where their supremacy had never been questioned with safety; and when in the midst of the disembarkation, a cry arose, that Nelson was in sight, Bonaparte passionately implored of Fortune to grant him one day more of favour. The troops were now beyond the reach of this danger; but as the English fleet came on in silence, the hope of the enemy died within them. The shore was covered with thousands of spectators, French and Arabs; and with the decline of that day's sun, faded away Napoleon's dream of universal empire.

The French fleet, consisting of thirteen sail of the line, and four frigates, was anchored as close to the shore as possible, which was further defended by batteries, and rendered inaccessible by shoals, so that an attacking force could only assail it from the sea front. Nelson, however, saw that, although it was not possible to turn their position, yet that as each ship of the enemy must of necessity be moored sufficiently distant from the others to allow of her swinging round with the tide, there must be room enough to allow an English vessel to anchor between them. He therefore ordered the squadron to anchor, one on the outer bow, and another on the outer quarter of each ship of the enemy, the effect of which would be, that every Frenchman would be placed between two English vessels, and *vice versa*, every broadside, throughout both fleets, being brought to bear upon an opponent. It was near nightfall, when the Goliath opened her fire upon the Guerrier, and in a short time the battle became general. Each ship, as she passed on to her station, gave and received the fire of the French squadron, and then, without delay, passed on, and anchoring by the stern, engaged her allotted opponent. No display of skill was needed; the guns on both sides were fought muzzle to muzzle. Within a quarter of an hour the action was virtually decided. At an early period of the fight, Nelson received a wound, which was thought to be mortal; a spent shot struck him on the forehead, and tearing the flesh, so that it fell over his face, produced the effect of total blindness. He was carried down into the cock-pit, but refused to be attended to until it became his turn with the rest of the wounded, and, without the slightest emotion, gave what were thought to be his dying commands. When the word was passed round the fleet that the hurt was not dangerous, the cheers of the sailors rose above the roar of the cannon, and if they had fought desperately before to avenge his loss, they now stimulated each other to renewed exertion for very excess of joy. No leader of men was ever loved with a more sincere affection.

When the morning dawned, the work of destruction had become visible. Of thirteen sail of the line, only two of the enemy had escaped by flight; the rest were in the power of the English. Two of the frigates escaped with them, only to be captured in a short time afterwards; but only one vessel of all that gallant fleet ever sailed again into a port of France. Well might Nelson say that "victory" was too poor a word to characterize such a result; it deserved indeed the name of "a conquest."

"The Battle of the Nile," as our countrymen still love to call it, changed

the whole aspect of the war. The magnificent army which Napoleon had led from Italy and Germany, in the fond hope of founding a new empire in the East, and destroying the Indian sovereignty of Britain, found themselves condemned to what seemed a perpetual exile in a hostile land; their ruin rendered only more certain by victory. The truthfulness of their fears, the flight of Bonaparte, and their subsequent surrender to a British army, are matters for the pen of the historian of the times.

It is hardly necessary to say, that his own countrymen showered honours upon him, and that the governments of the continent, whose ruin he had so effectually, as it seemed, prevented, sought to testify their gratitude to their deliverer in every conceivable way. At home he was created a peer, by the style of Baron Nelson of the Nile and Burnham Thorpe, with a pension of £2,000 per annum. The East India Company voted him £100,000, and the City of London paid him a handsome compliment. The King of Naples conferred upon him the Dukedom of Bronte, a Sicilian fief, with a revenue annexed of £3,000 a year. The Grand Signior made him presents to the value of 25,000 dollars. The Emperor of Russia, and the King of Sardinia, each sent him an autograph letter of congratulation, with their portraits, set in diamonds. His name was mentioned with reverence throughout the civilized world, wherever valour had fame.

From Egypt Lord Nelson returned to Naples, where his presence assured the dissolute court of safety. After an interval of cowardly hesitation, the king joined the coalition formed against the French, and put his army in motion, and in less than a fortnight, his troops having lost forty men in their first and only engagement, the king was compelled to embark on board the British squadron, and seek refuge in Palermo. His flight was rendered necessary, not only by the advance of the French, but from the hostility to his government displayed by the disaffected spirits, who, in Naples, as throughout the rest of Italy, sighed for the restoration of traditional freedom. Nelson, who had foreseen the issue from the first, reluctantly co-operated with the miserable beings whose misdeeds were associated with the cause of "legitimacy," and blinded by his hatred of revolution, and misled by the counsels of Lady Hamilton, whose influence had now become all-powerful with him, made himself the instrument of insane policy and merciless vengeance.

As swiftly as the first movement had been carried into operation, a counter-revolution was effected with the aid of the English, and the castle of St. Elmo, in which the leading chiefs had taken refuge, was surrendered to the combined forces, upon security being given for life and property. Two days afterwards, Nelson arrived in the Bay of Naples, having on board the royal family, annulled the treaty, though it had been signed by all the contracting parties, and delivered the garrisons into the hands of the court, by whom they were mercilessly slaughtered. Amongst them was an Italian prince, seventy years of age, named Carracioli, who had been forced to accept the command of the fleet by the revolutionists. It was in vain that he pleaded this compulsion, and the sacredness of the treaty. Nelson ordered him to be tried within an hour after he had been brought on board by a court-martial of Neapolitan officers, gave him no time to collect witnesses, and on his being found guilty, hung him at five o'clock the same evening. This is the only spot on the public character of Nelson, but it is a damning one.

In company with Lady and Sir William Hamilton, Nelson returned to England, through Germany. His progress was a triumph, and his arrival in his native country a summons to every true man to come forward and proclaim his loyalty to genuine worth and valour. Honours were heaped upon him by all classes of men; but the higher bliss of domestic happiness was gone, for in a few weeks he separated from his wife, never more to meet with her on this side of eternity.

The task of breaking up the Northern Confederacy, a treaty entered into by Russia, Denmark, and Sweden, for the purpose of wresting from England the dominion of the seas, was the next service in which Nelson was engaged. The conduct of the ministry, with reference to the choice of a commander of the naval expedition prepared on this occasion, shews an extraordinary degree of reliance upon fortune; for they nominated Sir Hyde Parker as Admiral-in-chief, with Nelson as his subordinate officer. Perhaps they had taken into their calculations the extreme likelihood of Nelson's disobeying orders, when they happened to interfere with his own notions of propriety. If such was really the case, their sagacity must be deemed to have been prophetic.

After much fruitless negociation, and obstacles of all kinds, the British fleet found itself, early on the second of April, 1801, in front of Copenhagen. The Danes had made every preparation for the defence of their capital. A line of defence consisting of nineteen ships and numerous floating batteries, was formed along the edge of a shoal, which extends along the whole front of the city, and at the entrance of the harbour nearest the town were two islands, having upwards of a hundred guns mounted upon them, gun boats, bomb vessels, and warlike craft of all descriptions, were stationed at every point where it was thought this force could be of service, and in the highest confidence of success, the Danes waited the onset of their formidable opponents.

Nelson had volunteered to lead the attack; Sir Hyde Parker consented, and twelve sail of the line were given to him for the purpose; but three of them went aground before the action commenced, and the engagement was therefore in reality fought by nine English men of war. The contest was the most bloody which had been fought throughout the war. As fast as the gallant crews of the rafts and floating batteries were swept off by the murderous fire of the assailants, the vessels were manned by fresh crowds of devoted youth; flags which had been struck in despair were again hoisted, and at every moment a fresh battle was commenced, to be succeeded by fresh defeat and uninterrmitting slaughter. The Danes fought as men should do, with the smoke of their household hearths in sight; but they had to contend with foes as brave as themselves, and infinitely more skilful. In the heat of the action, Sir Hyde Parker, who had witnessed the disasters of the leading ships, and despaired of success against the desperate resistance of the enemy, made a signal to discontinue the action. It was of course reported to Nelson; but, putting up his glass to his blind eye, he exclaimed, "I dont see it! Damn the signal. Keep mine for close action flying!" The rest of the fleet looking only to their immediate chief, in like manner continued the battle which, had it terminated unsuccessfully, must have exposed the vice-admiral to the most serious consequences for disobedience of duty.

In four hours the whole line of defence was captured or silenced, with the exception of the batteries on shore, and Nelson, with his usual sagacity, saw

that the critical moment had arrived, when the advantages hitherto gained must either be surrendered or improved into victory. He therefore sent a letter on shore to the Crown Prince, in which he insisted upon the uselessness of further resistance, and expressed a wish to save the Danes "the brothers of the English." A negociation was instantly commenced, during which Nelson took the opportunity of removing his crippled ships out of the reach of the batteries, which must otherwise have inevitably destroyed them in their attempt to navigate this intricate channel, and afterwards went on shore to the palace, in the very midst of the excited population, whose navy he had destroyed with such dreadful carnage. After some difficulty, an armistice was concluded, by the terms of which the whole of the captured vessels were left in the power of the conquerors. The result of the battle was the overthrow of the Northern league; and the death of the Emperor, Paul of Russia, which took place soon afterwards, relieved England entirely from all apprehensions on the score of this formidable combination. The news of the victory was received at home in triumph; and Nelson, instead of being brought to a court-martial, was elevated to the dignity of a viscount, and soon afterwards appointed to the sole command of the Baltic fleet.

At the close of the year Nelson returned to England, and soon afterwards conducted an unsuccessful attack upon the French flotilla at Boulogne. The termination of the war relieved him from the necessity of continuing longer afloat, and enabled him to obtain that repose which was now become absolutely necessary to his existence, shattered as he was with wounds, and harassed by domestic troubles. He retired to an estate which he had purchased at Merton, in Surrey, and which he had left to the management of Lady Hamilton, who, with her husband, resided there during his absence. His leisure was devoted to the prosecution of efforts for the better regulation of the fleet, and in promoting the needful comforts of the seamen. Nothing that was defective escaped his notice, and no suggestion which he made but was characterised by his wonted intelligence.

The breaking out of hostilities again in 1803 called Nelson from his retirement to take the command of the Channel fleet, stationed off Toulon. For two years and three months he remained at this work, and only left his ship for three hours during the entire period. War being declared against Spain, the French fleet came out of Toulon to join the Spaniards, in January, 1805, and Nelson instantly started in pursuit of them for Sicily, where he had hoped to meet them; he then sailed to Egypt, and from thence to Malta, and, after contending with contrary winds, he appeared off the coast of Spain, still without any tidings of the enemy. From thence, after the most mortifying delays, he steered to the West Indies, which proved to be the course actually taken by the enemy; but here he was misled by false information, and, after going the round of all the islands, he learnt, to his infinite annoyance, that the combined fleet, though double his force, were hastening back to Europe, in hourly dread of being obliged to face him. The West Indies were saved, but a new danger threatened; it was probable that the coast being cleared by his absence, that the enemy might reach France before him, take on board the so called army of England, and land it on the Irish coast. The combined squadron had, however, been met on its return by Sir Robert Calder, who captured, after a partial engagement, two ships of the line; after which the enemy got safely into Cadiz; and Nelson, disappointed of his prey, returned to England.

Nelson landed after his unexampled chase at the latter end of August; and, on the 4th of September, he left his native soil for ever. He hoisted his flag in the Victory, 98, and arrived off Cadiz on his birthday, September 29th. He carefully avoided anything which might give the enemy intelligenee of his arrival, and so well succeeded in concealing the real numbers of the force under his command, that the combined squadron, feeling assured of an easy victory, came out of harbour on the 19th of October, and, on the morning of the 21st, approached in line of battle. Their force consisted of thirty-three sail of the line and seven frigates. Nelson had with him twenty-seven of the line and four frigates. He made his dispositions with admirable skill. But nothing could shake his belief that this was fated to be his last battle. Previous to going into action, he wrote a prayer, committing himself to the care of the Almighty, and trusting that humanity would eharacterise the conduet of his countrymen. He also drew up a paper commending Lady Hamilton and his daughter to the gratitude of the country, hoisted that sublime signal, "England expeets every man to do his duty," and then, dressing himself with all his stars and ornaments, came on deck to verify his prophetie foreboding. He had ordered his ship to be carried alongside the Redoutable, the tops of which were filled with riflemen, and at one o'clock in the day, after two of the enemy had struck, he received a ball in his breast, and instantly fell. He was carried below, but not a murmur escaped his lips, his whole thoughts were engrossed in eares for the issue of the battle, only at intervals he spoke of Lady Hamilton, and onee more bequeathed her with his daughter to the eare of his country. He had the comfort of knowing before he died that fifteen of the enemy had struck; and at four in the afternoon breathed his last sigh, exclaiming "Thank God, I have done my duty."

Thus died, at the age of forty-seven, the greatest hero, perhaps the truest patriot of his time; for Nelson had no thought in which the welfare of his country was for a moment forgotten. It is almost impossible to avoid instituting a comparison between him and his often sought, but ever vanishing antagonist, Bonaparte; but England was Nelson, Napoleon was France—the one lost his own identity in the recolleetion of his beloved land, the other subjected every glorious impulse to the advancement of his own personal ambition. Nelson was only tardily requited for services after he had performed them; Bonaparte achieved his greatest victories as compensation for the rewards he had taken to himself; the mind of Napoleon was greatest, but the soul of Nelson was the purer essence. The rule of Bonaparte was scarcely atoned for by his suceesses; the efforts of Nelson were an unbroken series of national advantages. England mourned the death of Nelson. Franee and the universe deplored the birth of Napoleon.

Nelson was interred in St. Paul's Cathedral; and tears, such as are seldom shed over the remains of departed greatness, fell from eyes unused to weep at sight of living suffering. His brother, the Rev. William Nelson, was created an earl, with a grant of £100,000 for the purchase of a suitable estate, and an annual pension of £6000, and £10,000 was decreed to each of his sisters. The title has since reverted to one of his sister's ehildren; and, within the last few months, the tardy justice of a monument has been done to the memory of the vietor of a hundred battles.

In person Nelson was rather under the middle size, of a spare habit of body, and his frame would hardly have warranted a hope that he could, in the eourse of nature, have attained to old age.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

TOILING for forty years in the wilderness of eommon life, then, like a portion of original Greek fire, forcing his way through all obstaeles till he shone the bright particular star, on which were turned the eyes of all men in fear and hope, and ending with an apotheosis on Tyburn gibbet; the career of sueh a man is fruitful of causes for wonderment, and replete with lessons of value for the philosopher, patriot and Christian. In the whole muster roll of genius there is none more deserving of study.

Oliver Cromwell was born at Huntingdon, April 29th, 1599. His father, Mr. Robert Cromwell, was the second son of Sir Henry Cromwell, whose grandfather had intermarried with the celebrated Cromwell, Earl of Essex. The mother of Cromwell was also of a respeetable family: and, at the death of his parents, the future ruler of England succeeded to an estate worth abont £300 a year.

Numerous traditions have been handed down of remarkable circumstances eonnected with the boyhood of Oliver; but, upon most of them rests a taint of doubtfulness. Then it is said that when an infant he was taken by a monkey from his nurses' arms; but the animal, after having carried him over the roofs of several houses, brought him down in perfect safety. He was preserved from drowning, it is said, by a worthy curate, who lived to tell him to his faee that he wished he had put him in, rather than have seen him in arms against his king. An anecdote is also told of a meeting between Charles I. and himself at the house of Oliver's unele, where a quarrel having ensued, the wayward plebeian first shed the blood of his future sovereign and victim. He used to tell of himself, that one night, whilst still a child, a

O. CROMWELL.
Painted by Weper
Engraved by Geo. Cooke

gigantic figure drew aside the curtains of his bed, and told him that he should be the greatest man in all England. The story may be worthy of as much credence as Cromwell could have wished to be given it. There are few schoolboys who have not had their visions of future greatness, and, to an imagination always powerful, and frequently morbid, the beings of another world might not seem to be unfrequent visitants. An incident which occurred to him whilst at the Grammar School of Huntingdon has been frequently commented upon by his admiring biographers. It was the custom of the school to perform a play annually; and, on one occasion, the comedy of Lingua was chosen, and the part of Tactus assigned by chance to Cromwell. The hero stumbles by fortune upon a robe and crown; and, though it is not to be assumed for a moment that such a trifling circumstance could have impressed the boy with an idea of his subsequent destiny, it is more than probable that in some of the passages of his after life, when the actual ensigns of sovereign power seemed to court his acceptance, the school scene might have seemed to him a happy, though unconscious, omen; but little is known of his career as a student. By turns persevering and careless, caring less for the charms of literature than the sports of the field, he would appear to have been more ambitious of the reputation of a "roysterer" than anxious to cultivate the good opinion of the learned. Nor is this to be wondered at; to a mind like Cromwell's much of the wisdom of the schools must have seemed mere folly. He would be at all times less pleased at the mastery over words than at the rule over men. Some smattering of Latin and a tolerable share of general knowledge was all for which he stood indebted to his tutors. The rest of his wondrous lore was imparted to him direct from the great and inexhaustible storehouse of nature.

A short residence at Sydney College, Cambridge, was succeeded by a brief stay in London, where he is thought to have entered himself as a student at one of the inns of court, and to have materially impaired his patrimony by rioting and debauchery. His enemies have asserted that this period of his life was marked by the commission of more than the ordinary excesses of youth; but his season of madness was but brief, for in his twenty-first year he married Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir James Bourchier, of Filsted in Essex, by whom he had nine children. For the next sixteen years his life is a perfect blank, his time being divided between brewing and farming, an interval in the personal story which we will take advantage of, to give a rapid sketch of the state of public affairs during the closing years of the reign of Charles I.

The unhappy monarch who filled the throne of England at this period was certainly not the worst prince of his family, nor were the tyrannies for which he forfeited crown and life at all to be compared in atrocity to those which have rendered the memory of Henry VIII. painful to the thought; but whilst the ruler remained stationary, the nation had advanced. The Reformation and the art of printing had almost wholly revolutionised men's opinions upon religion, politics, and literature; questions once considered too revered to be debated, were now freely canvassed, and ideas once held sacred were subjected to the rigid ordeal of discussion. With the introduction, by means of a widely extended commerce, of new articles of use and luxury, were also imported the moral experiences of travel; and a spirit of inquiry and adventure had extended its influence through all classes. But what contributed mainly to the breaking out of the civil war was the religious disputes of the time. James I. had

been more than suspected of a leaning towards Popery, and this belief had gained almost universal ground in the case of his successor, who openly preferred Roman Catholics to offices of trust and emolument. Charles had not the sagacity to perceive that the long and glorious reign of Elizabeth, following immediately upon that of the hated "bloody Mary," had fixed the doctrines of Protestantism firmly in the hearts of the people, and that the religious wars undertaken against her by France and Spain, with the succour which she rendered to the distressed Protestants of Flanders and Germany, had indissolubly associated the greatness of England with the doctrines of the Reformation. In little more than a single generation the nation had realised a new faith, a new literature, at the head of which were Shakspere and Jonson, and achieved its perfect independence of foreign control. Now that a century and a half had elapsed since the destruction of the feudal power of the nobles, the people had begun to apprehend the true sources of authority. They saw that with the downfall of the ancient domination, the task of reforming the abuses of government rested with the people, and that to be deprived of popular support, or to be visited by the popular hatred, was to insure the destruction of any and the highest power known to the constitution. The disputes as to the succession, in the case of the Scottish king, and the accession, in his person, of the first prince of a foreign dynasty, tended to promote the growing taste for political discussion, and destroyed all attachment to the reigning sovereign.

Such was the state of affairs, when Charles I. mounted the throne; but if the most hateful doctrines of prerogative had rendered James obnoxious to the majority of his subjects, it was speedily discovered that the love of kingly power had descended to his successor; that the will of the monarch should not only have the force of legal enactments, but be preferred to all laws, as proceeding from divine right; that taxes might be raised in defiance of parliament; that property might be confiscated without any regard to equity; and church government enforced with no admixture of religion: these were the doctrines which the first Charles promulgated for the space of twenty years, to the final ruin of church, nobility, and king.

The identity of popery with secular despotism was a lesson inscribed in characters of flame upon the annals of every nation. From the surrender of the soul to the exclusive wardenship of the priest, to the acknowledgment of the divine right of the monarch, the step was easy, and almost imperceptible. With the assertion of the right of private judgment as the prime article of the protestant creed, was of necessity associated the independence of thought upon all secular topics; the mind, encouraged to think for itself, upon the questions of immortality, was not likely to forego the exercise of its newly acquired power with reference to the less interesting matters of this life. The time had not yet arrived for the discovery of the truth, that with the existence of a reformed establishment, the authority of the monarch, and the privileges of the nobility could be placed upon a basis of equal security.

Such was the state of affairs in the year 1638, when the king thought proper to interfere with the property of the Duke of Bedford, who had drained a large tract of land, afterwards called the Bedford Level; the royal pretext was, that the work had not been performed properly, and upon this ground Charles claimed a large portion of the land. This at length called into notice the existence of Oliver Cromwell. By a vigorous and continual resistance the king was defeated; and as a reward, most probably, for his spirited conduct in this matter, Cromwell was returned as member for the borough of

Huntingdon, in the parliament called after an abeyance of eleven years, in the year 1640.

If Charles had delayed calling the houses together, in the hope that an almost unbroken series of humiliations had crushed the spirits of the popular leaders, the result shewed his want of sagacity and foresight. Instead of debating the national questions in the order they had been set down by the king, they commenced by considering whether the notices of grievances should not precede the voting of supplies. It was in vain that ministers urged a course of proceeding more consistent with their professions of loyalty. The malcontents were firm; and, after a few passionate remonstrances, Charles dissolved them, their legislative authority having lasted just twenty-three days.

But the force of circumstances overcame the repugnance of the king to have recourse again to the aid of parliament. Goaded to madness by the oppressive proceedings of the Archbishop Laud, in his attempts to introduce the English liturgy, and the rule of episcopacy, throughout the whole island, the Scots rose almost *en masse*, levied an army, and having sworn to observe the Solemn League and Covenant, against all powers on earth, forthwith proceeded to invade England. Charles hastily levied what troops he could raise upon the instant, and summoning a council of peers to meet him at York, hastened to attack the rebels. But the first assembly of his nobles disclosed the poverty of his resources. No subsidies could be raised without the sanction of the commons; the ordinary methods of raising money had been anticipated, or their legality resisted; and although, in this dilemma, he scrupled not to seize a sum of £300,000, which had been sent by merchants to the mint for coinage, it was found that the calling together the two houses was inevitable. Writs were issued accordingly, and, on the 3rd of November, 1640, met for the first time, the Long Parliament, the subverters of a form of government which had endured for a thousand years.

The members of the parliament saw that it was to the king's necessity that they were indebted for their legislative existence. The strength of prerogative was exhausted, and the force of circumstances had called into being the hitherto unheard-of "Sovereignty of the People." The temper of the house may be gathered from the description given by Lord Clarendon, who tells us, "There was observed a marvellous elated countenance in many of the members of parliament, before they met together in the house. The same men who, six months before, were observed to be of very moderate temper, and to wish that gentle remedies might be applied, without opening the wound too wide, and exposing it to the open air; and rather to cure what was amiss, than too strictly to make inquisition into the causes and original of the malady—talked now in another dialect, both of things and persons, and said they must now be of another temper than they were the last parliament; that this must not only sweep the house clean below, but must pull down all the cobwebs which hung in the tops and corners, that they might not breed dust, and so make a foul house hereafter; that they had now an opportunity to make their country happy, by removing all grievances, and pulling up the causes of them by the roots, if all men would do their duties; and used much other sharp discourse to the same purpose." The manner and language spoken of by Lord Clarendon would be natural to men placed in such circumstances; they felt that it rested with them to redress all the evils of the country, and at this period the overthrow of the monarchy was hardly to be dreamed of by the wildest republican.

Within a few days after its opening, the parliament nominated forty committees of grievances; and Cromwell, who had been returned for Cambridge, was chosen upon twenty of them. They invited the commissioners of the Scots malcontents to state their complaints to the house in person; and, that no doubt might be entertained as to the nature of their propositions, ordered the sum of £100,000 to be paid to *both* armies. They sent officers into the various parts of the kingdom, "to deface, demolish, and quite take away, all images, altars, and tables turned altarwise, crucifixes, superstitious pictures, monuments and reliques of idolatry, out of all churches and chapels;" an order which was executed with barbarous alacrity, to the ruin of the noblest monuments of genius and piety. They abolished monopolies, changed the king's ministers, and impeached his oldest counsellors, Archbishop Laud and the Earl of Strafford.

The fate of the latter statesman has been abundantly bewailed, without, as it would appear, any reasonable excuse for the lamentation. He had sought to render the king wholly absolute, and, in his own government of Ireland, had sanctioned and committed the foulest wrongs. In punishing him by an *ex post facto law*, the parliament undoubtedly overstepped the limits of the constitution; but by what other method could they have vindicated the just rights of the nation? The fiction of the constitution proclaims that the king can do no wrong, and his ministers are wholly responsible for all which is done in his name; and, through all common seasons, the working of this principle is found to be beneficial. If the commands of the sovereign are inconsistent with a due regard to the laws, or the welfare of the kingdom, the minister relieves himself of his responsibility to the country, by resigning the seals of office, and leaving to his successor the option of also refusing obedience, or incurring the hazard of impeachment. But Charles had prevented the possibility of his ministers being called to account, by wholly dispensing with the authority of parliaments, and it is proved beyond doubt, that to this unhappy course of policy he was mainly instigated by Strafford. His abandonment of the fallen minister has invested the fate of the *earlier* victim with a pathetic interest; but had Strafford never lived, it is hardly possible to conceive that the king could have perished under the axe of the executioner. The character of the unhappy nobleman is thus summed up by a celebrated writer of our own times:* "For his accomplices various excuses may be urged—ignorance—imbecility; but Wentworth had no such plea. His intellect was capacious. His early prepossessions were on the side of popular right. He knew the whole beauty and value of the system which he attempted to defame. He was the first of the rats, the first of those statesmen whose patriotism has been only the coquetry of political prostitution; whose profligacy has taught governments to adopt the old maxim of the slave-market, that it is easier to buy than to breed, to import defenders from an opposition than to rear them in a ministry. He was the first Englishman to whom a peerage was not an addition of honour, but a sacrament of infamy, a baptism into the communion of corruption. As he was the earliest of the hateful list, so was he also by far the greatest—eloquent, sagacious, adventurous, intrepid, ready of invention, immutable of purpose; in every talent which exalts or destroys nations, pre-eminent, the lost Archangel, the Satan of the apostacy. The little for which, at the time of his desertion, he exchanged a name heroically distinguished in the cause of the people, reminds us of the

* Macauley.

appellation which, from the moment of the first treason, fixed itself on the fallen Son of the Morning,"

> "So call him now; his former name
> Is no more heard in heaven."

With the certain knowledge that, for the future, government without parliaments was impracticable, and that, with the existence of the commons, absolute rule was not to be realised, the subsequent proceedings of the king seemed to have been prompted by a species of insanity. He had previously consented to the abolition of the Star Chamber and High Court of Commission, the two most hateful tribunals which had been established in the land; and he was actually induced to give his assent, without, as it appears, a word of remonstrance, to an act which prohibited him from dissolving the parliament, except by its own consent. This was a virtual surrender of his sovereignty; the bare attempt to introduce such a measure evinces the weakness of the crown, and the contempt which must in reality have been felt for the king's understanding. Even Laud himself, whose political sagacity was not of the highest character, foresaw the consequences of this rash concession, and in recording the circumstance in his diary, observes: "At this time the parliament tendered two, and but two, bills to the king to sign; that to cut off Strafford's head was one, and the other was that this parliament should neither be dissolved nor adjourned but by the consent of both houses, in which what he cut off from himself time will show better than I can." The share that Cromwell had in bringing about these important changes is not to be learned from the pages of contemporary historians, but, to judge from the remarks of an eye-witness of his behaviour at the outset of his legislative career, his influence must have, even at that time, been considerable. Speaking of the future protector, Sir Philip Warwick says—"The first time I ever took notice of him was in the beginning of the parliament held in November, 1640, when I vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman (for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good clothes). I came into the house one morning well clad, and observed a gentleman speaking, whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled—for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor—his linen was plain and not very clean, and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar; his hat was without a hat-band, his stature was of a good size, his sword stuck close by his side, his countenance swollen and reddish, his voice sharp and untuneable, and his eloquence full of fervour; for the subject matter would not bear much of reason, it being in behalf of a servant of Mr. Prynne's who had dispersed libels against the queen, for her dancing, and such like innocent and courtly sports, and he aggravated the imprisonment of this man by the council table unto the height that one would have believed the very government itself had been in great danger by it; I sincerely profess it lessened much my reverence unto that great council, for he was very much hearkened unto. And yet I lived to see this very gentleman whom, out of no ill will, I thus describe, by multiplied good successes, and by real but usurpt power, (having had a better tailor, and more converse amongst good company), in my own eye, when, for six weeks together, I was a prisoner in his sergeant's hands, and daily waited at Whitehall, appear of a great and majestic deportment and comely presence." The description of this exquisite coxcomb,

whose notions of "majesty" are all born of the tailor, yet who is constrained to admit that even with the obstacle offered by the country workman, "Cromwell was much hearkened unto," is borne out by Hampden, who, in reply to an enquiry by Lord Digby, exclaimed, "that sloven whom you see before you hath no ornament in his speech; that sloven, I say, if we should ever come to a breach with the king, (which God forbid,) in such a case, I say, that sloven will be the greatest man in England."

The parliament were not slow to turn their newly acquired authority to profitable use. Charles, whose weaknesses were more fatal than his vices, had no sooner brought about an accommodation with the Scots, by virtue of which the armies of both countries were disbanded, than he took a journey into Scotland, and endeavoured, by the aid of negociation, to enlist a feeling sufficiently hostile to the parliament to enable him to dissolve them by force of arms. During his absence, the people of Ireland rose in rebellion, and asserting that they had the support of the king, massacred the unprepared protestants. Here was an unexpected source of heartburning and suspicion; the parliament, of their own accord, raised an army for the suppression of the rebellion, vested the conduct of the war in themselves, and refused the offer of the king to lead the troops in person. The acts of the parliament were clearly insurrectionary, and in direct opposition to the fundamental laws of the kingdom. The acquiescence of the king in this total abrogation of monarchical authority, displays, beyond all question, his utter incapacity of resistance, and the presence of an almost universal spirit of opposition in the minds of the people.

Not satisfied with this victory over the king, the commons framed a "remonstrance of the state of the kingdom," which they published without the consent of the lords, and in which was enumerated all the real and imputed misdeeds of the king since the hour of his accession. This, which must be considered in the light of a manifesto of their future policy, provoked indignant rejoinders by the court party. The bishops answered it by a "protestation," which the commons logically demolished by sending the reverend authors of it to the Tower. Charles, who had in the mean time returned from Scotland, was more incensed at the printed *words* of his enemies, than he had seemed to be by all their previous *acts* of rebellion: and having vented his indignation in a "declaration," ordered the attorney-general to appear at the bar of the house of lords, and there impeach, by name, Lord Kimbolton, with five of the leading members of the house of commons. Their lordships answered that the message should be taken into consideration: but not satisfied with this assurance, Charles proceeded next day to the house of commons in person, attended by a large number of armed men, and having dispersed the guard which the parliament had ordered for their own protection, advanced and seated himself in the speaker's chair. After some moments of meaning silence in the house, he demanded that the accused members should be given up to him, but they had previously made their escape. The speaker, on being questioned on the subject, pleaded his duty to the house, whose servant he was: and Charles remarking that all the birds were flown, and repenting of his resolve, if indeed he had ever entertained it, to dissolve the assembly by force, returned to Whitehall, followed by crowds of persons shouting "Privilege!" and bearing with him the consciousness that in invading the inviolability of parliament, he had rendered the breach almost irreconcilable between him and his subjects, and had exposed authority to contempt by so

glaring a display of its impotence. After another visit the succeeding day to Guildhall, where he commanded the common council to surrender the fugitive members, but with no better success, the king consummated the measure of his folly by declaring of his own free will, a few days afterwards, that "being very desirous of giving satisfaction in all points relating to privilege, he had waived his former proceedings, and offered a free pardon to the accused persons, and all his other subjects."

The peaceful authority of Charles was now at an end; he was only the first servant of the parliament, and the leading members, who seem now to have discovered the course which events might be compelled to take, lost no time in securing themselves against a repetition of the king's late attempt. They expelled the bishops from the house of lords, and deprived them of all temporal jurisdiction, demanded that the Tower, and all other fortified places, should be put into their hands, and that the militia and navy should be put under their absolute control. It was not to be thought, for a moment, that the king would submit to such an illegal and insulting proposition, and on his refusal, the house forcibly seized the command of the entire constitutional force of the kingdom, by an ordinance which was declared to be law, despite the counter proclamation of the king. Matters were now brought to a crisis. The queen embarked for Holland, to raise money for the equipment of troops, by the sale of the crown jewels; and Charles, suddenly appearing before Hull, ordered the gates to be opened, which the governor, Sir John Hotham, declined to do, on the ground that he held it in trust for the parliament of England.

The commons had not miscalculated the strength of their position. From the moment that war was seen to be inevitable, they had courted the affection of the people, and from every quarter of the realm addresses had been presented expressive of the determination to live and die in defence of the privileges of parliament. When hostilities were openly proclaimed, they directed a commission of array to be sent into every county, by which persons of influence were empowered to array, train, and muster the people *in the king's behalf*, so fearful were they as yet of avowedly appearing in arms against the sovereign. They also voted that an army should be assembled under the command of the Earl of Essex, Charles erected his royal standard at Nottingham, on the 25th of August, 1642, and both parties prepared for the final appeal to the justice of force.

At the age of forty-three, when most men are thinking of preparing a retreat for the work of the prospective old age, and when there are few indeed who are capable of entering with success upon the duties of a new profession, Cromwell became a soldier, and displayed, as if by intuition, a knowledge of the whole art of war. The schemes of the ablest generals were penetrated and baffled, towns were stormed, and armies defeated, wherever an enemy was intrenched, or a hostile standard flying. In the whole of his campaigns, it is impossible to discover a solitary error in judgment. To sum up in a sentence his military qualifications—Cromwell was never defeated. He formed a corps of the bravest and most disciplined soldiers in the world, and out of the "base mechanic materials" of ploughmen and tradesmen, created a spirit of enduring valour, which overthrew the daring and high-born cavaliers, whose efforts were seconded by the recollection of ages of ancestral glory. In no particular is the character of Cromwell more eminently conspicuous than in the absence of *cant*. Whilst the leaders of

the parliament were fighting, in the name of the king, against the monarch in person, and seeking to pierce the heart of royalty with the spear-end of the royal banner, Cromwell disdained the language of hypocrisy. He told his soldiers, at the commencement of the civil war, that "he would not cozen them by the perplexed expressions in his commission to fight for king and parliament, and that, therefore, if the king chanced to be in the body of the enemy, he would as soon discharge his pistol upon him, as upon any private man, and if their consciences would not let them do the like, he advised them not to list themselves under him." Surely the man who was capable of such advice as this, at the outset of a struggle, the success of which was dubious, even to the hour of its final close, may be with safety exempted from the suspicion of hypocrisy and double-dealing.

At the outset of the war, Cromwell rendered the parliament most essential service, by crushing, with watchful activity, the efforts of the royalists in various counties, and preventing them from drawing together to a head. His uncle, Sir Oliver Cromwell, a stout cavalier, tells a curious story of his conduct towards himself at this period. His nephew came to the old royalist's house, at Ramsey, with a strong party of horse, and took away all the family plate, for the service of the good cause, but treated him with the greatest respect, keeping his hat off during the whole time he remained in his presence. The anecdote is perfectly characteristic of the man who preserved, throughout the whole of his existence, the greatest veneration for domestic authority, with the most resolute determination to prosecute his plans, at whatever sacrifice of personal feeling.

The events of the first few months were all favourable to Charles; the greater readiness of his party for war, and the circumstance that nearly the whole of the fortresses in the kingdom were in the hands of his party, giving him an immense advantage over his opponents. Combined with this was the mighty influence of the Law, and of the habit of obedience, the twin forces which rule the world. Thousands of those who detested the rule of Charles, yet shrank from the prospect of being engaged in rebellion; they hated with their reason, but obeyed from their instinct: and even the colossal spirit of Cromwell recoiled at first from what has been deemed by his enemies the accomplishment of his original purpose. The ablest man that ever ruled this nation of England; the bestower of unheard-of benefits, not only upon his own, but on all succeeding generations; he was only permitted to accomplish his work in perpetual life-wrestle with the good as well as the evil. His days were shortened by his toils for the public welfare, and when he died, the monuments of his rule were broken, and the tenement of his soul basely wrecked by consent of the people, solely because he had not been a born king. What greater proof is needed of the triumph of the ideal over the actual than is displayed in this solitary instance.

Hampden was almost the first victim of the civil war. In an engagement with the king's troops at Chalgrave Field, he was struck by two balls in the shoulder, and only survived but two or three days afterwards. Had he lived during the whole of the struggle, it is not improbable that the popularity of his character would have prevented the accession of Cromwell to the supreme power.

Had the royalists been capable of any combined plan of action, it is impossible to conceive that the army of the parliament could have been successful. Each section of the forces of the commons were, it is true, animated by the

zeal which is born of oppression and native courage; but they had hardly a purpose in common. The Presbyterians hated the Independents not less bitterly than they detested the supporters of episcopacy; but whilst they sought to crush the establishment for its intolerance and its errors, they were as firmly determined to put in force the laws against "heresy," which term, as translated by themselves, meant all opposition to their own peculiar dogmas.

As Cromwell had long foreseen that war was inevitable, the actual commencement of hostilities found him prepared to render the most essential service to the parliament. At the head of that troop of horse which afterwards became so famous as "Cromwell's Ironsides," he seized the magazines in Cambridge, stopped a quantity of plate on its way to the king, and arrested the high sheriff of Hertfordshire, as he was about to publish the royal proclamation denouncing the members of parliament as traitors. The most perfect discipline reigned amongst his men. The care of their horses, and the condition of their armour, were made to be matters of the utmost importance; they were inured to sleep together on the bare ground; and twenty of them having turned their backs, when led into a pretended ambuscade, Cromwell dismissed them, telling them to leave their horses for such as would fight the Lord's battles in their stead. Swearing was punished by a fine of twelve-pence; drunkenness by exposure in the stocks; and the use of reproachful nicknames by instant cashiering. They were most of them freeholders, or the sons of substantial yeomen; and to their courage and example, half the victories achieved over the royalists were owing. It was the aim of Cromwell to raise "such men as had the fear of God before them, and made some conscience of what they did;" and the result justified his boast, "that from that day forward, I must say to you, they were never beaten, but wherever they engaged the enemy, they beat continually."

From the twenty-fifth of August, the day on which the king's standard was set up, to Sunday, the twenty-third of October, Charles had contented himself with marching through the various counties, issuing proclamations, calling the gentry and yeomen to his assistance, against his rebellious parliament, and invoking the curses of heaven upon himself and his posterity, if his intentions were not solely for the maintenance of the true protestant reformed religion established in the church of England, the laws and liberties of the kingdom, and the just privileges of parliament. But at this moment he was surrounded by the very catholics whose approach to the camp he had ostentatiously forbidden, and was actively engaged in secret negociations with the chiefs of that persecuted sect, both in England and Ireland. Whilst the king was thus endeavouring to conquer all parties by deceiving all, the Earl of Essex, the parliamentary general, with an army of fifteen thousand men, had got possession of the city of Worcester, and after some weeks of inaction, the two armies met at Edgehill, in Warwickshire. Hour after hour was spent by the two hosts, in gazing upon each other, both naturally unwilling to open the first act of so terrible a drama: but the conflict at length commenced. The king's right wing, under the command of Prince Rupert—the Murat of his day—broke the parliamentarians at the first charge, and pursued their left wing for several miles. But during his absence from the main body, the king's forces on the field of battle had been broken, and dispersed in every direction. The general-in-chief, the Earl of Lindsay, was mortally wounded and taken prisoner, and the royal standard was captured. Rupert returned

to find that the game had been played and lost in his absence; and had the parliamentary general possessed the talent which knows how to improve success, the cause of royalty had been ruined in the first encounter.

Whilst Cromwell, having first organized the resources of the "associated counties" was victorious in every fight, the Earl of Essex was protracting the contest by every possible means in his power. After the battle of Edgehill, Charles marched to Oxford, where the university welcomed him like a conqueror, and from whence his freebooting nephew sallied out continually, and wasted the country on all sides. Taking advantage of the return of Essex to the parliament, he suddenly left Oxford, and advanced as near to London as Colnbrook, where a deputation from the parliament met him with a petition for an accommodation. Charles professed his anxiety for peace, called God to witness that he was tenderly compassionate of his bleeding people, and offered to reside near London till commissioners from both sides might settle the existing differences. Highly gratified by the royal answer, the parliament sent orders to their general to suspend hostilities, expecting of course that Charles would remain in a state of truce under such circumstances. But they had yet to learn the character of the monarch. Scarcely had the messenger been dispatched to the troops, than the thunder of the king's cannon was heard in the house. Taking advantage of a dense fog, he had beat up his quarters, and fallen upon Brentford, with the intention of forcing it, and then taking the capital by storm. But the valour of a single regiment stopped his advance, and allowed time for other troops to be brought into action. The assault was given over at night, and the whole of the next day, Sunday, the 14th of November, London poured forth the entire of its disposable population, burning to avenge upon the royalists the bad faith of the king. Nothing would have been easier than to have surrounded him, and cut off his retreat; but most unaccountably, he was suffered to retire in the front of a gallant army, and with only ammuntion enough in his own ranks to have lasted for a quarter of an hour. In their rage at the insincerity of Charles, the parliament voted that they would never more enter into negociation with him, a resolve rendered necessary by his own voluntary and strange infatuation.

The far-seeing glance of Cromwell enabled him to discern, from the outset, that the noble commanders of the parliament's army would never seek to effect the total ruin of the king, with whose restricted authority was bound up the privileges and the very existence of an aristocracy. They wished to lessen his authority only for the sake of advancing the interests of their own order; and felt that however painful it might be to endure the evils of despotism, yet that the alternative of democratic supremacy was a remedy worse than the original disease. But as a mere colonel in the army, he could only aid in bringing about the things which he would have come to pass, by a continual repetition of the most daring actions, which ultimately brought him into notice as the ablest soldier in the popular ranks. In June 1643, he relieved Gainsborough, defeating and killing General Cavendish, who commanded at the siege, with nearly the whole of his men. In the following October he led the van under the Earl of Manchester, at the battle of Windby Field, where he attacked with thirty seven troops of horse, Sir John Henderson's squadron, consisting of eighty seven troops.

On this occasion Cromwell's life was in the greatest danger. The royalists fought desperately, and Sir Ingram Hopton engaged him hand to hand: but the valour of his Ironsides prevailed, and the enemy were pursued to the gates

of Lincoln. Hilsdon House he carried by assault, and alarmed the court at Oxford with apprehensions of capture, so that Charles was prompted to express a hope that some one would bring him Cromwell, alive or dead. Soon afterwards he was appointed governor of the Isle of Ely, and armed as such with the most extensive powers.

The parliament had applied for aid to the Scots; and the king, on the other hand, had laboured hard to prevent their deriving any assistance from them, confining his request to the single wish that his native subjects would not rebel. But the dexterous Sir Harry Vane had out-negociated the king, and the offer of the parliament to take the solemn league and covenant, with the payment of the subsidy of £100,000, determined them to raise an army and advance to the support of the parliament. On the junction of the two armies, under the command of Lords Fairfax, Leven, and the Earl of Manchester, to the latter of whom Cromwell had been appointed lieutenant general: they proceeded to lay seige to York, into which the Marquis of Newcastle had thrown himself with a strong body of forces. But intelligence was received of the advance of Prince Rupert in great strength, and the parliamentary commanders, amongst whom violent feuds had broken out, drew off their troops in the direction of Marston Moor. Rupert advanced and brought out Newcastle in triumph, and joining his forces with those of the Earl, marched in pursuit: but Newcastle, who disliked the arrogance of the impetuous German, was strongly opposed to his wish to give battle to the combined army. He was, however, overruled by the prince, and, in sullen obedience, restricted himself to performing the duties of his own particular command. The Scots, who were in advance of the parliamentarians, were hastily recalled, when an engagement was found inevitable, and, after some hours' delay, the battle commenced. Rupert was, as usual, irresistible at the onset, and actually succeeded in beating the whole of the right wing and main body of his enemy off the field. The three generals retreated in dismay, and couriers were despatched to the king, to tell the tidings of a glorious victory. But by far the greatest portion of the parliamentary strength yet remained on the field in the person of Oliver Cromwell. Whilst Rupert was pursuing a flying enemy, and the titled commanders were consulting their own safety, the Ironsides, to whom defeat was an untried novelty, were hurled at the right wing of the royalists, and tore the victory from their grasp. As the troops of Newcastle reeled beneath the shock, fresh reinforcements were brought up by the reanimated generals of the parliament. The Scots returned to the charge, and when the desperate resistance of this division was trampled down, Cromwell pursued the pursuers, and successively defeated in detail the scattered forces of the royal army. No breathing time was allowed them by their untiring conqueror, who chased them to the gates of York, which place surrendered a few days afterwards: the capture of the whole of the artillery and baggage of the royalist's army were the immediate results of this signal victory.

The position of Cromwell had by this time become one of extreme danger, for the hostility evinced towards him, both by the military leaders of his own party and the heads of the fanatic Presbyterians, who, in conjunction with the Scots, wished to establish upon the ruins of episcopacy, a spiritual despotism of the most barbarous and persecuting kind: the Scots would only aid the English parliament, as we have seen, upon condition of their subscribing to the Presbyterian form of doctrine and church government; and having brought Archbishop Laud to the scaffold, they conceived that nothing but a

unity of purpose amongst themselves was wanting to ensure the triumph of their gloomy creed: but Cromwell had, from the beginning, contended for universal liberty of conscience, and his friends had evinced their equal dislike of both parties, by styling themselves INDEPENDENTS. The right to worship God according to a man's secret convictions, was termed by the Presbyterians, *soul-murder*, and after-events sufficiently proved that the bloodiest deeds of assault and retaliation were prompted and justified by this section of professing Christians on the assumed authority of the gospel.

But the most imminent peril to the safety of Cromwell was, that arising from the successes which he had been so instrumental in gaining. The Earls of Essex and Manchester, determined not to conquer monarchy, had neutralised the fruits of every victory: and Essex had even suffered his army to be cooped up in Cornwall till they were forced to capitulate from starvation. The peers were felt to be a drag upon the wheels of the revolution, but how to enable the machine to work with freedom, seemed a problem impossible of solution. It was reserved for the genius of Cromwell to get rid of this formidable obstacle.

It was manifest that whoever had command of the army, possessed the first elements of power; and if the peers, who claimed authority in right of their birth and rank in the legislature, could be excluded from all offices of trust and profit, the conduct of the war would be left entirely to the commons, and then Cromwell felt that his ability, having a fair field for its exercise, he could speedily master all opposition, whether of the royalists or his more bitter foes, the Presbyterians. Whilst, therefore, the Scots' commissioners, with the heads of the English Presbyterians, Manchester, Hollis, and others, were taking counsel how they might best proceed against him as an "incendiary," "and clip his wings to prevent him from soaring to the prejudice of their cause:" and the Earl of Manchester was accusing him in the house of lords of a fixed design against the aristocracy and the church of Christ, and with having said "that the assembly of divines were a pack of Persecutors, and that if the Scots crossed the Tweed only to establish presbyterianism, he would as soon draw his sword against them, as against the king;" and, when his ruin seemed inevitable, Cromwell was quietly maturing his plans, and, having made all ready for action, he commenced by formally accusing Manchester of misconduct in the second indecisive battle of Newbury, where he had permitted the escape of Charles with his beaten army; the complaint stated "That the said earl hath always been indisposed, and backward to engagements, and against the ending of the war by the sword, and for such a peace to which a victory would be a disadvantage, and hath declared this by principles express to that purpose, and a continued series of carriages and actions answerable; and since the taking of York, (as if the parliament had now advantage full enough) he hath declined whatever tended to farther advantage upon the enemy, neglected and studiously shifted off opportunities to that purpose, (as if he thought the king too low, and the parliament too high,) especially at Donnington Castle; that he hath drawn the army into, and detained them in such a posture as to give them fresh advantages, and this before his conjunction with the other armies by his own absolute will, against or without his council of war, against every command from the committee of both kingdoms, and with contempt and vilifying of those commands; and, since the conjunction, sometimes against the council of war, and sometimes persuading and deluding the council to neglect one opportunity, with pretence of another, and that again

of a third, and at last by persuading them it was not fit to fight at all." From these grave accusations of treason and cowardice, the earl defended himself by a counter-charge against Cromwell, in which attempt he was seconded by Essex and the whole of the Presbyterians; but their unfathomable adversary was able to overthrow a legion of such opponents. On the 9th of the same month, (December, 1664,) both armies having gone into winter quarters, the commons went into a committee of the whole house, to take into consideration the sad condition of the kingdom, in reference to its grievances by the burden of the war. Whitelock relates that, "there was a general silence for a good space of time, many looking upon one another to see who would break the ice, and speak first upon so sharp and tender a point." At last Cromwell stood up, and said, "It is now time to speak, or for ever to hold the tongue; the important occasion being no less than to save a nation out of a bleeding, nay, almost dying condition, which the long continuance of the war hath already brought it into, so that without a more speedy, vigorous, and effectual prosecution of the war, casting off all lingering proceedings, like soldiers of fortune beyond sea, to spin out a war, we shall make the kingdom weary of us, and hate the name of a parliament. For what do the enemy say? Nay, what do many say that were friends at the beginning of the parliament? Even this, that the members of both houses have got great places and commands, and the sword into their hands; and what by interest in parliament, and what by power in the army, will perpetually continue themselves in grandeur, and not permit the war speedily to end, lest their own power should determine with it. This I speak here to our own faces, is but that which others do utter abroad of us behind our backs. I am far from reflecting on any; I know the worth of these commanders, members of both houses, who are yet in power; but if I may speak my conscience, without reflection upon any, I do conceive, if the army be not put into another method, and the war more vigorously prosecuted, the people can bear the war no longer, and will enforce you to a dishonourable peace. But this I would recommend to your prudence, not to insist upon any complaint or oversight of any commander-in-chief, upon any occasion whatsoever; for, as I must acknowledge myself guilty of oversights, so I know they can rarely be avoided in military affairs: therefore, waiving a strict inquiry into the causes of these things, let us apply ourselves to the remedy which is most necessary, and I hope we have such true English hearts and zealous affections towards the general weal of our mother-country, as no members of either house will scruple to deny themselves and their own private interests for the public good, nor account it to be a dishonour done to them, whatever the parliament shall resolve upon in this weighty matter." This admirable speech, (when the end is recollected which it was designed to answer) was seconded by the address of another member, who observed that "whatever be the cause, two summers are passed over and we are not saved. Our victories, (the price of blood invaluable,) so gallantly gotten, and (which is more pity), so graciously bestowed, seem to have been put into a bag with holes; what we won one time we lost another; the treasure is exhausted, the country wasted. A summer's victory has proved but a winter's story; the game, however, shut up with autumn, was to be new played again the next spring, as if the blood that had been shed were only to manure the field of war for a more plentiful crop of contention. Men's hearts have failed them with the observation of these things. The result of the deliberations thus

commenced was the famous "Self-denying ordinance," by which it was resolved "that during the trial of this war no member, of either house, shall have or execute any office or command, civil or military, granted or conferred by both or either of the houses of parliament, or by any authority derived from both or either of the houses."

Great opposition was made to the passing of this measure. The lords contended, and with reason, that it would operate as a total disqualification of the whole hereditary peerage from any office or power, and thus entirely destroy the balance of the constitution. The usually acute Whitelock opposed it, because, amongst others, it *would lay aside Lieutenant-General Cromwell;* and the lords appointed a committee to propose reasons against the bill. It was rejected the first time by the peers; but Essex, the commander-in-chief, and the Earls of Manchester and Denbigh, finding it hopeless to struggle against the all-powerful influence of the commons, voluntarily resigned their commissions. The lower house, without taking heed of the refusal of the lords, proceeded of their own authority to settle the army, upon "a new model," appointing Sir Thomas Fairfax commander-in-chief, and leaving the post of lieutenant-general *vacant*. The peers then passed the bill, the triumph of Cromwell was completed, "and thus," to use the words of Rushworth, "the Independents cut the grass under the Presbyterians' feet."

By this masterly device, Cromwell succeeded in removing all obstacles to the free exercise of his unequalled powers. Some of his biographers have laboured to shew that he was himself prepared to sacrifice his authority, in common with the rest of the officers excluded by the "self-denying ordinance;" and others again have endeavoured to extenuate that which they in reality admit to be a specimen of hardly defensible hypocrisy. The candid reader is not of necessity compelled to adopt either alternative. If it was originally proper to engage in the war, it was just to bring it to an honourable and speedy conclusion. If the lives and fortunes of all were equally imperilled, then it were far better for all parties that the care of the common interest should be intrusted to the wisest and boldest. Cromwell was the man most fitted by nature to succeed; it was the interest of every honest Englishman that he should be invested with supreme rule. His enemies were thirsting for his life; and with the fate of a whole nation bound up with his own, he was forced to do, if he would not be content to die. It was the fault of a foolish time, that his worth was never rightly discerned; but he would have been guilty of self-murder, and of the worst kind of treason to his country, had he suffered himself to be vanquished, whilst the means of victory were within his reach.

The result of the late vote was speedily apparent. On Cromwell's reaching the army, to take his final leave of his old companions in danger, he found a letter from the parliament to Sir Thomas Fairfax, directing his employment to prevent the junction of Prince Rupert with another part of the king's army. He accepted the command, and performed the required service, besides worsting the royalists in several minor engagements. The army petitioned that he might be allowed to continue in command of the horse, and permission was therefore granted to Fairfax to comply with their wishes, the ordinance being suspended in this particular instance. From that time, Cromwell, who was idolised by the soldiery, became the actual general-in-chief; Fairfax, the nominal head, was disposed to place the utmost confidence in the wonderful capacity of his lieutenant, and the state of affairs was such as to call for the

most able and incessant exertions, the parliament having lately been defeated in almost every encounter. From the moment Cromwell rejoined the army, on the 11th of June, the whole aspect of affairs seemed changed. A new spirit was infused into all ranks, and the goddess of victory took up her perpetual abode, as a life-guest, in the tent of this extemporaneous warrior. On the 14th was fought the battle of Naseby; and this time there was no want of vigour, either in the assault or the pursuit of the flying enemy. Prince Rupert, as usual, overthrew all before him in the charge, and, as before, suffered himself to be carried away by the ardour of the moment; whilst Cromwell, who had also broken the wing opposed to him, dashed at the main line of the reserve. The conflict was of the most deadly character, for the long continuance of the war had by this time wholly embittered the feelings of the contending parties, who fought with all the deadly animosity of opposing races, or rival creeds. The horse first discharged their pistols, and then, flinging them at their opponents' heads, drew their swords, and engaged hand to hand. The infantry fought with clubbed muskets; and in every part of the field, detached parties continued the contest, long after the fate of the battle had been decided. But nothing could withstand the steady valour of Cromwell's Ironsides, and the whole of the king's army were soon in hopeless rout. The whole of the *materiel* fell into the hands of the victors; but the most fatal blow to the royal cause, was the capture of the king's cabinet, containing the whole of his correspondence with the queen and the Marquis of Ormond, the Irish Viceroy. Proofs of the hollow character of Charles, even to the extent of utter faithlessness to his most attached friends, were found in abundance, and the most enthusiastic cavaliers turned away, in anguish of heart, from the mournful picture. Upon the parliament which had assembled at his bidding, at Oxford, he had heaped the most contemptuous insults. The granting of every concession was chronicled with its accompanying memorandum that the surrender was only for a time, and with regained authority should certainly come revocation and revenge. Cromwell had been tempted to employ his influence for a reconciliation by a promise of the government of Ireland for life, the earldom of Essex, and the Order of the Garter. But the queen had opposed the granting of the terms, and Charles, in reply, assured her that she might make herself quite easy, for that were he once restored, the knave should be fitted with a hempen cord, instead of a silken garter. From that moment, it is probable, that his doom, as a *king*, was sealed; for only in the utter destruction of his rule, could his enemies find any safety. The publication of the documents found after the battle of Naseby, did incalculable injury to the royal party. And yet but little surprise might have been expressed, had men but remembered the answer of Charles to the parliament which preferred the bill of attainder against Strafford, "that he did not think the prisoner was fit to serve the state, no, not even in the office of a constable." Edicts against the catholics in public, and the most pressing entreaties in secret to their leaders in Ireland, to land an army in England, for the aid of the king, against their mutual oppressors, the parliament—deceptions of all kinds, and follies of all complexions—such were the weapons which, self-directed, effected the ruin of Charles the First.

After the battle of Naseby, the tide of Cromwell's fortunes never ebbed for a moment. Wherever his troops shewed themselves, it was to reap the rewards of triumph. Leicester, Taunton, and Bridgewater, were speedily surrendered; and Bristol, which was garrisoned by Prince Rupert, with five

thousand men, followed their example. From Bristol he marched to Devizes, and surrounded the castle; the governor, Sir Charles Lloyd, returning for answer, "Win it and wear it." It was speedily in Cromwell's possession; and from thence he marched to Berkley Castle, which he took, and continued his route to Basing House, which also opened its gates. Winchester was the next city which owned the power of the conqueror; and here, some of the soldiers having plundered the garrison, he ordered the culprits, six in number, to be tried by court-martial. They were condemned to death; but were allowed to draw lots for the first sufferer, after which the remaining prisoners were sent to the royalist governor of Oxford, to be dealt with at his pleasure. So stern was the discipline enforced in the army of the parliament.

One after another the strong places held by the king fell into the hands of Cromwell, until not an open enemy remained in the field; and Sir Jacob Astley, addressing his captors, said, "You have done your work, my masters, and may now go and play, unless you choose to fall out amongst yourselves." Of this danger many signs had lately appeared, but at present all seemed calmness and sunshine. The parliament welcomed Cromwell with the most flattering honours, voted him a pension of £2,500, with a sum of money for an outfit, and resolved that the king should be desired to confer upon him the rank of a Baron; so strangely did respect for the kingly office combine with all hostility to the exercise of kingly power.

Negociations without end had been set on foot with the ruined monarch, but all attempts at accommodation had proved fruitless. The division of interests amongst the various members of the parliament rendered them most averse to to assist in the advancement of any separate denomination, and as the Presbyterians hated the Independents with all the warmth of religious aversion, it is probable that, but for the existence and the commanding superiority of Cromwell, either sect might have preferred the tyranny of Charles, to the enjoyment of liberty achieved by their companions in the common warfare. But the king had never reflected, that although even Cromwell might say that, in his estimation, Presbyterianism was as worthy of opposition as prelacy and kingcraft, yet that this inscrutable man possessed the ability to conquer *both* evils. Hence he coquetted with both parties, till his name was a reproach instead of a tower of strength. To the tearful arguments of his friends, that he would accept the terms offered to him from time to time, his answer was, that the parliamentarians could not do without him. It was not until his head was upon the block, that he learnt the fatal truth, that authority once overthrown, is seldom builded up again by a member of the same family of masons.

Meantime strand after strand of the cable which bound together the two nations of England and Scotland, was daily giving way. The Scots, who had intrigued from the first against the growing influence of Cromwell, were loud in their complaints against the slights which were put upon the observance of the solemn league and covenant, and the indifference manifested to them by the victorious Independents. A knowledge of this growing dislike induced Charles to make his escape from Oxford, May 5th, 1648, and throw himself upon the mercy of his native subjects; but, the same unhappy duplicity which had driven him from his throne, now deprived him even of the rights of hospitality. It was ascertained that he was in treaty with the hated Catholics, and that his views upon the subject of prelacy had undergone no change. The chiefs of all note abandoned him, and the English parliament,

having settled the arrears of their allies, and provided for the continuance of the Presbyterian worship, the Scots commenced their march to their own country, and left Charles to his fate.

The English army having put an end to the war, now demanded that its fruits might be realized. They formed themselves into deliberative bodies, no doubt with the secret concurrence of Cromwell, who was not the sort of man to permit the existence of a hostile authority, and propounded to the parliament their statement of grievances, and their opinion as to the kind of remedies required. The evils are such as we might expect to hear of, but the medicines must have seemed bitter to the patients of those state physicians of the 17th century. The soldiers say that they find taxes to be multiplied without number, or hopes of end, and excise so cruelly exacted, that no man knows what is or what shall be his own: the public debt daily increased, and such vast sums paid out of the public treasury for interest, as is almost incredible: they find that barbarous course still maintained of imprisoning men for debt, though they have nothing wherewith to satisfy their creditors, or to preserve themselves and their families from starving.

The existence of tithes, and the imprisoning of the people for the crime of petitioning are complained of, and the army require: That the people be equally proportioned for the choice of the deputies in all future parliaments; that the great officers of the nation, as well civil as military, be often removed and others put in their room, either every year, or every second year at farthest: to the end that persons employed may discharge themselves with greater care, when they know themselves liable to a speedy account; and that other men may be encouraged to deserve preferment when they see the present incumbents not affixed to their offices as to freeholds.

That the huge volumes of statute laws and ordinances, with the penalties therein imposed, as well corporeal as pecuniary, be well revised, and such only left in force as shall be found fit for the commonwealth; especially that men's lives be more precious than formerly, and that lesser punishments than death, and more useful to the public, be found out for smaller offences; that proceedings be reduced to a more certain charge, and a more expeditious way than formerly; and that no fees at all be exacted of the people in courts of justice.

That estates of all kinds, real and personal, be made liable to debts; but no imprisonment at all by way of punishment, nor in order to making satisfaction, which possibly can never be made: but only by way of security, in order to a trial for some criminal fact, such fact to be determined on within some short and certain space of time; and that the power of restraining men's persons be very cautiously allowed: to which end the benefits of Habeas Corpus to be in no case denied by those whom it concerns to grant them.

"That tythes be wholly taken away: the parishioners from whom they are due paying in lieu thereof to the state, when they are not impropriate, and to the owners when they are, moderate and certain rent charge out of their lands."

"That as soon as public occasions will possibly permit, the imposition of excise and other taxes upon the people to be wholly taken away."

How singular it must seem to the ordinary reader, these propositions of a reform bill, a Habeas Corpus act, perfect toleration of conscience, revision of the civil code, mitigation of capital punishment, and abolition of imprisonment for debt, with substitution of rent charges in lieu of tithes, brought forward two hundred years since. If these schemes are supposed to exercise a

beneficial effect upon the national welfare, now that they have become a recognised portion of constitutional wisdom, we have palpably lost two centuries of progress.

Bereft of crown, friends, and all but unchanging hope, Charles saw himself abandoned by the Scots to the mercy of his enemies. The parliament assigned him Holmby House in Northamptonshire as his residence, from whence in a few days he was forcibly taken by a cornet in the army named Joyce, at the head of a party of horse, and conducted to the head quarters of the soldiery at Triplow Heath, Cambridgeshire. There is no reason to suppose that this was the act of Cromwell, but rather that it was the work of the "agitators," a military council established some time previously, and composed of delegates chosen by the soldiers from all ranks; that the all-powerful lieutenant-general sanctioned their existence, and was acquainted with all their operations, is more than probable; but the subordinate leaders of the army were many of them wholly averse to the dominancy of a single individual, whilst there were others again with whom Cromwell could have had no feeling in common. The majority of the parliament were Presbyterians, whilst the army was principally made up of Independents; and it was no secret, that having destroyed the authority of the monarch, and, prompted by bitter hatred against the rival faction, the commons hoped, by disbanding one portion of the army, and sending the remainder to Ireland, to remove the only obstacle to their assumption, or rather *retention* of supreme power, and the establishment of Presbyterianism as the national creed. It was with the utmost difficulty that Cromwell escaped being committed to the Tower, on the charge of being the instigator of the rebellious spirit manifested by the army, who now openly declared to their masters "that they did not look upon themselves as a band of Janisaries, hired only to fight the battles of the parliament; they had voluntarily taken up arms for the liberty of the nation, of which they formed a part, and before they laid their arms down they would see that end well provided for." The struggle terminated as might have been expected: the house voted that a deputation should be sent to arrange the matters in dispute between themselves and the army, and passed a resolution that Cromwell should go down to the soldiery, and second the efforts making to induce them to disband. He arrived at head quarters on the 7th of May; but the soldiers refused to disband without payment of their arrears, and the punishment of those who had sought their destruction. They demanded a rendezvous, and declared that if their officers did not second them they would do their work without them. In spite of these unequivocal symptoms, the commons proceeded with the task of disbanding, and sent a committee to act with the general in executing the vote of the house. Fairfax refused to comply, and awaited the receipt of further orders from the parliament.

Cromwell was in London when the news arrived that the army had secured the king's person; on which he mounted his horse secretly, and rode at full speed to join the camp; the intention of the Presbyterians to seize his person on his next appearance in the house having been conveyed to him by one of his secret emissaries. He was received by the soldiers with shouts of joy. Forthwith an agreement was drawn up and signed, that they would not disband without redress of grievances, security against oppression, to the whole free-born people of England, and the dismissal of the Presbyterians from power. The king seemed mightily pleased with his change of residence, and buoyed himself up with hopes that he should become the arbiter between

the two parties, a belief in which he was encouraged by the respectful demeanour of the chiefs of the army, and their evident anxiety to induce him to accept of the terms which from time to time were tendered for his acceptance, and which would have left him as great a measure of power as might safely be entrusted to a single person. The parliament had refused to allow any clergyman of the church to attend him; the Independents permitted him to have what friends he pleased about him. But Charles refused to be saved; he knew that in the army itself a considerable party, at the head of whom was Ireton, who had married the eldest daughter of Cromwell, were wholly averse to kingly government, and had spared no pains to make converts to their opinions, and that the parliament, if they did not like the chief *agitators'* call for vengeance upon him, as the Ahab, who was the author of all the calamities of the nation, were determined not to agree to any peace except upon the basis of the establishment of Presbyterianism. Hence it might have been expected that when the "Proposals" of the army were submitted to him by its most influential chiefs, he would at least, if he did not give his assent, have suggested some modified scheme of settlement. The "Proposals" embodied a glorious system of government, universal toleration of opinions, free trade, extension of the suffrage, and other bases of wisdom, which, if acted upon, might have floated our England safely down the tide of time for another thousand years. Charles entertained the negociators with the most bitter speeches; he told them that he would have the church established according to law, and repeated often, "you cannot do without me; you will fall to ruin if I do not sustain you." And this was the answer of a crownless and imprisoned king, whose late subjects, if they hated each other, were at least united in their hostility to him. Well might his unhappy friend (Ashburnham) exclaim, in the bitterness of his heart, "Sire, your Majesty speaks as if you had some secret strength and power that I do not know of, and since your Majesty hath concealed it from me, I wish you had concealed it from these men too." The secret strength upon which the king relied, was hidden in the negociations which, at one and the same time, he was holding with the Scotch Covenanters, the English Presbyterians, and the Irish Catholics, each of whom he courted with the most irreconcilable offers of favour, at the very time that he was rejecting his only hope of safety, by refusing to treat with the army, except upon the condition that the church should be re-established in all its former authority. In a conversation with Ireton, he exclaimed, "I shall play my game as well as I can;" to which the stern republican answered, "If your Majesty have a game to play, you must give us also liberty to play ours." After he had rejected the "Proposals," he desired a conference with the leading officers, when Sir John Berkely, on the part of the king, asked what they would do, if the parliament, on the king's signing them, refused their consent; to which he was answered, that they would make the parliament agree. Berkely says, that he carried back this answer, with which his majesty was still "far from consenting." Cromwell, Ireton, and others, held a meeting at Windsor, at which it was proposed, that if Charles would not consent to the "Proposals," that he would at least send a kind letter to the army; and such an epistle was absolutely drawn up, but it was three or four days before he would sign it, and, in the mean time, the triumph of the army over the parliament had rendered this trifling concession useless.

On the 10th of June, the commons voted that no part of the army should

come within forty miles of the capital, at the same time that the army, encouraged on all sides by the people, were advancing on the city, with demands for the speedy purgation of parliament of such members as were not entitled to sit there, by reason of delinquency, corruption, abuse to the state, or undue election. After some riots and disturbances had occurred, both the speakers and many of the members of the two houses, to the number of one hundred and fifteen, fled to the army for protection. Fairfax advanced to Hounslow Heath, took possession of the block-houses at Gravesend, and all the posts on that side of the river, between Gravesend and Southwark. Finding themselves wholly unable to cope with the victorious Independents, the citizens pressed for an accommodation, which was granted upon conditions, the principal being that they should desert the parliament sitting at Westminster, and the leaders of the Presbyterians. This was conceded, from necessity; and from that moment the authority of the sword became supreme. The chiefs of the opposite faction made their escape, and though the party were still formidable, from their numbers, they were never able afterwards to make any effectual stand in opposition.

Three weeks after the army had entered London, the house voted another solemn address to the king; but Charles refused to treat, this time, upon the ground that a separate negociation with the parliament would displease the army. He thought, he said, the "Proposals" were much better, and desired a personal treaty; and Cromwell and Ireton strenuously seconded his request. But by this time the darkest suspicions began to be entertained by the army of the intentions of Cromwell. To use the words of the royalist Berkely, who was an eye-witness of the scenes he describes, "The adjutators now began to change their discourses, and complained openly in their councils, both of the king, and the malignants about his majesty; and one of the first they voted from him was myself; and that since his majesty had not accepted of their "Proposals," they were not obliged any further to them; that they were obliged to consult their own safety, and the good of the kingdom, and to use such means towards both, as they should find rational; and because they met with strong opposition from Cromwell and Ireton, and most of the superior officers, and some even of the adjutators, they had many private solemn meetings in London, where they humbled themselves before the Lord, and sought his good pleasure, and desired that he would be pleased to reveal it to his saints, which they interpret those to be who are most violent, or zealous, as they call it, in the work of the Lord. These found it apparent that God had, on the one side, hardened the king's heart, and blinded his eyes, in not passing the "Proposals," whereby they were absolved from offering them any more; and on the other side, the Lord had led captivity captive, and put all things under their feet, and therefore they were bound to finish the work of the Lord, which was to alter the government according to their first design: and to this end they resolved to seize the king's person, and to take him out of Cromwell's hands."

It was no common danger which menaced Cromwell now. The chief of a revolution, suspected of treachery, never receives pardon when vanquished by his own party; and the leading men of note, on all sides, pointed to him as being in the interest of the court. He was accused, by the republicans, of having made a private bargain with the king; and the very terms of the supposed treaty were openly proclaimed. A plot is said to have been formed against his life, as a renegade to the cause of liberty, and his opponents had published the

case of the army, and "An Agreement of the People," by which latter it was declared, that the sovereignty resided wholly in the people, that parliaments should be triennial, the elective franchise extended, the representation distributed more equally, the law reformed, and an entire freedom of conscience granted to every man. Sixteen regiments declared themselves ready to fight for this form of government, and the trial and punishment of the king. On the other hand, the Presbyterians were equally ready to sacrifice Cromwell in the cause of bigotry and intolerance; and he had the mournful reflection to contend with, that no reliance could be placed upon the word of the king. He had received too many proofs of the monarch's insincerity, to sacrifice rank, influence, and most probably life, in thankless efforts for his service; though, up to this time, it rests upon the most indisputable authority, that Cromwell had exerted himself, with zeal and earnestness, to bring about a treaty of accommodation. If we may believe an impartial historian,* it was the accidental discovery of the king's treachery, in the matter of the private negociation, which sealed the fate of Charles. One day in the year 1649, when Lord Broghill was riding between Cromwell and Ireton, Cromwell declared to him, that if the late king had followed his own mind, and had trusty servants, he would have fooled them all, and further told his lordship that at one time they really intended to close with Charles. Broghill asked a question or two, to which Cromwell replied, saying, "The reason why we would once have closed with the king, was this: we found the Scots and Presbyterians began to be more powerful than we, and if they had made up matters with the king, we should have been left in the lurch; therefore we thought it best to prevent them, by offering first to come in, under any reasonable conditions." But while they were occupied with these thoughts, they were told by one of their spies, who was of the king's bedchamber, that their doom was decreed by Charles, as they might see, if they would only intercept a letter from the king to the queen, which letter was sewed up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer would be that night at the Blue Boar, Holborn, where he was to take horse for Dover. Upon this warning, Cromwell and Ireton, disguised as troopers, and with one trusty fellow with them, went to the inn, called for cans of beer, and continued drinking till the man with the saddle came in, when they seized the saddle, ripped up the skirts, and there found the letter, in which the king informed the queen that he was now courted by both factions, the Scotch Presbyterians and the army, and which bid fairest for him should have him; but he thought he should close with the Scots sooner than the other, etc. Upon this, Cromwell took horse, and went to Windsor, and they immediately, from that time forward, resolved the king's ruin. It is needless to inquire at what period Cromwell made his final election between what seemed the equal perils of opposing Charles, or the majority of the parliament; but a careful examination of facts would lead us to infer, that, up to the final rejection of the "Proposals," he was willing to have thrown himself in the gap of the sinking monarchy.

By the advice of Fairfax, a rendezvous of the army was ordered at Ware; but the king was so terrified at the repeated threats of the mutinous soldiery, that he had fled to the Isle of Wight, five days previously. On the day of the rendezvous, the discontent of the *agitators* broke out in acts of insubordination; but Cromwell galloped into the ranks, seized the leading mutineer, and shot him on the spot. The spirit of the revolters quailed at this instance of

* Morice.

fearless severity, and the obedience rendered the ensuing moment never failed during the subsequent lifetime of the stern commander.

The idea of military revolt was abandoned as impracticable; but the men who had fought so successfully in the cause of the parliament, were not made of ductile material. In a week after the rendezvous, Cromwell and Fairfax were waited on by the chief officers, and a great number of the soldiers, and told that if they did not join the republican movement, the army were determined to accomplish their destruction. Against such reasoning there were no hopes of opposing a valid argument, and the basis of a government, without a king, was unanimously agreed to.

For several months the cause of Charles rose and fell with the varying fortunes of the two factions into which his enemies were divided. Cromwell and Ireton carried a vote in the two houses, that no further addresses or application should be made to the king, or any message received from him, without the consent of both houses, under the penalties of high treason. Cromwell, ever the first to speak out, said it was time to answer the public expectation, that they were able and resolved to govern and defend the kingdom by their own power, and teach the people they had nothing to hope from a man whose heart God had hardened in obstinacy. A committee was appointed by the army, to draw up a declaration, which ended in these words, "We do freely declare, for ourselves and the army, that we are resolved, through the grace of God, firmly to adhere to, and stand by the parliament, in the things voted concerning the king, and in what shall be further necessary for prosecution thereof, and for settling and securing the parliament and kingdom, *without the king, and against him*, or any other that shall hereafter partake with him." Such was the state of affairs in January, 1648.

Whilst the whole force of Cromwell's gigantic intellect was directed towards accomplishing the overthrow of the monarchy, the discussions amongst the parliamentarians broke out in acts of the most deadly warfare; and, from the depths of abasement, the party of the king suddenly started into new life and vigour. Insurrections broke out in various parts of the kingdom, and, for a time, the whole force of the republican army was employed in repressing the growing troubles. The war had again become a religious one. The majority of the parliament were still Presbyterian, and the Scots' commissioners bewailed with unaffected horror the triumph of the "Independent Schismatics," who held the damnable doctrines of universal toleration. The time seemed eminently favourable for an attempt to crush their hated allies: and if a treaty could be entered into with Charles during the absence of Cromwell in Wales, the triumph of the saints might be achieved, and a double victory gained over royalty and heresy. The parliament, therefore, voted that their former resolution, not to present any more addresses to the king, should be rescinded; and, upon condition that he would establish their form of church government to the exclusion of the church of England, punish heresy and blasphemy with death, and disband the Independent army, offered to restore him again to the throne. Despite the fears of the Presbyterians, who saw that the fall of their own party had become equally imminent, Charles refused his assent to the conditions. He contended that the sale of bishop's lands was sacrilege: insisted that episcopacy should only be suspended, and that all his friends should be admitted to composition. With the Scots' commissioners he was more compliant, agreed to take the covenant himself, and to renounce episcopacy: and having excused himself in his letters to the leading royalists, on the score that

circumstances compelled him to dissemble for a time his real sentiments, resolved to trust his fortunes to the new chances which had been so strangely offered to him.

The dream was destined to be speedily broken. Before Cromwell was supposed to have left Wales, he appeared in the north at the head of his veteran army, and, with less than nine thousand men, proceeded to give battle at Preston to the combined Scots and royalist forces, amounting to sixteen thousand. It is a strange fact, that the strength of religious animosity proved too powerful even for the instinct of self-preservation. The Scots could not forget that the troops with whom they were associated were those hated malignants and prelatists against whom they had so long contended, and whose fate in Scripture was clearly foretold by the story of the Amalekites. They allowed Cromwell, therefore, to slaughter the royalists at pleasure, and only resisted the furious attack which followed upon themselves after the overthrow of their betrayed associates. But resistance was in vain, and, after a brief struggle, the whole of the combined forces were routed, the Duke of Hamilton was taken prisoner; and Cromwell, crossing the border, entered Edinburgh without opposition, and apparently to the full satisfaction of the majority of the people.

No farther delay was vouchsafed to the enemies of the army. They demanded that "justice should be done upon the king, the chief offender, the raiser of the whole war, the traitor and wicked Ahab," and "that parliament should not ungratefully throw away so many miraculous deliverances of Almighty God, nor betray themselves and their faithful friends by deceitful treaties with an implacable enemy." Many of the principal counties voted resolutions of a similar character; and Cromwell, whose hand was always as prompt to execute as his soul to conceive, sent a party of horse to the Isle of Wight, who seized the king, and placed him in confinement at Hurst Castle. The commons voted that the army, now on its march from Scotland, should not come within forty miles of the capital, a vote which the army acknowledged by entering the city, and proceeding next day to the house, where they stationed themselves in the lobby, and arrested forty of the most active members of the Presbyterians, and committed them to safe custody; the rest of the party made their escape, and "Pride's Purge," as it was called from the name of the officer employed on the occasion, being found most potent in its effects;—the remaining members, to the number of one hundred and fifty, met as usual next day, and gave Cromwell, who had taken his seat amongst them, their "hearty thanks for very great and eminently faithful services performed by him to this parliament and kingdom, both in this kingdom and the kingdom of Scotland; and Mr. Speaker did accordingly give him the very hearty thanks of this house."

The storm now rolled onward with resistless violence, and Charles and Cromwell were alike incapable of controlling their destiny. Had the king but remained true to a single section of his subjects, the divisions among his foes would have enabled him to vanquish them in detail; but he had tried and abandoned all in their turn, and was now the helpless prey of the strongest. And what was there left for his conqueror but to become the acknowledged head, as he had long been the actual ruler of the country? For him there was no salvation but in success. Presbyterians and royalists were alike his deadly enemies, and for England! there was no alternative between anarchy and the sway of Cromwell. The mode by which that masterdom was finally obtained was sad, and perhaps criminal; but our sympathy must be shared between the victim and the avenger.

After one more ineffectual attempt to "accommodate" matters, it was moved in the house to proceed capitally against the king, Cromwell observing, "that if any man moved this upon design, he should think him the greatest traitor in the world; but, since providence and necessity had cast them upon it, he should pray God to bless their counsels, though he was not provided on the sudden to give them counsel." The wariness which had now engrafted itself upon his naturally fearless character is evinced in these few words, for it is idle to suppose that *his* mind, at least, was not made up by this time as to the part which he should take in the impending scene. In a few days afterwards an ordinance was passed, nominating an hundred and fifty commissioners for the trial of the king, whom they attainted of *high treason*. The charge sounded monstrous in the ears of the incredulous royalists, who had been taught to believe that treason was only possible in the case of a subject; but the men with whom they had now to deal were the discoverers as well as the propounders of principles since recognised and made world-famous.

The commons voted that the people, under God, are the originals of all just power; that the commons, being chosen by, and representing the people, have the supreme authority of the nation; that whatsoever is enacted and declared law by the commons in parliament assembled, hath the force of law, and all the people of this nation are included thereby, although the consent and concurrence of the king and the house of peers be not had thereunto; and that, by the fundamental laws of the realm, it was treason in the King of England, for the time to come, to levy war against the parliament and people of England. Because the lords manifested a reluctance to proceed with the trial, they voted that all members of the house of commons, etc., be empowered and enjoined to sit, act, and execute in the several committees of themselves, notwithstanding, the house of peers joined not with them therein, "they ordered" that the ordinance and declaration be in the name of the commons only, "broke the great seal of England, and had another engraven with the map of England, Ireland, &c., the arms of England and Ireland, and the words, "the great seal of England" on one side, whilst, to mark the overthrow of the monarchy, they inscribed on the reverse the words, "In the first year of Freedom, by God's blessing restored."

Numerous anecdotes, resting on the doubtful authority of the surviving "king-killers," at the time of the Restoration, are told of the conduct of Cromwell during this period; but a story told of him by Sir Purbeck Temple, seems to bear the impress of truth. He tells us that, having concealed himself behind the hangings of the room in which the commissioners were met, to determine on the mode of trial, news came that the king was landed at Sir Robert Cotton's stairs, when Cromwell ran to a window which overlooked the water, to observe him as he came up the garden, and turned as white as the wall, exclaiming to his colleagues, "My masters, he is come! he is come! and now we are doing the great work that the nation will be full of; therefore I desire, let us resolve here what answer we shall give the king when he comes before us; for the first question he will ask of us will be by what authority and commission we do try him." To which none answered presently; but after a little space, Henry Marten rose up, and said, "In the name of the commons and parliament assembled, and all the good people of England." When Charles was put on his defence, it was seen how truly he had divined what would be the plea set up by the unhappy prince, when reduced to this last sad extremity.

The court assembled on the 20th of January, 1649; about half the members were present, including Cromwell, Bradshaw being the president. The king was placed at the bar, and arraigned as CHARLES STUART, for "High Treason," in levying war against the parliament, and the people therein represented. He replied to the charge, by denying the authority of the court to try him, and was remanded to prison till the 22nd, when he was again brought forward, and the same scene was again enacted, Charles contending that a king cannot be tried by any superior jurisdiction on earth, and that he did not know that a king could be a delinquent, by any law that he ever heard of. The third day was occupied as the preceding ones had been, and Bradshaw ordered the clerk to record the default of the prisoner, in refusing to answer to the crimes alleged against him. The fourth day the court proceeded to hear evidence in support of the charges, in the absence of the king, and on the next day, when Charles demanded to be heard by the lords and commons, in general assembly, the court retired to deliberate for a short space. On the return of the members, the president informed the king, that they were resolved to proceed to judgment. Charles quoted an old maxim, that "we should think long before we resolve on great matters suddenly," and again requested the delay of a day or two, that he might be heard by the lords and commons. It is said that had his request been complied with, he meant to have proposed to abdicate, in favour of his son, upon such terms as should have been agreed upon. Bradshaw answered by inquiring if he had any more to say for himself, before they proceeded to sentence.

Charles.—I have nothing more to say; but I shall desire that this may be entered which I have said.

President.—The court, then, sir, hath something to say to you, which I know will be very unacceptable; yet notwithstanding, they are willing and resolved to discharge their duty.

Charles.—I will desire only one word before you give sentence, and that is, that you would hear me concerning these great imputations that you have laid to my charge.

President.—Sir, you must give me leave to go on, for I am not far from your sentence, and your trial is now past.

Charles.—But I desire you will hear me a few words to you, for truly, whatever sentence you will put upon me, in respect of these heavy imputations, that I see by your speech you have put upon me; sir, it is very true the——

The president interrupted him, repeating that he had not owned them as a court, and therefore they would admit of no further delay, concluding—

President.—We are not here *jus dare*, but *jus dicere*. We cannot be unmindful of what the scripture tells us; for we may not acquit the guilty. What sentence the law affirms to a traitor, murderer, and a public enemy of the country, that sentence you are now to hear read unto you; and that is the sentence of the court.

The clerk read the sentence, concluding—

Clerk.—For all which Treasons and Crimes, this Court doth adjudge, That he, CHARLES STUART, as a Tyrant, Traitor, Murderer, and Public Enemy, shall be put to Death, by Severing of his Head from his Body.

President.—The sentence now read and published, is the act, sentence, judgment, and resolution of the whole court.

In witness of which they all stood up, and gave their assent.

Charles.—Will you hear me a word, sir?

President.—Sir, you are not to be heard after sentence.

Charles.—No, sir!

President.—No, sir, by your favour, sir. Guard, withdraw your prisoner.

Charles.—I may speak after sentence by your favour, sir—I may speak after sentence only by your favour—the sentence, sir—I say, sir, I do—I am not suffered to speak—expect what justice the people will have—

The remainder of these broken words were stifled within him.

On the 30th of January, Charles was led to the block, and died with the courage which belonged to his race. It was a dread action, at which the world stood aghast—a circumstance new in the history of the human race. But from neighbouring friend or foe came no murmur of complaint, or threat of opposition. Hardly a remonstrance was made upon the occasion. The king-killers performed their task with stern hatred, but with the dignity of men, conscious that they were discharging a duty which they owed to their consciences and their country. No signs of a triumph achieved over a power, sustained by the tradition of countless generations, were discovered by them. They had won the cast upon which they had staked life, liberty, and fortune, and exacted the full amount of their winnings: but with the destruction of their enemy, ceased all evidences of hostility. It was reserved for his son to wage war with the dead, and exult in a victory over carcases.

On the day of the king's execution, the parliament forbade the proclamation of any other king. In a few days after, they voted the house of peers to be useless and dangerous, and brought in an act for their abolition. Next day, they resolved that it had been found by experience, and the house did declare, that the office of king in this nation, and to have the power thereof in any single person, was unnecessary, burdensome, and dangerous to the liberty, safety, and public interest of the people of this nation; and therefore ought to be abolished. Forty members were appointed a council of state, under the style of Keepers of the Liberty of England, and with powers to command all the forces of the kingdom, and to execute the majority of the executive functions. Amongst these were eight peers; and, as will be expected, we find the name of Cromwell.

Six months after the death of Charles, Cromwell went over to Ireland, with the title of Lord Governor of that country, with full powers, both civil and military. The sanguinary war in that country had now lasted eight years, with varying success; but at this time the whole of the island, with the exception of Londonderry and Dublin, was in the hands of the royalists. The result of his employment upon this service, fully justified the expectations of the parliament; but the unrelenting nature of his acts, cannot but excite a feeling of mingled regret and indignation. He stormed Drogheda, and put the entire garrison to the sword, together with all the priests found in the place. The policy which dictated his remorseless conduct toward the poor Irish, was doubtless justified to himself, by the thought that a few instances of such severity as might over-awe resistance, would, in fact, prove to be the most merciful course, and that the blood spilt in a single attack, might, after all, be found a less wasteful sacrifice of human life, than would necessarily result from the often-renewed efforts of a protracted contest. Some of the writers on this subject have supposed that religious hatred had its share in causing those atrocities; but it is hardly credible that Cromwell, who, throughout his whole existence, displayed the utmost tenderness for the right of conscience, could

have been prompted by the narrow motives of the mere sectarian. The actual issue of the expedition favours the former hypothesis; for such was the terror inspired by his successes, and dreadful severities, that the strongest places in the kingdom submitted to him, almost without a struggle. In the space of nine months, he had so nearly completed the conquest of the whole country, as to leave his successor merely the task of gathering the fruits of victory; and he returned to England, to extricate the parliament from greater difficulties than had yet seemed to menace them. At this hour his name is a sound of terror in Ireland; and ages must yet elapse, before the malison of the "Curse of Cromwell" will cease to be dreaded by the descendants of the unhappy people whom he ruled with such stern authority.

Whilst Cromwell was breaking down all impediments in Ireland, the course of events was taking a very different direction in Great Britain. The old hostility of the Scots, broken in its first outbreak, by the battle of Preston, and repressed afterwards by the complete triumph of the Independents, and the death of the king, was renewed in all its ancient bitterness, when a union had been brought about between the nobles and the people, and the son of the late monarch had suffered himself to be made a Presbyterian. The Scots, as they had never entered into the struggle against Charles with the willingness of zeal, were naturally shocked at his execution, and called to mind his claim, as their native prince, to some measure at least of protection, if not loyal homage. Besides, they had settled their form of religious government upon a firm basis, and saw, in the accession of the prince Charles as the upholder of their peculiar creed, a prospect of the realization of their expectation, that the saints should, in their own generation, possess the land, and the fulness thereof. The time seemed most favourable for the developement of such a plan. Their hated enemy, with all the forces of the kingdom, was absent upon a desperate service, and the reaction consequent upon the late proceedings of the parliament encouraged them to accept both countenance and support from a majority of the people of England. It was resolved, therefore, to raise an army, for the purpose of invading their southern neighbours, and restoring young Charles by the force of arms.

The parliament prepared to meet the storm manfully. They raised all the forces which they could muster, and directed Lord Fairfax, the commander-in-chief, to carry the war at once into Scotland. But the general had long been suspected of an inclination to lay down his authority, by this time little more than merely nominal, from the success and the popularity of Cromwell; and the counsels of his wife, herself a rigid Presbyterian, rendered him more averse to engage in a war for the avowed purpose of retarding the triumph of that creed. He declined, therefore, to accept the command of the invading army; and, finding it impossible to shake his resolution, the council of state at once sent for Cromwell to come over and supply his place. On his arrival in London, the ever-fortunate soldier was received in the warmest manner; but before he would consent to assume the high authority offered to him, he thought it expedient to have an interview with Fairfax, and endeavour, if possible, to overcome his scruples, prefacing his arguments with the assertion, that he would rather serve under him than command the greatest army in Europe. The general was inflexible, and Cromwell was appointed in his room.

Not a moment was lost, after the affair of the command had been settled in pushing forward the preparations for the expedition; and in June, 1650,

his army was in motion, having previously published a proclamation addressed "To all that are saints and partakers of the faith of God's elect in Scotland." The title of the document may excite a smile, but men in those days attached a real meaning to such things, and the officer who could not discuss a point of doctrine as well as a stratagem of war, would hardly have obtained much influence over his troops. Throughout the whole of his march to Edinburgh, Cromwell treated the inhabitants with the utmost kindness, punishing with the utmost severity any attempt at disorder on the part of his soldiers. His object was to force the enemy to an engagement; but his old comrade in the civil wars, General Leslie, had seen too many proofs of his genius, to trust the fortune of the cause to the hazard of a single battle. Securely entrenched between Edinburgh and Leith, they harassed him by daily attacks, cut off his supplies, and thus hoped, by the combined effect of wasting conflicts, and incessant fatigue, to weary out his forces, and compel him to a disastrous retreat; and, had they but contented themselves with steadily following out the plan which they had thus marked out for themselves, the result must have been most successful; for Cromwell, finding that the very existence of his army was threatened by the want of provisions and the ravages of sickness, commenced his retrograde movement towards Dunbar, where he shipped off his sick and his superfluous stores, and prepared to return into England. In the Scottish camp all was now elation at the prospect of speedy vengeance, and, with a force of twenty-seven thousand men, they broke up from their entrenchments, and followed the remains of the English army, now reduced to barely twelve thousand effective troops. The feelings of Cromwell at this time are thus expressed in a letter written to the Speaker, and conveying tidings of the ensuing battle:

"Their whole army was upon their march after us, and indeed, our driving back in this manner, with the addition of those new regiments added to them, did much heighten their confidence, if not presumption and arrogancy. The enemy that night we perceived getting towards the hills, labouring to make a perfect interposition between us and Berwick, and having in this posture a great advantage, through his better knowledge of the country. He effected this by sending a considerable party to the strait pass at Cofferspeth, where ten men to hinder are better than forty to make their way. And truly this was one exigent to us, wherewith the enemy reproached us with that condition the parliament's army was in, when it made its hard condition with the king in Cornwall. By some reports that have come to us, they had disposed of us and their business in sufficient revenge, and most towards our persons, and had swallowed up the poor interest of England, believing that their army would have marched to London without it being told us, we know not how truly, by a prisoner we took the night before the fight, that their king was very suddenly to come amongst them, with those English they allowed to be about him; but in what manner they were thus lifted up, the Lord was above them. The enemy, lying in the posture before mentioned, having these advantages, we lay very near him, being sensible of our disadvantages, having some weakness of flesh, but yet consolation and support from the Lord himself to our poor weak faith, wherein I believe not a few amongst us shared that *because* of their numbers, *because* of their advantages, *because* of their confidence, *because* of our weakness, *because* of our strait, we were in the mount, and in the mount the Lord would be seen, and that he would find out a way of deliverance and salvation for us, and indeed we had our consolation and our hopes."

The sublime courage derived from a devout reliance upon a higher power, which breaks through this epistle, was amply manifested in the engagement which took place upon Cromwell's lucky day, the 3rd of September. Confident in the speedy triumph of his policy, Leslie had cut off all retreat into England, by posting himself upon the hills surrounding the town, and securing all the various passes. Cooped up in this narrow space, with the enemy on the right, the sea on his left, a wasted and hostile nation behind him, and no chance of being permitted to escape into his own country, the ruin of Cromwell seemed certain; and the Scots, unwilling to share the expected triumph with the wicked malignants, sent away the whole of the cavaliers, and declared that they would hew Agag into pieces themselves. On the night of the 2nd, the English general called all his officers together, and gave instructions to his army to "seek the Lord." After prayers, he desired them all *to take heart, for God had certainly heard them, and would appear for them.* He had detected an error in their position, which encouraged him to attack them; and having on the following morning commenced the assault, the enemy unwisely left their inaccessible heights and ventured down the hill to give him battle. As the morning sun rolled among the vapours, he shouted out "now let God arise, and his enemies shall be scattered," and when the fatal error of his opponents became manifest, and their masses were pouring down the sides of the elevation, the exclamation burst from his lips "God is delivering them into our hands—they are coming down to us." Nor was his prediction unfulfilled. In little more than an hour the Scots were in hopeless rout. Four thousand were killed on the field, and in the pursuit ten thousand taken prisoners; and the whole of the cannon, standards, and baggage, fell into the hands of the victors.

Well might Cromwell term this "the crowning mercy of Dunbar," for such a result was wholly unexpected, and the parliament at once passed from a state almost of despair to a feeling of perfect safety. They showered down honours upon the general, and rewards to the army: and sought in every way to testify their gratitude for such signal services: but the danger had not yet passed away. After taking the castle of Edinburgh, and conducting some minor operations, he fell sick at the place, and continued very ill for four months. In the meantime, Charles had been crowned king of Scotland, a new army had been gathered together to support his claims, and, with a resolution worthy of his race, he dashed into England, hoping to reach London and overturn the government before Cromwell could get up to him. But it was not destined that the good fortune which had attended his indefatigable enemy through life should desert him now. Charles had reached Worcester, when he was overtaken and compelled to fight on the memorable 3rd of September. The contest was maintained in the streets of the city, and, though brief, was attended with great slaughter. The king escaped with great difficulty, and only to encounter after the battle the most imminent danger. The Scots left behind them the whole of their *materiel.* A fort, in which were fifteen hundred men, held out for awhile, but it was eventually taken, and the garrison put to the sword. All the heads of the royalist party were taken prisoners, including the two generals, and scarcely a man of the whole army ever returned to his native country.

This was the last of Cromwell's fields, the closing triumph of the long list of glorious successes. Hitherto his exertions had been all made for his country; they were now to contribute to his own sole advancement. The par-

liament omitted no opportunity of rewarding him. They voted him an extra grant of £4000 a year, and invited him to assist in the settlement of the nation.

How that "settlement" was effected is a matter of history. The parliament had sat for thirteen years, and still manifested no sign of an inclination to deliver up their authority to the nation. They had become reduced to a fifth of their original number. No supreme head had control over their deliberation; and to all men it was evident that they were solely sustained against anarchy by the genius of Cromwell. Even in the election of a new legislature there was danger lest a majority of Presbyterians should be returned, and so the work of the revolution have all to be done over again. But whatever might be the chances of the future, it was clearly time to get rid of the present governing body, and the soldiers loudly murmured at this delay, and began to show signs of ill temper. All signs of opposition on the part of the royalists had disappeared, and Cromwell had introduced and passed an "Act of Oblivion," which greatly increased his influence with the members of the fallen party. But a year and a half from the time of the battle of Worcester had rolled on, and still the parliament never vacated their seats; and at length Cromwell met Mr. Whitelock in St. James's Park, and having stated all the grievances of the army and the nation, with the conduct evinced by the parliament, brought the subject of his thoughts uppermost by asking, "WHAT IF A MAN SHOULD TAKE UPON HIM TO BE A KING?"

Whitelock offered various reasons why Cromwell should not take upon him the kingly office, and showed how he had, by his declared authority, and the influence of his position, the full power of a sovereign in actual possession. Cromwell enlarged upon the hereditary respect of the people for the title and the air of legality which it gave to all the acts of the supreme power; but Whitelock recommended him, if he thought a monarchy absolutely essential, to send for Charles, and restore him to the throne upon conditions. After a lengthened conversation, they parted, but Whitelock tells us that Cromwell was displeased with him, and soon after contrived to get rid of him by sending him as ambassador to Sweden.

On all sides it now began to be rumoured that a change in the mode of government was necessary. In the army the discontents were openly expressed, and the pulpits resounded with the efforts of the preachers to bring about so desirable a result. As for Cromwell, he at first affected to oppose the general feeling, and declared that "he was pushed on by opposing parties to do that the consideration of the issue whereof made his hair to stand on end." The impatient spirits of some would not wait the Lord's leisure, but hurried him on to an action of which all honest men would have cause to repent. It was quite time that measures should be taken to bring the question to an issue, for the leading men of all parties had united against him, and he must either become all or nothing. Many of the officers were opposed to his advancement; Major Streater declaring in public, that the general intended to set up for himself. General Harrison, in reply, said he did not believe it; that the general's aim was only to make way for the kingdom of Jesus; to which Streater somewhat profanely answered, "unless Jesus comes very quickly, then, he will come too late."

On the 10th of April, 1653, Cromwell summoned a meeting of many members of the house, and the principal officers, and proposed the dissolution of the parliament, and that the government should for a time be devolved upon

known persons, men fearing God, and of approved integrity, as the most hopeful way to encourage and countenance all God's people, reform the law, and administer justice and impartiality; the conference lasted two days, producing nothing but words, and, at the end of that time, the parliament, instead of proceeding to take measures for dissolving themselves legally, as was expected, ordered that writs should be issued out to fill the vacant seats, and plainly intimated an intention to perpetuate themselves. This decided the matter. Commanding a body of soldiers to be brought together, Cromwell marched as their leader to the house, and stationing the main body in the lobby, he led a file of musketeers to the door, and entering the chamber, sat down for a few moments. It was an awful attempt which he was about essay, no less than to break up the foundations of authority, and reduce all order again to chaos. Addressing himself to the Lord Chief Justice, to whom he said, "that he was come to do that which grieved him to the very soul, and that he had earnestly with tears prayed to God against; nay, that he had rather be torn in pieces than do it, but there was a necessity laid upon him therein, in order to the glory of God and the good of the nation." The chief justice answered, that "he knew not what he meant, but did pray that what it was which must be done might have a happy issue for the general good." Next Cromwell addressed himself to Harrison, and told him that "he judged the parliament ripe for a dissolution, and this to be the time of doing it." Harrison rejoined, "Sir, the work is very great and dangerous, therefore I desire you seriously to consider of it before you engage in it." "You say well," replied Cromwell, and relapsed into silence.

Another quarter of an hour, and still he was but the highest servant in the land, instead of being the fountain *from* which proceeded all power and authority. The bill was about to be put to the vote which would have silenced him after awhile, perhaps for ever, when he suddenly rose up, and exclaiming to Harrison, "This is the time, I must do it," startled the speaker with the accents of imperial authority. Bending upon them his look of sternest displeasure, he shouted to the members, "You have long cheated the country by your sitting here under pretext of settling the commonwealth, reforming the laws, and promoting the common good; whilst, in the meantime, you have only invaded the wealth of the state, and secured yourselves and your relations into all places of honour and profit to feed your own luxury and impiety."

He stamped on the floor, and the house was filled with armed men. In a furious tone he then ordered the speaker to leave the chair, and, looking round upon the members, exclaimed, "For shame—get ye gone; give place to honester men, and those that will more faithfully discharge their trust. The Lord has done with ye, and has chosen other instruments for the carrying on his work that are more worthy."

Hitherto the members had remained paralysed by the extraordinary character of the scene, but some of them now mustered breath to remonstrate with and upbraid him. Sir Peter Wentworth cried, "It ill suits your Excellency's justice to brand us all promiscuously and in general without proof of a crime." But Cromwell, carried away by the vehemence of his thought, silenced all attempts at reply, and stepping into the centre of the house, continued his insulting remarks, "Come, come," said he, "I will put an end to your prating. You are no parliament; I say you are no parliament; I will put an end to your sitting."

The friend of so many years, Sir Harry Vane, protested against the gross tyranny of the general. "This is not honest; yea, it is against morality and common honesty." "Sir Harry Vane! Sir Harry Vane!" cried Cromwell, with a loud voice, "the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" He took the speaker by the cloak, and shaking him, muttered, "Thou art a juggling fellow." Alderman Allen, a goldsmith, he accused of having enriched himself by cozening the state, and gave him into custody of the guard. He then ordered the musketeers to clear the place, and bade the members turn out, still heaping upon them his vehement reproaches. There were in the house many men of undoubted reputation for courage; but not one of them dared to lay his hand upon his sword, and resist the illegal act of the common servant of the state. As Sir Henry Martin and John Challoner sullenly retired from their places, Cromwell apostrophised the rest of the house, and asked, "Is it fit those fellows should govern?—the one a noted whoremaster, the other a drunkard?" He told them that they had sold the cavaliers' estates for their own profit, and had kept no faith with them.

General Harrison, who by this time had become persuaded that Cromwell was doing the work of the Lord, requested the speaker to come down from his place, but that functionary declined to do so unless he was forced: upon which, Harrison lent him his hand and helped him down. Whilst this was going on, Cromwell remained in the body of the house, and continued to exclaim, "It is you that have forced me to this: I have sought the Lord night and day, that he would not put me on this work." The members at last left the place, and Cromwell, pointing out the mace to his soldiers, told them to take away the *fools' bauble*, and, locking the door after him, put the key into his pocket, and returned to Whitehall.

The council of state yet remained to be dissolved, and he accordingly repaired to the place where they met, and, accosting them, said, that if they were met there on private business they should not be disturbed, but if otherwise, as they could not but know what had been done that morning, he begged them to take notice that they were no longer a council. Bradshaw, who had presided at the king's trial, rebuked him for his violence, and threatened that in a few hours all England should hear of it. No power under heaven, he said, could dissolve the parliament but the members themselves. In a letter afterwards, their courage appeared to have forsaken them, as this speech of Mr. Bradshaw's is the last which history takes notice of.

The following paragraph appeared in the Mercurius Politicus next day: "Westminster, April 20th, the Lord General delivered to parliament divers *reasons*, wherefore a present period should be put to the sitting of this parliament, and it was accordingly done; Mr. Speaker and the members all departing, the grounds of which proceedings will (it is probable) shortly be made public."

The triumph of Cromwell over the constitution has found an illustrious imitator in Napoleon Bonaparte; but, though the result and the mode of the attempt are almost identical in both cases, yet the features of the times are as distinct as were the characters of the chief actors. The project of Cromwell was carried out in opposition to the will of all the leading members of his own party, and his success was the cause of all his after unhappiness. His ambition was not sufficiently selfish to overbear all opposition. It wanted the strength of internal egotism. Had he but chosen to make all things bend to the purpose of his own advancement, the family of the first Oliver might at this hour have been seated on the throne of England.

The assumption by Cromwell of the supreme power affords both to friends and enemies a key to the understanding of his actual character. The conduct of the civil war, the constant interruption of the frequent negociations, the death of the king, and the fatuity of the parliament, all are clearly traced to the influence and the acts of Cromwell. His professions of religion were but a part of his useful policy; his enthusiasm but hypocrisy. He conquered not by real, but supposed qualities of greatness. The men with whom he lived and grew into power were all deceived in him. His success was the consequence of a trick. He ruled the kingdom in defiance of the reason of every man capable of rightly estimating the nature of things. Such of the commentators upon the time, as confess themselves on the whole favourably disposed towards him, decline all advocacy of his cause from this moment. Till the period when he became what they term the assassin of public liberty, he was worthy of all admiration, as the virtuous and successful soldier and citizen. His subsequent career more than balances on the contrary side all the merit of his good actions.

At the risk of being amenable to a charge of compound heresy, we feel ourselves compelled to differ from both sides. Human patience will not sustain cheerfully the endurance of unnecessary toil, and as the oxide of calumny will naturally grow upon such a character, and, as it has not yet reached beyond the surface of the metal, we must respectfully decline any attempt at a reply to the Clarendons, and even Humes, in their estimation of the true nature of Cromwell; besides, the greater always involves the lesser duty, and, in imparting some comfort to his mistrustful friends, we shall have done all that is necessary on the part of a biographer.

Who originated the civil war? not Cromwell, for at its breaking out the man was unknown to all but a few of the more sagacious of his own party. Had the suffrages of any portion of the malcontents been required in favour of any proposed leader, most assuredly it would not have been given for the mastership of the brewer of Huntingdon. The war and its consequences grew out of the conduct of the king, out of star chamber atrocities, ship money, taxation without the authority of parliament, and authorised iniquities of all kinds. A king's sceptre is never *snatched* from his hand, examine the matter fairly, and you will find that in all such cases as these the staff of power has *dropped* from his nerveless grasp, and been picked up by some one whom the bystanders have recognised as its more lawful owner. We obey the uplifted baton of the constable, because we recognise the propriety of the obedience. The king's army is not needed to enforce the rule of authority; but, in the time of Charles, the idol was broken, and the divinity derided,—order was at an end. So far from protecting all others, the supreme ruler was not even able to guard himself from captivity, and death by the executioner. All authority is but a sign, a willingness to obey on the one hand, a something which *is*, or which *seems* worthy of being submitted to on the other. The worthiness in the case of Charles was brought to the test and found to be defective: and, although in the instance of his eldest son, the counterfeit was still more glaring, yet the base coin proved current, from the circumstance that its genuineness was not questioned, and the cost of the "assaying" was recollected to be so very great.

Charles abolished as a king, from natural causes, in whose hand was the highest power to be lodged? Surely not in the hands of the parliament, now decimated, and at all times divided. Each fresh election would have been the

signal for a new attempt at revolution, and the nation must have sunk back into anarchy or despotism of the *unnatural* kind. Looking at the Robespierres and the Dantons of a later date, with the spectacle of slaughtered millions in the cause of liberty, and a whole world in arms for the right and the wrong, one is justified in saying that the existence and the sway of Cromwell were blessings for which Englishmen cannot be adequately thankful; that the man who, intended by Nature for command, *guided*, not *created*, a revolution to the noblest ends, and without the necessity of heading a single troop of horse to sustain his power against opposition, is entitled to the lasting gratitude of all generations, and has the homage, cheerfully rendered, of the present writer.

Cromwell proceeded, with characteristic rapidity, to impart a permanence to the authority which he had thus seized. After having, with the assistance of a council of officers, set forth in a declaration the cause of his late proceedings, he then, with a most daring contempt of old forms, resolved upon summoning a parliament, the members of which were chosen by himself, and which was accordingly done by the following ordinance:

"Forasmuch as, upon the dissolution of the late parliament, it became necessary that the peace, safety, and good government of this commonwealth should be provided for; in order whereunto divers persons, fearing God, and of approved fidelity and honesty, are, by myself, with the advice of my council of officers, nominated, to whom the great charge and trust of so weighty affairs is to be committed. And having good assurance of their love to, and courage for God, and interest for his cause, and of the good people of this commonwealth, I, OLIVER CROMWELL, Captain-General and Commander-in-chief of all the armies and forces raised and to be raised in this commonwealth, do hereby summon and require you, A. B. (being one of the said persons nominated) personally to be and appear at the council-chamber in Whitehall, within the city of Westminster, upon the fourth day of July next ensuing the date hereof, then and there to take upon you the said trust unto which you are hereby called and appointed to serve as a member for the county of——— and hereof you are not to fail. Given under my hand and seal, the 6th day of June, 1653. O. CROMWELL."

Notwithstanding the strangeness of the call, about a hundred and twenty of those to whom the letters of nomination were addressed, met at Whitehall on the day appointed, where the lord-general, who was there with a large body of officers, addressed them, giving a brief history of the progress of events, and setting forth the clearness of their call to take upon them the government of the nation, and desiring that a tenderness might be used towards all godly and conscientious persons, of what judgment or under what form soever. Having ended his speech, he produced what was termed the instrument of government, which was a document under his own hand and seal, and which set forth, that, with the aid of his council of officers, he devolved the supreme power upon the members then present, or any forty of them, to whom all persons within the realms or the countries in subjection to it were to yield obedience. They were not to sit longer than fifteen months, and, three months before their dissolution, were to make provision for the election of their successors, who, as well as the members of all future parliaments were to sit but a twelvemonth. The ceremony being over, Cromwell commended them to the grace of God, and retired.

He had thus, it would seem, surrendered up his power almost as soon as it

was possible to dissolve it; but it is not likely that he had left himself without the means to abolish the authority of this parliament, as easily as he had put an end to the last, had the members displayed any inclination to follow entirely their counsels. But the event proved that they were as tractable as could be desired: and though abundant ridicule has been cast upon the proceedings of what is termed "Praise God Barebone's Assembly," it would seem that the noblest members of the cavalier party scrupled not to address them in the language of the deepest respect. Petitions from the Earl and Countess of Derby, the Earls of Shrewsbury and Worcester, and others, couched in the humblest style of petition; addresses from sovereign princes, at whose courts their ambassadors were honourably entertained, with other marks of courtesy and respect, go far to prove that the fallen parties revenged themselves by wit for what they lost by folly. The journals of the house shew that they appointed committees for the affairs of Ireland and Scotland, for the law, the army, for inspecting the treasuries, and regulating the offices and salaries, for the business of trade, and corporations for the poor, and regulating commissions of the peace; for considering of public debts, and to receive accusations of bribery, public fraud, sand breaches of public trust, and for the advancement of learning. It is probable that, but for the secure government of Cromwell, they would have found themselves compelled to resign still earlier the charge delivered to them, which they did after a sitting of five months and eight days. In this emergency the aid of the council of officers was again sought; and, after several days spent in seeking the Lord, they decided that the general should be chosen Lord Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with the assistance of a council to be composed of not more than twenty-one, nor less than thirteen, godly, able, and discreet persons. An instrument of government was prepared, by which it was provided that the sovereign power should be vested in a chief magistrate, styled Lord Protector, who, with his council, was to be the sole executive; but all the supreme legislative authority was vested in the people. The authority of the Protector extended to the making of war and peace, to dispose of magistracy and all honours; to dispose also (with counsel of parliament when sitting) of the militia by sea and land. In the intervals of parliament, to raise money for the expenses of the state, and create laws and ordinances, which should be binding until order should be taken in parliament concerning them, and to possess the prerogative of pardon, and the benefit of forfeitures. For the safeguard of the people, it was declared that the existing laws should not be altered, suspended, abrogated, or repealed: nor any new law made, nor any tax, charge or imposition, laid upon the people, but by common consent in parliament; that parliaments should be triennial, and neither be adjourned, prorogued, or dissolved without their own consent, during five months from their meeting. That the three-hundred members should be returned for the several counties in the proportion of their respective contribution towards the public expenses; and that bills passed in parliament should have the force of laws twenty days after they had been offered to the Protector, even though he should have refused his assent. As the head of this form of government, which must be considered almost a pure democracy, Cromwell was solemnly inaugurated in the court of chancery on the 16th of December, 1563, and swore to govern the nation according to the law statutes and customs, seeking their peace, and causing justice and law to be equally administered.

For the first few months the vessel of state held on her way without experi-

encing a single adverse current. The spirit of the royalists was effectually subdued, and their hopes now rested not upon the life of the exiled prince, but upon the death of Cromwell. The negociations with foreign states were put upon a footing to which the former conduct of the rulers of England, afforded no equal example, and the greatest sovereigns of Europe courted, with the most abject respect, the favour of the lowly-born protector. Of Cardinal Mazarine, the prime minister of France at that period, it was said that he feared the devil less than he dreaded Cromwell; and, as a proof that his admiration was not feigned, he refused to grant an audience to Charles II, who had travelled all through the kingdom to obtain an interview, though the ambassador of Cromwell was at the court at the same time, where he was entertained with the utmost magnificence. The king of Spain congratulated him upon his elevation, and offered, if he chose to take upon himself the title of king, to venture the crown of Spain in his support. With Portugal and Holland he concluded the most advantageous treaties, circumstances which were painfully reflected upon in the succeeding reign,—that with Portugal being considered, even by his enemy, Lord Clarendon, "in very many respects the most advantageous to this nation that was ever entered into with any prince or people." On the seas the famous Admiral Blake carried the terror of the protector's arms to every part of the civilied globe; and even the pirates of Barbary learned to respect the flag of England. The events of his after life fully justified his expression, "that he hoped to make the name of an Englishman as great as ever that of a Roman had been."

But whilst matters over which he had absolute control were attesting the wisdom of his measures, his administration at home was clogged with difficulties, which, to a less energetic mind, would have been found to be inseparable. His second parliament, which met on his favourite day, the third of September, assembled to the number of three hundred, and were addressed in a masterly discourse, in which, amongst other things, he told them, "This government, (let men say what they will, I can speak with comfort before a greater than you all as to my intentions, and let men judge of the thing itself,) is calculated for the interest of the people, for their interest alone, and for their good, without respect had to any other interest. It hath entertained to reform the laws; it hath taken care to put into seats of justice men of the most known integrity and ability—it hath put a stop to that heady way for every man that wills to make himself a preacher, having endeavoured to settle a way for the approbation of men of piety and fitness, for the work and the business committed to persons both of the Presbyterian and Independent judgment, men of as known ability and integrity as (I suppose) any the nation hath, and whom I believe have laboured to approve themselves to God and their own consciences, in approving men to that great function: one thing more, it hath been instrumental to call a *free* parliament. Blessed be God, we see here this day a *free* parliament, and that it may continue so I hope is in the heart of every good man of England: for my own part, as I desired it above my life, so to keep it free, I shall value it above my life.

But the members of the parliament mistook their vocation, having recognised the authority of the protector by obeying at his summons, they fell to debating the first thing, "Whether the house shall *approve* the government to be in one single person, and a parliament," or, in other words, whether they, the creatures of his breath, should not depose him from his office. He permitted them to debate the matter without interruption for three days,

and then suddenly summoning them to meet him in the Painted Chamber, he spoke to them as follows, expressing what he thought to be the exact measure of his own power: "I told you (said he, speaking of his opening of the house) you were a free parliament; and so you are, whilst you own the government and authority that called you hither; for that word implied a reciprocation, or it implied nothing at all. The same government that made you a parliament, made me a protector; and, as you were entrusted with some things, so was I with all other things. There were some things in the government fundamental, and that cannot be altered; namely, that the government should be in one person and a parliament, &c., and I think your actions and carriages ought to be suitable; but I see it will be necessary for me now a little to magnify my office, which I have not been apt to do. I had this thought within myself, that it had not been dishonest nor dishonourable, nor against true liberty, no, not of parliaments, when a parliament was so chosen,—that an owning of your call, and of the authority bringing you hither, might have been required before your entrance into the house; but this was declined, and hath not been done, because I am persuaded scarce any man could reasonably doubt you came with contrary minds. And I have reason to believe, the people that sent you least doubted thereof at all. What I forbore upon a just confidence at first, you will necessitate me unto now: that seeing the authority that called you is so little valued and so much slighted, till some such assurance be given and made known, that the fundamental interest of the government be settled and approved.—I have caused a stop to be put to your entrance into the parliament house! I am sorry, I am sorry, and I could be sorry to the death, that there is cause for this: but there is cause; and if things be not satisfied that are reasonably demanded, I, for my part, shall do that which becomes me, seeking my counsel from God. There is, therefore, somewhat to be offered to you:—the making your minds known in that, by your giving your assent and subscription to it, is that which will let you in to act those things as a parliament which are for the good of the people. And this thing shewed to you, and signed as aforesaid, doth determine the controversy, and may give a happy progress and issue to this parliament. The place where you may come thus and sign, as many as God shall make free thereunto, is in the lobby without the parliament door."

This, at least, was a decisive method of proceeding; and, although much dissatisfaction was expressed at the moment, yet, in a few days afterwards, one hundred and fifty of the members, with the speaker, signed the recognition, which was in the following terms:—"I do hereby promise and engage to be true and faithful to the Lord Protector, and the commonwealth of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and shall not according to the tenor of the indenture whereby I am returned to serve in this present parliament, propose, or give my consent, to alter the government as it is settled in our person and a parliament." This put an end to the question as to the protector's title; but the temper of the majority was but little favourable to his views, and so at the end of six months he dissolved them. How beautifully does he rebuke the spirit of religious intolerance in his address upon this occasion.

"Have not you laboured but lately under the weight of persecutions, and was it fit for you to sit heavy on others? Is it ingenuous to ask liberty and not give it? What greater hypocrisy than for those who were oppressed by the bishops to become the greatest oppressors themselves as soon as their yoke was removed? I could wish that those who call for liberty in religious

matters now, also had not too much of the spirit if the power were in their hands."

Not happy could the man expect to be who had to conquer such opposition, even from those whom he might be encouraged previously to deem his friends. Another parliament was called, and although the title of the protector was not this time questioned, yet the character of the assembly was supposed to be such that he forcibly excluded all such as were unable to produce a certificate to the effect that they had been approved of by the council. A spirited protest was published by the expelled members; but Cromwell carried his point, and the greater number of those who had incurred his suspicions, afterwards contrived to regain his favour by the exercise of the courtly arts of adulation.

From this time forward, the life of the protector presents little which is generally instructive. He again essayed the attempt to secure the title of king; but the whole tenor of his life militates against the presumption that his mind was greatly bent upon the measure, and that he was only diverted from his purpose by the presentation of a counter-petition signed by a number of the officers of the army. Had he really wished to carry the disputed point, he would have bent to its accomplishment the whole powers of his soul, in which event the resistance offered by his opponents would have been as vain as their previous efforts to hinder his advancement. But though the title of king was refused by him, he was again inaugurated by the name and style of Lord Protector, with ceremonies little inferior in splendour to those observed at a royal coronation.

The royalists despairing of success in the field, had recourse to the arts of the assassin, and a reward of five hundred pounds, with a knighthood, was offered by Charles II. in 1564, to any one who would destroy him by sword, pistol, or otherwise. On being informed of this fact, he replied, "That assassinations were such detestable things he would never *begin* them, but that if any of the king's party should endeavour to assassinate him, and fail in it, he would make an assassinating war of it, and destroy the whole family; adding, that he had instruments to execute this threat whenever he should give order for it; and, indeed, soon afterwards, he commenced a system of coercion towards the cavaliers, which, had it been unprovoked, would have justified the severest measures of retaliation short of the employment of the secret murderer. Previously to the continued plotting against his existence and government, he had displayed the utmost clemency towards the leaders of the vanquished party, frequently manifesting towards them even kindness and affection. When the Marquis of Hertford, on being pressed by him to give his advice upon the state of affairs, ventured to say, "Our young master, that is abroad—that is, my master, and the master of us all, restore to him his crown;" Cromwell, without any signs of displeasure, replied, "That the *young gentleman* could not forgive, and that neither, in his circumstances, could *he* trust;" but the marquis never had reason to repeat the boldness of his counsel. Burnet also tells that the Protector understood that Sir Richard Willis was Chancellor Hyde's (then abroad with Charles,) chief confidant, to whom he wrote often, and to whom all the party submitted, looking on him as an able and wise man, in whom they confided absolutely. So he found a way to talk with him. He said he did not intend to hurt any of the party, and that his design was rather to save them from ruin. They were often, over their cups, apt to run into foolish and ill-concerted plots, which signified nothing but ruin to those who engaged in them.

Surrender of Cimon.

He knew they consulted him in every thing; all he desired of him was to know all their plots, that he might so disconcert them, that none might ever suffer for them, if he clapt any of them up in prison, it should be only for a little time, and they should be interrogated only about some trifling discourse, but never about the business they had been engaged in. He offered Willis whatever he would accept of, and to give it when and as he pleased. He durst not ask or take above two hundred pounds. Thus Cromwell had all the king's party in a net. He let them dance in it at pleasure, and upon occasion clapt them up for a short while, but nothing was ever discovered by means of Willis that hurt any of them.

Numerous other anecdotes of a kindred character are related of Cromwell. He sought out the *ablest* men for the service of the state, bravely careless as to their political principles, only requiring of them that they should not *plot* against his government. The latter end of his existence was clouded by natural infirmities, and the anxieties of his position at length induced him to speak of the compassion due to one in his situation. The *third of September*, 1658, released the spirit of perhaps the noblest Englishman that ever breathed, from the scenes of his trials and triumphs, at the age of fifty-nine years. The following portrait of his person and character has been drawn by a contemporary, (Welwood):—

"He had a manly, stern look; and was of an active, healthful constitution, and able to endure the greatest toil and fatigue. Though brave in his person, yet he was wary in his conduct; for, from the time he was first declared protector, he always wore a coat of mail under his clothes. His conversation among his friends was very diverting and familiar; but in public reserved and grave. He was sparing in his diet, though he would sometimes drink freely, yet never to excess

"He was moderate in all other pleasures: and, for what was visible, free from immoralities, especially after he came to make a figure in the world. He affected, for the most part, a plainness in his clothes; but in them, as well as in his guards and attendants, he appeared with magnificence upon public occasions. No man was ever better served, or took more pains to be so. As he was severe to his enemies, so was he beneficent to his friends: and if he came to hear of a man fit for his purpose, though never so obscure, he sent for him, and employed him, suiting the employment to the person, and not the person to the employment; and upon this maxim in his government depended, in a great measure, his successes. His good fortune accompanied him to the last: he died in peace, and in the arms of his friends, and was buried among the kings with a royal pomp; and his death was condoled by the greatest princes and states in Christendom, in solemn embassies to his son."

SURRENDER OF CIMON.

(Painted by M. Devosge.)

Miltiades, an Athenian, the father of Cimon, was the son of Calypselus, and celebrated for his victory at Marathon, over the Persians, whose army consisted of 100,000 foot, and 10,000 horse, while that of the Athenians numbered only 10,000, and 1,000 Platæns; yet, according to Herodotus, the Athenians lost only 192 men, and the Persians 6,000. Justin, however, has extended the number of the Persian army to 600,000, and their loss to

200,000. To commemorate this immortal victory, triumphal columns were afterwards raised by the Athenians to the memory of their fallen countrymen, on which the names of the departed heroes were inscribed.

Miltiades demanded of his countrymen, as an acknowledgment of his services in this battle, an olive crown, but which the Athenians not only refused, but at the same time reprimanded him for his presumption. The only reward, therefore, that he received, for a victory which proved beneficial to all Greece, although great even in the opinion of that age, appears somewhat inconsiderable to modern notions. In a picture representing the battle of Marathon, he was placed conspicuously above the rest of the commanders, and seemed exhorting his men to fight with courage. He was afterwards commissioned, with a fleet of seventy ships, to capture those islands which had assisted the Persians. Many of them surrendered; but at the moment he was about to capture Paros, he received a false report that the Persian fleet was coming to attack him. He then raised the siege, and returned to Athens, where his ungrateful countrymen accused him of treason, and of having sold himself to the enemy. Being unable, in consequence of a wound he had received before Paros, publicly to meet his traducers, the people, with the most atrocious injustice, condemned him to death. This severe sentence, by the exertions of his friends, and the recollection of his great services, was afterwards commuted to a fine of fifty talents; but being unable to pay so large a sum, he was thrown into prison, a debtor to the state, and, a short time after, died of his wounds, about 489 years before Christ. By a law of the republic, the remains of an insolvent were denied interment; but Cimon, his son—who had already proved himself worthy of his father's fame, and had distinguished himself by numerous exploits against the Persians, and on one occasion defeated their fleet, capturing two hundred ships, and totally routed their land force, in one day,—requested of the magistrates that he might take his father's place in prison, in order that the body of Miltiades might be interred. But this filial trait made no impression on the Athenians. Cimon was suffered to languish in prison for some time, till he was at length ransomed, through the marriage of his sister, Elphenea, to Callias, who paid the fifty talents due from Miltiades. He was afterwards appointed to carry on the war against the Persians, over whom he obtained many advantages. Cimon greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Salamis, and gained popularity by his munificence. The money he acquired by his victories was not applied to his private use, but expended in embellishing and fortifying the city. Soon after, losing his popularity, he was visited with the ingratitude of his countrymen, who banished him from Athens. On his recal from exile, Cimon again defeated the Persians, on the coast of Asia, and ruined their fleet. He died while besieging the town of Citium, in Cyprus, B.C. 442, in the fifty-first year of his age.

The picture of M. Devosge is skilfully composed.—Cimon presents himself in the prison where his father lay, at the moment when the two sureties are conveying the body thence. The jailer loads the son with the chains that bound his father's *body*. Elphenea leans upon her brother, and falls into tears a the sight of the fetters with which he was invested. In the back-ground, a servant holds a laurel crown, which recals to mind the glory of Miltiades.

This picture is no less admirable for the happy choice of the subject, than for its execution. The attitudes are simple, and the drawing dignified and correct. The figures are of the natural size.

HOGARTH.
R. Sands sculp

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

THIS great, and exclusively English painter, was born in London, in 1697. His father was one of that unfortunate tribe of authors whose efforts never achieve fame, and barely secure subsistence. But little is known of the early years of Hogarth, except from the fragment of autobiography which he has left us; but with the vanity which formed so conspicuous a feature of his character, he assigns as a reason for his deficiency of education, that at school he preferred ornamenting his exercises, instead of storing his mind, *because*, in the latter department, he soon found the blockheads with better memories could surpass him. Be the cause what it might, it is certain that Hogarth derived but slender advantage from the lessons of childhood.

At the proper age he was apprenticed to a silversmith; but the limited scope afforded to his genius soon disgusted him with his vocation. While thus employed, however, he gradually acquired some knowledge of drawing; and before his apprenticeship expired, he exhibited some talent for caricature. "He felt the impulse of genius, and that it directed him to painting, though little apprized, at that time, of the mode nature had intended he should pursue." The following circumstance gave the first indication of the talents with which Hogarth afterwards proved himself to be so liberally endowed. "During his apprenticeship, he set out one Sunday, with two or three companions, on an excursion to Highgate. The weather being hot, they went into a public-house, where they had not long been, before a quarrel arose between some persons in the same room. One of the disputants struck the other on the head with a quart pot, and cut him very much. The blood running down the man's face, together with his agony from the wound, (which had distorted his features into a most hideous grin,) presented Hogarth with too laughable a subject to be overlooked. He drew out his pencil, and produced, on the spot, one of the most ludicrous figures that ever was seen. What made this piece the more valuable was, that it exhibited an exact likeness of the man, with a portrait of his antagonist, and the figures, in caricature, of the principal persons gathered around him."

He entered into the academy in St. Martin's Lane on the expiration of his apprenticeship, and studied drawing from the life. The engraving of arms and shop-bills seems, however, to have been the first employment by which he sought to obtain a livelihood. He was soon afterwards engaged in decorating books, and furnished plates for several publications of the day, and among them an edition of "Hudibras," which afforded him the first subject suited to his genius. He now succeeded in getting admission to the gallery of Sir James Thornhill, and began to study the science of painting. It does not appear, however, that he derived much advantage from tuition. All that is valuable in the works of Hogarth, is that for which he was in no degree indebted to others. Tried by the ordinary rules of painting, his pictures would have scarcely provoked a comment; tested by themselves, they place him in the very first rank of creative ability.

After making the usual number of guesses as to the precise bent of his powers, he was enabled at last to pronounce the "Open, Sesame!" of the soul, and commence that series of efforts which have immortalised his name. No poet or satirist ever depicted the various frailties and vices of humanity with more terrible vivacity. In his Marriage à la Mode, The Harlot's Progress, Gin Lane, The Idle and Good Apprentice, The Rake's Progress, etc., he has not only lashed the prevailing follies of his own time, but sketched, with the hand of a great moral teacher, the progress and the consequences of evil, from the first incipient assaults of temptation, to the final consummation of the task of ruin. Incidents are crowded upon each other with all the prodigality of genius, as he proceeds in his narrative; yet the most trifling accessory helps to carry forward the main design. There is so much which seems profuse, and yet nothing which we would have omitted. The spectator, to enjoy the works of Hogarth fully, should be acquainted with the history of his time: but the charm of the picture is not lost, even upon the most ignorant. The facilities offered by the aid of the engraver will secure the labours of Hogarth from being lost to mankind. The genius enshrined in them, the human nature which they pourtray, will prevent them from being ever forgotten.

Like most men who think strongly, Hogarth was fond of coarseness when it disclosed a vigour of expression. Those who censure him for dwelling upon the revolting defects of human nature, forget that the satirist can never be a dilettante. Hercules may have the beauty of Adonis, but the delicacy of conformation is speedily obliterated in the performance of such tasks as the cleansing of the Augean stable. We should doubtless see many imperfections in the aspect of the Titans, but the work they would perform, would be the work of giants.

Nor are we disposed to side with those who rail at Hogarth on the score of his egotism. Genius is always a law to itself, and how can an uneducated, unassisted man, raise himself to distinction, except by habits of the most sufficient self-reliance? Every axiom of conservatism is against him at the outset: the love of friends as well as the hate of foes: some are altogether opposed to his climbing, and others fear that he will fall. If *he* too coincides with the common belief, why then he may become a worthy citizen: but he can never hope to approve himself a man of genius. It is the exaggeration of this necessary confidence which gives offence to mediocrity, but whether expressed or not, that which the world calls "egotism," is essential to every lofty spirit. The quack may fancy himself a national benefactor, but the true physician never believes himself to be a quack.

The comic paintings of Hogarth are scarcely inferior in artistic ability to those which have been enumerated: but from the nature of the subjects, have not, as a matter of course, such claims to admiration. The principal are, The March to Finchley, Beer Lane, The Enraged Musician, &c.

"All the works of his original genius are, in fact, lectures of morality. They are satires of particular vices and follies, expressed with such strength of character, and such an accumulation of minute and appropriate circumstances, that they have all the truth of nature, heightened by the attractions of wit and fancy. Nothing is without a meaning, but all either conspires to the great end, or forms an addition to the lively drama of human manners. His single pieces, however, are rather to be considered as studies, not perhaps for the professional artist, but for the searcher into life and manners, and for the votary of true humour and ridicule. No furniture of the kind can vie with Hogarth's prints as a fund of inexhaustible amusement, yet conveying at the same time important lessons of morality.

"Not contented, however, with the just reputation which he had acquired in his proper department, Hogarth (whose mind was not a little vain) attempted to shine in the highest branch of the art,—serious history-painting. 'From contempt,' says Lord Orford, 'of the ignorant virtuosi of the age, and from indignation at the impudent tricks of picture-dealers, whom he saw continually recommending and vending vile copies to bubble collectors, and from having never studied, indeed having seen, few good pictures of the great Italian masters, he persuaded himself that the praises bestowed on those glorious works were nothing but the effects of prejudice. He talked this language till he believed it; and having heard it often asserted (as is true) that time gives a mellowness to colours and improves them; he not only denied the proposition, but maintained that pictures only grew black and worse by age, not distinguishing between the degrees in which the proposition might be true or false. He went farther: he determined to rival the ancients, and, unfortunately, chose one of the finest pictures in England as the object of his competition. This was the celebrated Sigismonda, of Sir Luke Schaub, now in the possession of the Duke of Newcastle, said to be painted by Correggio, probably by Furino. It is impossible to see the picture,' (continues his lordship) 'or read Dryden's inimitable tale, and not feel that the same soul animated both. After many essays, Hogarth at last produced *his* Sigismonda,—but no more like Sigismonda than I to Hercules. Not to mention the wretchedness of the colouring, it was the representation of a maudlin strumpet, just turned out of keeping, and her eyes red with rage and usquebaugh, tearing off the ornaments her keeper had given her. To add to the disgust raised by such vulgar expression, her fingers were blooded by her lover's heart, that lay before her like that of a sheep for her dinner. None of the sober grief, no dignity of suppressed anguish, no involuntary tear, no settled meditation on the fate she meant to meet, no amorous warmth turned holy by despair;—in short, all was wanting that should have been there;—all was there, that such a story would have banished from a mind capable of conceiving such complicated woe—woe so sternly felt, and yet so tenderly. Hogarth's performance was more ridiculous than any thing he had even ridiculed. He set the price of £400 on it, and had it returned on his hands by the person for whom it was painted. He took subscriptions for a plate of it, but had the sense at last to suppress it.'

"Adverting to this failure of Hogarth's, the late Sir Joshua Reynolds has the following observations upon our artist: 'Who, with all his extraordinary talents, was not blessed with this knowledge of his own deficiency, or of the bounds which were set to the extent of his own powers. After this admirable artist had spent the greater part of his life in an active, busy, and, we may add, successful attention to the ridicule of life;—after he had invented a new species of dramatic painting, in which probably, he never will be equalled; and had stored his mind with infinite materials to explain and illustrate the domestic and familiar scenes of common life, which were generally, and ought to have been always, the subject of his pencil;—he very imprudently, or rather presumptuously, attempted the great historical style, for which his previous habits had by no means prepared him: he was indeed so entirely unacquainted with the principles of this style, that he was not aware that any artificial preparation was even necessary. It is to be regretted that any part of the life of such a genius should be fruitlessly employed. Let his failure teach us not to indulge ourselves in the vain imagination, that by a momentary resolution we can give either dexterity to the hand, or a new habit to the mind."

Before he had become known to fame, Hogarth married the daughter of his old master Sir James Thornhill. The worthy knight himself, one of the tolerably numerous band of "illustrious obscures," was greatly scandalized at the circumstance, and it was not until the rising reputation of his son-in-law made the alliance a compliment to the lady's family, that he would forgive the insult offered to his dignity. His daughter survived her husband, who died without leaving any children, on the 26th of October, 1764. The following lines, written by Garrick, are carved on his tombstone:

"Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art;
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.
If genius fire thee, reader, stay,
If nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here."

It is consoling to reflect that he enjoyed in the prime of life a competence principally derived from the sale of engravings from his pictures; the works themselves when sold realising, in a commercial point of view, something like the fiftieth part of their value. The following criticism upon his Marriage à la mode, is from the pen of the ancient German critic, Dr. Waagen, who says, "What surprises me, is the eminent merits of these works as paintings, since Hogarth's own countryman, Horace Walpole, says he had but little merit as a painter. All the most delicate shades of his humour are here marked in his heads with consummate skill and freedom, and every other part executed with decision, and for the most part with care, though the colouring on the whole is weak, and the pictures being painted in dead colours, with hardly any glazing, have more the look of water colours than of oil paintings, yet the colouring of the flesh is often powerful, and the other colours are dispersed with so much refined feeling for harmonious effect, that in this respect these pictures stand in a far higher rank than many of the productions of the modern English school." This series is in the National Gallery, together with the portrait of Hogarth himself.

David. pinxt.

Angus sculp.

Brutus and his Sons

BRUTUS AND HIS SONS.

(*Painted by David.*)

The subject of this picture has in all ages furnished materials for the poet and novelist. The idea of a father condemning his own children to death, for a violation of the laws which he had sworn to execute, belongs to the highest order of tragic conception. The citizens of Rome had expelled the Tarquins, and chosen Brutus the first magistrate of the republic, and, as might be expected, the banished rulers sought, by every means in their power, to regain their former authority. The law enacted the severest penalties against those who should in any way hold correspondence with the fallen dynasty; despite which, the sons of Brutus conspired to effect their return to power; but the plot being discovered, they were brought to trial, and sentenced to death, their father presiding at the fatal tribunal.

David has delineated Brutus at the moment after the execution, when, returning to his home, the rigour of the consul gives way to emotions of paternal regard: alone, seated at the foot of the statue of Rome, Brutus holds in his hand the written evidence of the guilt of his sons. The bodies of his sons are at this moment consigned to the family sepulchre, and the noise of the mournful ceremony enters the open chambers of his soul. At the sight of the mangled fragments, his wife rises from her seat, one of the daughters fixes her eyes upon the dreadful spectacle, and the other swoons away in her mother's arms. Behind this group, a servant covers her face with a veil.

It was only in the power of a great painter to treat such a subject in a manner worthy of its importance, and the aspect of Brutus wears the expression of a sorrow too deep for words. His figure, insulated and placed in the shade, produces the grandest effect. The group of women offers beauties of another kind; the design is pure and elegant; and the disposal of the three figures, presents a whole, which young artists would do well to study. The execution of this celebrated work corresponds with the grandeur and energy of the subject. Napoleon, who valued it highly, ordered it to be placed in the Tuileries on his elevation to the consulship, where it now remains.

THE DEATH OF PHOCION.

(*Painted by Odevaere.*)

What a lesson, unless the heart of man has become changed, does this work of art give, to all generations, of the ingratitude of the populace! Phocion had done the state much service; he was a bold and skilful general, and hitherto had enjoyed the confidence of his countrymen. But a daring attack had been made upon Athens, of which he was the governor; the city was starved; and Phocion, with his friends, was condemned to pay with his life the penalty imposed by the Athenians upon defeat. At the moment of dissolution, the old Greek temper, which wreathed the skeleton with flowers, breaks forth. The executioner refused to fill the often-emptied bowl without being paid for it, on which Phocion turned to a bystander, and requested to be furnished with the coin, observing, "In Athens men are not even permitted to die without paying for it."

The design of the picture is well conceived, the details are ably executed, and exhibit much talent on the part of the artist, who was a pupil of David.

THE DEATH OF HANNIBAL.

(*Painted by Le Mere, the younger.*)

This picture represents one of the saddest scenes of history, the expiring moments of the noble African, brought like his native lion to bay, his pursuers finding no safety but in his destruction. Bereft of army and friends, and compelled to trust for the means of existence to the bounty of foreigners, he was still formidable to Rome. The conscript fathers of the city felt that no walls but those of the grave could secure them from the vengeance of Hannibal; the future destiny of the world was felt to be bound up with the life of this single mortal. Exiled from Carthage, and abandoned by the friend in whose hospitality he had confided, he has at length sought refuge in *himself*. The Roman soldiers are waiting for admittance; above him are the memorials of the battle of Cannæ, when the empire of the earth was placed within his grasp; around him is the void immensity, and at his feet the poor slave, who looks upon death as the consummation of all human ills. It is but the act of a moment, and the fugitive has again conquered.

The work of M. Le Mere is one which tells its own tale; it is eloquent and copious of meaning. The characters convey all that can be imagined of heroic resolution, and imploring fidelity. The figures in the painting are the size of life, and, as a work of art, the production stands almost in the first rank. The colouring is harmonious, the draperies well managed, and the accessories display considerable taste. At the time of his death, Hannibal was in the seventieth year of his age.

MARIUS AND THE ASSASSIN.

(*Painted by Drouais.*)

The event here chronicled by the painter is one of the most interesting in the annals of Rome. After a life spent in the alternate vicissitudes of loftiest triumph and lowest debasement, Marius was taken, and thrown into prison. His captors, imitating the example which he had taught them upon so many occasions, and which was only in strict accordance with the policy of the time, sent a soldier, one of the foreign mercenaries, who acknowledged no higher law than the will of their commander, to put him to death. The Gaul advanced into the chamber of the captive; but, appalled by the menacing look, and the piercing inquiry of "Slave! darest thou kill Caius Marius?" shrunk from the task in dismay, and returned to tell his employers that he dared not approach the terrible, though unarmed Roman. The incident is said to have procured the release of Marius from prison; and the artist has seized, with admirable skill, the moment when the footsteps of the advancing assassin are arrested by the voice of his intended victim. Nothing can be finer than the aspect of Marius, and the cowering look of the slave: it is the triumph of mind, or rather of the perfection of animal courage, over mere matter; for Marius had no pretension to a higher virtue than that of the mere soldier. The head is after the finest antique models, and expresses all the character of the ruthless man, whose vengeance was never satiated, except with the blood of his enemies. As a work of art, the execution is perfect.

Death of Hannibal

Engraved by W. Cooke

Marius

CICERO.

Engraved by George Cook.

CICERO, MARCUS TULLIUS.

WERE a man's worth ascertainable like the value of a bell, by the loudness of the noise he makes, or has made in the world, there would be few who could compete for the favours of posterity with this famous Roman. At this moment his writings have a higher value in our universities, than is accorded to that glorious mass of Hebrew and Greek literature, THE BIBLE. In the highest courts and assemblies of the land, a quotation from St. Paul is of less weight than an apropos sentence from the works of Cicero: and though too frequent a reference to the classic page may expose the speaker to the charge of pedantry, it needs but a single reference to the sayings of the apostle to justify a suspicion of hypocrisy or fanaticism. But not for ever will the propriety of such a standard of worth be acknowledged by the nations. For us the wisdom of Cicero is becoming daily less needful: our life-voyage is made in a different sea, and no Roman chart or commander's log-book can afford us any aid in the navigation. As travellers with a common object in view, it may not, however, be uninteresting to ascertain whether Cicero's venture of opportunity and talent came safe to port, and was turned to good account, or was wrecked on the way and swallowed up fruitlessly.

He was born at Arpinum in Italy, B. C. 106. His father was a man of small fortune, and it was from him probably, that his son with a larger capacity for good and evil, inherited a love of political strife. At this period the corruption of manners in Rome had entirely extinguished the feeble patriotism which had survived the first excesses consequent upon the attainment of almost universal dominion. The character of the rule was of less importance than the person and the party of the ruler. Impunity for the practice of every vice rewarded the efforts of the successful leader of a faction; and banishment and death were the doom, not so much awarded for the commission of crimes of which all were really equally guilty, as for that deeper guilt, the sin of failure. The early days of Cicero gave promise of a love of virtue. His education had been carefully attended to in the household of Scævola the auger, under whose auspices he studied the philosophy of the Greeks, and the principles and practice of Roman jurisprudence. At the age (17) when the law required him to enter the military profession, a duty from which there was no possibility of escaping, he joined the forces of Pompeius Strabo, the father of the celebrated Pompey, and was present at the capture by Sylla of the Samnite camp. His well known dislike to danger forbids the idea that any portion of this success was owing to his own exertions: and the breaking out of the civil war between Marcus and Sylla soon afterwards, appears to have increased his aversion to

the turmoil of the camp. He first attracted notice by a defence of Sextus Roscius, who was charged with the crime of parricide : and although he had made his first appearance as an advocate but the year previously, his success on this occasion, if we may credit his own statement, placed him in the very first rank as an orator. The constitution of Rome rendered the study of the science of public speaking, a matter of the very first importance ; every great question affecting the state was solemnly debated in the senate, and decided by the majority of voices; and even though the influence of class-interests or motives of a better character should determine the votes according to the wishes of the nobles, there was still the option left to the accused governor, or unsuccessful candidate for honours, of an appeal to the people, whose suffrages were generally given on the side of the ablest advocate. Of all the advantages afforded by such a state of things for the exercise of unscrupulous talent, Cicero availed himself to the utmost, and the events of his life afforded the most striking examples of the practical working of such a theory of government.

After attending closely to the duties of his profession for two years, his health became so weakened, that he was glad to withdraw for awhile from Rome, and visited Athens, at that time still the seat of genius and learning. His exertions in acquiring a mastery over the various difficulties which stood in the way of his advancement, were unceasing: and on his return after a two year's absence, he married Terentia, a lady of high rank, and was elected quæstor, an office equivalent in importance to that of a governor-generalship over an English colony, and soon afterwards departed for his dominions in Sicily, and as the chief duty of the quæstor of the island was to provide from its almost inexhaustable granaries, supplies of corn for the people of Rome, he failed not to ingratiate himself in their esteem by the largeness and regularity of his shipments, a service the more note-worthy in their estimation that the year was one of peculiar scarcity. At the termination of his year of office, he returned to Rome, expecting to find his countrymen mainly occupied with chanting his praises : and his vanity was not a little mortified at the ordinary character of his reception. From that time he resolved to remain always on the great theatre of events, and to keep himself constantly before the eye of the public as the surest method of realizing the hopes of his ambition.

The next service in which he was engaged, was the celebrated prosecution of Varro, one of those who had preceded him in his government of Sicily. Modern readers who are familiar with the extortion and cruelties practised by the Turkish pashas upon the unhappy people under their sway, may form some idea of the rapacity of these Roman governors, whose dominion seldom lasted above one or two years ; and whose trials, if their wretched victims evinced sufficient courage, or found a favourable opportunity for preferring accusations against them to the senate, was conducted by men who were equally interested with themselves in upholding a system by which they hoped to benefit in turn. But Varro's misgovernment had been prolonged for three years, during which period he had committed the greatest excesses: and when to this was added, that his accuser Cicero had attached himself to the popular party, and was burning with desire for distinction, it will not seem strange that that he was obliged to bend beneath the weight of odium heaped upon him: Varro went into exile rather than await the issue of the trial, and the reputation of the advocate overshadowed that of all contemporary orators.

The facts proved on the trial of Varro aroused the indignation of the public to such a degree, that the office of censor was revived, for the purpose of purifying the senate from those of its members, whose misconduct was most glaring; and the expulsion of sixty-four of this body satisfied, in some measure, the popular thirst for vengeance. Honours now fell thick upon the head of Cicero: he was chosen ædile, and afterwards prætor, but declined to accept the government of a province, the usual reward of such as had served the office, in pursuance of his original determination to remain at Rome, rather than accept the highest offices abroad. Besides, he was now a candidate for the office of consul, the highest authority known to the state, and knew the absolute necessity of using his personal exertions, in order to secure his election. At this time he defended C. Cornelius, one of the tribunes of the people, against a charge of treason brought against him by the nobles, which crime was in reality a successful attempt to punish and prevent their practices of bribery at elections. The orations which he delivered on this occasion are lost, but they are said to be the best which he ever composed.

The following year saw Cicero at the topmost round of fortune's ladder. He was elected consul; and, as he had omitted the practice of no art necessary to secure the good-will of the people, whilst their voices were essential to his advancement, so he now renounced all his old principles, and attached himself wholly to the patrician party, by whose favour he hoped to retain a commanding influence in the management of affairs; and it is more than probable that, gifted with powerful talents, and accessible, as he had shown himself, to the dictates of self-interest, he might have formed and retained the leadership of a powerful party, had not his inordinate vanity, which led him to refer the success of every enterprise to the effect of his individual exertions, disgusted the members of that proud aristocracy, who, in but few instances, rewarded the ability which could not be rendered serviceable to their own factious views: destitute alike of moral and physical courage, and without the prime talent of action, it was the fate of Cicero to become in turn the slave of all, and to die at last the victim of intrigues which he had fomented, but was powerless to control.

The period of his consulship was marked by the detection of the conspiracy of Catiline, an event which is treated of at great length in the history of Rome. The most contradictory accounts of the affair have been given; and it is more than suspected that revenge, and not patriotism, prompted the energy of his measures on this occasion.

The conduct of Cicero in the affairs of the conspiracy eventually proved most disastrous to him. The execution of the principal leaders, without even the form of a trial, had awakened a feeling of bitter resentment against him in the minds of a large section of the nobility; and, since his apostacy, he had lost all favour with the people. It transpired too that the safety of one of the conspirators had been purchased by the loan of a sum of money to Cicero, to enable the latter to purchase a house upon the Palatine Hill; and a still darker fact was disclosed upon the trial of Antoninus, who had been governor of Macedonia, upon the usual charge of rapacity. This government had been in the first instance awarded to Cicero, who made a great show of disinterestedness in resigning in favour of Antoninus, but it appeared that this concession was made in virtue of a secret agreement, by which he was to receive a certain portion of the revenues of that province in exchange; and as

Antonius had thus to pillage both for himself and his friend, it followed that his administration was marked by acts of the grossest fraud and rapine. He was condemned, despite all the efforts of Cicero, and on the same day that Clodius, the deadly enemy of Cicero was adopted into a plebeian family, with the avowed intention of effecting his ruin. By the Roman law no patrician could be elected to the office of a tribune, who, as he was elected by the people as the chief of their order, and had the power of vetoing the laws passed by the senate, if deemed necessary, was always to be chosen from the ranks of the citizens. By this ceremony of adoption Clodius became, in the eye of the law, a plebeian, and, as such, eligible to the post of tribune, for which he became a candidate, and was elected. One of his first acts was to proclaim that whosoever took the life of a citizen without trial should be interdicted from fire and water. This was so palpably aimed at Cicero, that his friends lost no time in urging him to take measures for his own safety; and, after a few vain attempts to obtain strength sufficient to enable him to defy the perils which threatened, he left the city, and went into voluntary exile. An edict was soon afterwards passed, prohibiting him from coming within four hundred miles of Rome.

He supported his adversity as ill as he had borne his former prosperity, and gave himself up to such exclamations of despair, that his sanity was seriously doubted. But the period of his banishment was short; his warm friends, Cato and Pomponius, surnamed Atticus, spared no pains to procure a reversal of the sentence; and, at the expiration of a single year, he returned to Rome in triumph, amidst the congratulations of the multitude who had but just condemned him.

At no time of his life was Cicero disposed to defy danger, but his late escape had made him more than usually timid. He saw that the licentious nobility, as well as the lawless populace of Rome must eventually submit to the genius of a common master; and, doubtful as to which of the two great military leaders was destined to achieve the triumph, he paid the most slavish court both to Pompey and Cæsar, the latter of whom he had, up till this period, treated as an enemy to himself and all good men. He was now seen engaged in defending those crimes which he had formerly attacked with such unequalled eloquence and vigour. In the words of the poet he could no longer

> "Justify his deeds unto himself,
> The last extremity of evil,"

For we find him writing to Atticus, "It is a bitter pill, and I have *been long* swallowing it; but farewell now to honour and patriotism." He was now at sea, without the means of overcoming the fury of a tempest, and had left his anchors behind him.

The catastrophe of the civil war was at hand; but as yet matters wore a dubious aspect. Pompey was the favourite of the senate, and, with the aid of Cicero, he procured the passing of a law, which professed to check the corruption of the nobles, by enacting that no future consul or prætor should be eligible for the government of a province until five years after he had quitted the magisterial chair. An exception was, however, made in favour of Pompey; and, to gratify Cæsar equally, it was decreed that his presence might be dispensed with in Rome, when canvassing for the consulship the following year. This law, which was brought forward by Pompey and Cicero, was

afterwards the very pretext which they put forth to justify the commencement of hostilities against him.

Another law, brought forward about this time, compelled Cæsar to accept the government of Cilicia, a duty which he was very desirous of avoiding. Fortunately for his reputation, his lieutenants were men of military skill, and relieved him from the necessity of superintending in person the operations of the war threatened by the restless Parthians; but his civil duties involved him in difficulties as distasteful to his temper as they were trying to his integrity. The inhabitants of Salamis complained to him of a Roman named Scaptius, a military commander under the former governor, Appius, who having lent them a sum of money, demanded an accumulated interest of forty-eight per cent. and actually blockaded the senate in their council room, in the hope of extorting payment, until five of the members died of starvation. On further inquiry, it was found that the money had been actually advanced by Brutus, that hero of a hundred examples of sublime virtue, who had employed the authority of Scaptius to obtain this usurious interest, and now sought to ingratiate himself with Cicero, in the hope of obtaining effectual means to enforce his disgraceful claim. Cicero at first took the part of the oppressed citizens, but being afterwards secretly informed by Scaptius that the sum really lent was only one hundred and six talents, though the Salaminians believed it to be two hundred talents, and that he might therefore, with seeming justice, award the larger sum, without the interest, he was induced to comply with the wishes of Brutus. The citizens proved to be acquainted with the real amount of the loan. But this was not the only instance in which we find that the actual conduct of Brutus is sadly at variance with the character of him which has heretofore been handed down to posterity.

Appius was subsequently brought to trial, and although Cicero, in writing to Attieus, described the traces of the late governor's presence everywhere to have been like the track of a wild beast, he was easily persuaded by Pompey, who was a relation of Appius, to employ his influence in screening him from justice. On his return, which was effected at the end of the prescribed term of office, he expected to be received with flattering honours; but sterner hours were in store. The senate had come to an open rupture with Cæsar, in which they were seconded by Cicero, who had again changed sides. But the movements of Cæsar were too rapid to allow of any effectual resistance being offered to his advance upon the capital, and the undertaking of Cicero, to guard a portion of the coast for the senate, was speedily abandoned. Finding, after his flight from Rome, with the rest of the aristocracy, that Cæsar was not disposed to exact the usual vengeance of a conqueror, he made overtures to him, which were formally received, and when returned to Rome, was soon amongst the most zealous of his seeming friends; but he was not trusted. On leaving Italy, to follow up the war by an encounter with Pompey in person, Cæsar enjoined Antony to keep watch upon the motions of Cicero, who had displayed an inclination to return again to his old friends. Antony sent him a warning epistle, which was disregarded, and Cicero made his escape, and joined Pompey, who, with the senate, was preparing for the decisive battle of Pharsalia.

His repeated tergiversations had by this time rendered his services of little value; and hence it is not to be wondered at, that the nobles embarked with Pompey should have treated him with coldness and ill-suppressed disdain. After the fatal blow had been given to the fortunes of Pompey, he quitted the

few remaining forces of the vanquished general, and resolved to commit himself again to the mercy of the conqueror. He landed at Brundusium, where he remained for some months, a prey to the most agonising suspense, at one moment expecting that success might yet attend the arms of Pompey, in which case he would most assuredly have been put to death as a double traitor; and at another time tortured by the thought that if Cæsar conquered, forgiveness for him was out of the question. Contrary, however, to his expectation, he received from Cæsar a full pardon for all past offences, and applied to his former pursuits with his wonted energy.

If he had already given sufficient instances of his preference of selfish considerations above all others, in political matters, he now offered a similar example in his domestic history, by divorcing his wife, Terentia, to whom he had been married thirty years, in order that he might secure the hand of a young ward, possessing much beauty and great property. His second marriage was a wretched one, the union lasting only for a single twelvemonth, and it affords some insight into the state of social manners at Rome at this period, when we find that his daughter, Tullia, had also been three times married; on the last occasion obtaining a divorce from her husband, in order to be wedded to Dolabella, who also divorced his wife for the occasion.

Up to the time of the assassination of Cæsar, Cicero continued to live upon terms of the greatest apparent friendship with the Dictator, and—we blush to record it—either participated in his murder, or if he did not plunge his dagger into the illustrious victim, was cognisant of all the details of the plot, and was present on the occasion, when, he exultingly tells us, he had the pleasure of seeing the tyrant perish. Contrary, however, to his expectation, the people drove the conspirators from the city, to which he returned on hearing that measures were in train for an accommodation. He at first feared to meet Antony; but the next morning delivered, during the absence of the latter his first Phillipic. This was so violent an invective, that the fear of Antony's vengeance induced him to fly; but he returned during the absence of the object of his hatred, and endeavoured to raise the senate on behalf of Octavius, (afterwards Cæsar Augustus) against Antony. But in the mean time Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, had met, and agreed to share the power between them, and give up to each other's vengeance their mutual or private enemies. Amongst those doomed to die was Cicero, and a band of soldiers were dispatched to put the mandate into execution. He was informed of their errand, and fled in a vessel which was lying off the coast, but was forced to put back again by stress of weather; and on the approach of the soldiers, he fled in a litter to the woods, but was speedily overtaken and killed. This event happened on the 7th of December, B.C. 43, in the sixty-third year of his age.

As an orator, Cicero still holds the first rank amongst the great of every age and country; but as a man, his character cannot, at least, be wrongly estimated. It is not possible to refer any one action of his life to the influence of a noble or generous impulse. A sordid cunning pervaded his whole mental and moral being. With less intellect, he would have escaped the temptation to meddle with intrigues which he was incapable of managing. With less fear, he might have shunned the changes which, after all, proved fatal. His existence is more instructive than his works, and his fate of higher value than his numerous maxims.

Oliver Goldsmith

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE chequered life of OLIVER GOLDSMITH, unlike the lives of professional literary men in general, abounds in incident, and is replete with entertainment and instruction. It is a chapter in the history of English literature, which the student will peruse and re-peruse with feelings of mingled delight and pain; but which he must needs linger over, if he desires to understand the character of the age which the writings of Goldsmith contributed so greatly to enlighten, refine, and amuse. The following—the chief materials for which have been derived from the laborious Biography of the Poet, by Mr. Prior—is necessarily limited to a brief sketch.

Oliver was the fifth child of the Reverend Charles Goldsmith, at that time curate of Forney, in the County of Longford, and Kingdom of Ireland. He was born on the 10th of November, 1728, at a place called Pallas, in the Parish of Forney. The income of his father was exceedingly limited, and, as he had seven children, he was reduced to considerable straits to maintain his family with any show of respectability. Henry, the eldest son, was destined for the church, and consequently a good education was to him indispensable. To obtain this, the other branches of the family were compelled to be comparatively neglected. It was proposed from his birth to bring up Oliver to some mercantile profession, which at that period was supposed to require little learning or accomplishments. Reading, writing and arithmetic, were deemed as much as men of the ledger could digest with ease; and these were set down as the sum of knowledge the future painter of life and manners was to derive from his tutors. His first school was one kept by a dame at Lissoy, in the Parish of Kilkenny West, County Westmeath, to the rectory of which

Charles Goldsmith was inducted in 1730. The characteristics of the child's mind appeared anything but promising. Mrs Delap, his schoolmistress, admitted that he was one of the dullest boys ever placed under her charge, and doubted for some time whether anything could be made of him. In the words of a Mr. Handcock, who supplied Mr. Prior with some of his information, he seemed "impenetrably stupid!" or as Dr. Strean ascertained, "he was considered by his contemporaries and schoolfellows as a heavy blockhead, little better than a fool, whom everybody made fun of."

From the terrors and mortifications of Mrs. Delap's nursery for rising critics, young Goldsmith was removed to the domus of the village schoolmaster, Thomas Byrne—a man who had been a soldier in the wars of Queen Anne, and had seen some service in Spain. This old campaigner had more reverence for military orders of the day, than for the rules of syntax, and preferred recounting his strange adventures beyond the Pyrenees to solving the abstrusities of arithmetical compounds. He was, moreover, of a romantic turn, wrote poetry, and was well versed in the fairy lore of the country. His pupils, doubtless, had similar predilections; at all events, Master Oliver had; and to the marvellous relations which he was then accustomed to hear, his family afterwards attributed that wandering and unsettled disposition which was remarked in him through life. His eldest sister, Mrs. Hodson, has furnished an account of him at this period. "His temper, though peculiar, was kind and affectionate; his manner for the most part uncommonly serious and reserved; but when in gay humour, none was more cheerful and agreeable. He was then, as he afterwards appeared to his acquaintances in London, solemn and yet gay, good-natured yet irritable, petulant sometimes, and instantly appeased by the smallest concession—so that such as did not understand or enquire into the occasional peculiarities of genius, were puzzled by this contrariety of disposition; and the remark is preserved, that he seemed to possess two natures."

But though in all this there were some indications of the superficial man, there was little to reveal the spirit of genius which was struggling for birth within him. He plodded on with his "impenetrable stupidity," and picked up some knowledge of the horn-book, a facility at pot-hooks, and, it may be, a smattering of figures. He at the same time read and learned by rote many of the wild ballads common among the peasantry; and took great delight in listening to the fairy tales and superstitions with which every hill and valley, —every stream and thicket, was rendered classical. But among his associates he was still made fun of and misunderstood. It was while at the day-school at Lissoy, when Goldsmith was eight or nine years old, that he was attacked by the small-pox, the ravages of which left indelible traces upon a countenance which had always been uncommonly plain. On his recovery he was sent to a superior school kept by a clergyman, at Elphin, in Roscommon; in the neighbourhood of which lived one of his uncles, Mr. John Goldsmith, with whom he spent much of his time, and who was the first to notice the indications of talent which he exhibited.

His trials of temper and buffetings with the world had already commenced. He was scoffed and jeered by his schoolmates, as being ugly; and was nicknamed Æsop in derision. His sensitive nature felt these ribald taunts keenly: for his happiness always depended more upon the good opinion of others than upon himself; but the little of peevishness that was suffered to escape him, consisted of smart repartees, in which he sought to turn the jests discharged

on him upon the head of his assailants. He did something better, however, in his leisure, than squabble with the idle and the brutal. He began to make verses, and to fancy that nature had designed him for a poet. It is not improbable that he and mankind owe the discovery and developement of his genius to his want of personal beauty;—to that which made it necessary for him to draw upon himself for his enjoyments;—to the creative power in his bosom, which loved to people its ideal world with happy human faces, in order to compensate for the repulses it was continually meeting with in actual life. He read much, grew intoxicated with literature, and became an incurable rhymer. Fortunately his uncle and mother were capable of seeing through his "impenetrable stupidity," and discerning the dawn of genius beyond. They had a good opinion of Oliver, encouraged his studies, and desired that he should have such an education given to him as might afford him a chance of making his way through life in a manner more congenial to him than at the desk of a merchant's counting house. His father, with little demur, though it must have sorely tasked his means,—whose narrowness had, from youth upwards, kept him engaged in that perpetual struggle of the poor man, whose table is surrounded by "olive branches," to "make one guinea do the work of two,"—acquiesced with the general entreaty, and it was decided that Oliver, at a fitting age, should be sent to the University.

To prepare him for his altered destiny, he was removed first to a school at Athlone, and subsequently to one at Edgeworthstown in Longford—his relatives contributing a trifle each to ease the extra burden thus cast upon the poor old rector of Kilkenny. A singular anecdote is related of Oliver's last journey to Edgeworthstown, previously to his entrance at college. Having left home on horseback, he reached Ardagh, where it was necessary for him to sleep, at nightfall. He had a guinea in his pocket, and was determined to enjoy himself. He asked for the best house in the place, and from a piece of Irish literal comprehension, or waggery, was directed to a private house instead of an inn. Goldsmith had no thought of a mistake, and, being readily admitted by the servants, who, from his confidence, concluded that he was some well known friend and invited guest of their master, he gave directions concerning his horse, and being shewn into the parlour, found there the owner of the mansion at his fire-side—a Mr. Featherstone, a gentleman of fortune, and somewhat of a wit. Goldsmith began to call about him with authority, as one entitled to attention; and, his host having soon detected the youth's error, and being willing to enjoy an evening's amusement, humoured his guest, caused wine, and whatever else Oliver chose to order, to be brought him; accepted with his wife and daughters an invitation to supper at his own table, and received with becoming attention strict injunctions to have a hot cake ready for breakfast on the following morning. It was not till he called for his bill before quitting the house, that the abashed school-lad discovered his blunder, and learned that he had been entertained at the residence of an old acquaintance of his father. The adventure was subsequently made to furnish the main incident in the comedy of 'She stoops to Conquer.'

Goldsmith was sent to Dublin and entered at Trinity college, the 11th of June, 1745, as a sizar. His brother Henry had been a pensioner, and it is said that the pride of Oliver revolted at the humbler condition into which the diminished means of his parents caused him to be thrust. In his own opinion his sizarship was the cause of many of his subsequent mortifications, in depriving him of that consideration among his companions on which so much

value is set by youth. The duties and costume of the sizar certainly furnish a revolting picture of the humiliations to which the poor scholar was then subjected. He wore and still wears a black gown of coarse stuff without sleeves, and dines at the Fellows' tables after they have withdrawn. In addition to this, at the period in question, he wore a red cap, and was compelled to perform menial offices, such as sweeping parts of the court in the morning, carrying the dishes from the kitchen to the dining table of the Fellows, and waiting behind their chairs till that body had dined. This treatment, added to that of his tutor, one Wilder, whose savage brutality and malice are said to have shone conspicuous, checked for a time every aspiring hope in the student, and repressed the exertion of his talents. Of the fitness of this Wilder to direct the studies of such a pupil as Oliver Goldsmith, one anecdote is sufficient. A hackney coachman having accidentally touched his face with the whip while his vehicle was proceeding at a fast pace through the street, he sprung at a bound from the pavement to the box, and felled the driver to the ground. Disgust and hopelessness naturally produced irregularities, and these in turn led to scrapes. Between the author of "The Deserted Village," and his college life "there was no great love from the beginning, and it pleased heaven to decrease it upon further acquaintance."

In the midst of these distresses, Goldsmith's father died, and his remittances from home, which were sufficiently scanty before, now ceased altogether, and his prospects were proportionately darkened. An uncle occasionally supplied his most pressing necessities however, and with this resource, and another which he discovered about this time, added to his constitutional "knack at hoping;" he contrived to maintain himself in tolerably good spirits. His discovery was of a means of disposing of original street-ballads, for which he found a ready sale at a shop in Mountrath Street, at the price of five shillings each. This was the beginning of the career of Goldsmith as a professional *littérateur*.

In 1748, in consequence of the gross violence and insolence of the ruffian Wilder, his tutor, who inflicted personal chastisement upon him, he took a sudden resolution to forsake not only the scene of his mortification, but his country, and to seek his fortune in a kinder region. He accordingly disposed of his books and clothes, and quitted the University, but loitered in Dublin till he had but a shilling left, with which he set out for Cork. It was his intention to take ship thence for some other land, but his resources did not hold out long enough to carry him to the place of embarkation. On his single shilling he supported himself nevertheless for three days; and when that was gone, he parted by degrees with his clothes, till at length he was reduced to such extremity of famine that, after fasting for twenty-four hours, he thought a handful of grey peas, given him by a girl at a wake, the most refreshing meal he had ever made. Fatigue and destitution induced him to return, and his brother, to whom he communicated his situation, clothed and carried him back to his college, where a sort of reconciliation was brought about between Wilder and him. The latter continued as before to detest mathematics, and to perpetrate poetry;—the tutor resumed his tyranny with increased malignity and hatred.

But notwithstanding his poverty and misery, which would have hardened and corrupted the heart of many of less noble natures, Goldsmith had the most enlarged sympathy for the distresses of others. Mr. Edward Mills, a rich relative and fellow student of his, who occasionally furnished him with

small supplies of money, and frequently invited him to partake his meals, used to relate a story characteristic at once of his improvidence and goodness of heart. "Being summoned on one occasion to breakfast, Oliver declared from within to the messenger his inability to rise, and that to enable him to do so they must come to his assistance, by forcing open the door. This was accordingly done by Mills; who found his cousin not *on* his bed, but literally *in* it, having ripped part of the ticking, and immersed himself in the feathers, a situation from which he found it difficult to extricate himself. By his own account, in explanation of this strange scene, after the merriment it occasioned had subsided, it appeared that, while strolling in the suburbs on the preceding evening, he had met a poor woman with five children, who told a pitiful story of her husband being in the hospital, and herself and offspring destitute of food, and of a place of shelter for the night; and that, being from the country, they knew no person to whom, under such circumstances, they could apply with hope of relief. The appeal to one of his sensitive disposition, was irresistible; but unfortunately he had no money. In this situation he brought her to the college gate, sent out his blankets to cover the wretched group, and part of his clothes to be sold for their present subsistence; and finding himself cold during the night, from want of the usual covering, he had hit upon the expedient just related for supplying the place of his blankets."

This anecdote tells the whole secret of the life of Goldsmith—of his pleasures and his anguish; of his want of worldly tact and prudence to preserve or value money as he undoubtedly ought to have done, at least as a means of independence, and of his exquisite sense of the sufferings, and his earnest desire to relieve the wants, of others, even before he had provided for his own. He was conscious, sometimes painfully so, of his own imprudence; but he could never repress the spirit which prompted his uncalculating generosity. The following is a lesson on the subject, sent in a letter to his brother Henry in 1759. "Frugality and even avarice in the lower orders of mankind are true ambition. These afford the only ladder for the poor to rise to preferment. Teach then, my dear Sir, to your son thrift and economy; let his poor wandering uncle's example be placed before his eyes." It might have been desired that Goldsmith had never been compelled to write thus; but if he had never felt both the want which led to the sentence, and the sympathy which set his lectures at defiance, he would assuredly never have been the exquisite writer of poetry and prose that he was.

Oliver quitted the university in the spring of 1749-50 immediately after taking his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and for about two years lived chiefly at home with his mother, visiting among his friends, assisting his brother Henry in the management of his school, and joining in the rustic sports of the neighbourhood. His friends wished him to be ordained, but he had no great liking for the clerical profession, and for a long time declined. At last, however, he consented to apply to the Bishop of the Diocese, and was rejected —according to one account, as being too young; to another, from his having neglected the proper professional studies, and the Bishop having received an exaggerated statement of his irregularities at College; and according to a third, in consequence of his thoughtlessness and reputed love of gay dress, and a prejudice arising in the mind of the Bishop from the appearance before him of the candidate in scarlet breeches. At all events the now obscure Dr. Synge had the honour of "crowing over" poor Oliver Goldsmith, and of adding a small taste of wormwood to his cup of gall. The mortification,

however, was not of a kind to break the heart of him who sustained it. He returned home and consoled himself by writing verses, telling stories, and singing songs; by shooting, fishing, playing the flute, and throwing the sledge.

The improvident poet next became tutor in a private family, and was subsequently furnished with fifty pounds by an uncle, in order that he might proceed to London, and keep the usual terms of Irish students, preparatory to being called to the bar. Oliver's evil genius attended him on his journey. He was seduced into a gaming house in Dublin, and stripped of every penny of his money; but, being ashamed to communicate his loss to his friends, he remained till nearly starved in the metropolis, when he was forgiven and invited back into the country. Physic was next selected for him as a profession; and by the united contributions of his uncle, brother, and married sister, Mrs. Hodson, he was enabled to go, in the autumn of 1752, to Edinburgh to fit himself for taking his degree. He had not grown more reflecting in consequence of his repeated experience. The first thing he did after procuring a lodging in the Scottish capital is of a piece with most of the incidents of his life. He sallied forth to view the city, was rambling about during the whole day, and never bethought himself till night overtook him, that he had neglected to enquire the name of his landlady, and even that of the street in which he was to live. He was fortunate enough, however, to meet the porter who had carried his luggage to his new abode in the morning, and was by him directed home.

The progress of our medical student at Edinburgh is believed not to have been very satisfactory. He remained about a year and a half—long enough to get into more than one unpleasant predicament for want of money—and then proceeded to Leyden, where he is said to have been less attentive to the acquisition of professional than miscellaneous knowledge, and where he was frequently known to be in his usual pecuniary distress. Occasionally he subsisted on loans of small sums of money from friends, sometimes he "taught English to the natives," and at others he had recourse to gaming in hopes of extricating himself from his difficulties by some lucky turn of fortune. But his irregularities seem to have always proceeded from his poverty, and never from depravity or wilfulness. It is necessary to bear this in mind, as he has been accused, by such people as could see nothing in his childhood but "impenetrable stupidity," of wrong heartedness as well as want of thought.

After a year's residence at Leyden, Goldsmith set out on his travels over the continent. He had no resources, but he had an ardent thirst for information, an unconquerable spirit of hope and gaiety, some learning, and a little medical skill. He was moreover young, vigorous, and accustomed to privation and hardships. Like the Baron Louis de Holberg of whom he has spoken in one of his works, "His ambition was not to be restrained, nor his thirst of knowledge satisfied until he had seen the world. Without money, recommendations or friends, he undertook to set out upon his travels and made the tour of Europe on foot. A good voice and a trifling skill in music were the only finances he had to support an undertaking so extensive: so he travelled by day, and at night sang at the doors of peasants' houses, to get himself lodging." He commenced his rambles, according to Dr. Ellis, who was one of his occasional companions at Leyden, with scarcely any cash and but one clean shirt:—

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

There is little doubt that the wanderings of George Primrose, in the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' Chap. XX, are, in all the main points, a correct description of the travels of the Author, who has left few other records of this interesting period of his life. Even the fact of his having had a pupil part of the way, is believed to be accurately stated—the name of the *liberal* young gentleman, being said to be Smyth or Smyly.

After traversing Flanders, part of France and Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France again, he returned early in the year 1756 to England, and in future fixed his abode in London. His opening prospects were of the most discouraging kind. He had neither "introductions, acquaintances nor impudence," to help him forward in the populous wilderness, and he was often put to the utmost shifts, for a meal and a lodging. There was once a rumour, which is not improbable, that he tried the Stage in a country town, as a low comedian. It is at all events certain that, in after life, he once expressed a desire to play a low comedy character—that of *Scrub* in the 'Beaux Stratagem.' It has also been reported that he set up in a country town as an Apothecary, and failed; and that he afterwards returned to London and accepted the situation of usher to a School. That he occupied the latter situation is universally admitted, and that he hated it with as thorough a detestation as he was capable of indulging, has been recorded in various places by himself, and by divers of his friends and familiars. That his means of life at this period were uncertain, is placed beyond dispute by the concurrent testimony of all who afterwards enjoyed his confidence; and of the dreadful necessities to which he was then subjected, a story told by him at one of those brilliant parties to which the Poet was welcome when his fame was established, will afford a faint but sickening idea. It commenced "when I lived among the beggers of Axe Lane." Well may he, as he subsequently did, have claimed some merit for not having had recourse to "the friar's cord, or the suicide's halter."

He gradually picked up a few acquaintances and renewed some old friendships, and was enabled by them to establish himself as Physician in a humble way, at Bankside, Southwark, where his poorer neighbours found him useful, but fee-paying patients cautiously avoided his residence. He had ample leisure, however, to turn his attention to literature, which he had always liked much better than pills and potions; and this brought him acquainted with Richardson, the celebrated novelist and printer, who is believed to have employed him occasionally as corrector of the press, and who introduced him to Dr. Young. His personal appearance at this time has been noticed by one who had known him at Dublin, and who now met him in London. "He was dressed, according to the fashion of the day, in a suit of green and gold, but old and tarnished, and his shirt and neckcloth appeared to have been worn at least a fortnight. He said he was practising physic and doing very well." Sir Joshua Reynolds used afterwards to relate a story to the same effect, on the same subject, and relative to the same period. "In conformity to the prevailing garb of the day for physicians, Goldsmith, unable to obtain a new, had procured a second-hand velvet coat; but either from being deceived in the bargain, or by subsequent accident, a considerable breach in the left breast was obliged to be repaired by the introduction of a new piece. This had not been so neatly done as not to be apparent to the close observation of his acquaintance, and such persons as he visited in the capacity of medical attendant. Willing, therefore, to conceal what is considered too obvious a symptom of poverty, he was accustomod to place his hat over the patch, and retain it there

carefully during the visit. But this constant position becoming noticed, and the cause being soon known, occasioned no little merriment at his expense."

While struggling for the precarious and humiliating existence which his Bankside business yielded, he fell in with an old fellow-student from Edinburgh, the son of Dr. John Milner, who kept a classical school at Peckham in Surrey. An offer was made to Goldsmith to take charge of this establishment during the illness of the elder Milner, and it was readily accepted, as offering at least a security from starvation, which seemed impending. "All the ambition" of Oliver, according to his own statement, "was now to live;" and here he could live in comparative comfort.

His character, as developed at Peckham, has been thus stated from recollection by Miss Milner, the sister of his friend:—"He was very good-natured, played tricks, somewhat familiar, and occasionally a little coarse, upon the servants and boys; told very entertaining stories, and found amusement in his flute. With the scholars he was a favorite being ever ready to indulge them in certain school-boy dainties, whenever his pecuniary means permitted; and he was not over strict in discipline. His benevolent feelings appeared always active; mendicants rarely quitted him without relief, and a tale of distress roused all his sympathies. His small supplies were thus exhausted frequently before his stated salary became due, when Mrs. Milner would say to him with a smile, upon application for an advance—'You had better, Mr. Goldsmith, let me take care of your money, as I do for some of the young gentlemen;' to which he would reply in the same spirit of good humour, 'In truth, Madam, there is equal need.'"

It was at Peckham he first procured what may be termed regular literary employment. This was from Mr., afterwards Dr., Griffiths, a friend of the Milners', then a bookseller in Paternoster Row, and proprietor of the 'Monthly Review.' The terms on which he engaged with this literary vampire were his board and lodging in the house of his employer, and "an adequate salary." At the end of five months this strange contract was brought to a premature close. Goldsmith was tired of his drudgery, and Griffiths was dissatisfied with the labours of an author who regarded quality as more essential than quantity in his compositions. But this was not all. Both the bookseller and his wife interfered with the articles of the poor scribe, in a manner that made their production altogether irksome; and they had no regard to his domestic comfort or convenience. It was consequently a release from bitter thraldom, when Oliver found himself at liberty to write once more when and as he chose; although perhaps he was compelled, as a set off against this privilege, to put up with less and coarser food.

His connection with the Review did not close with his change of residence. He continued for many months, after ceasing to be a domestic in the establishment of Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths, to be one of their hacks, and wrote articles to order on Politics, Poetry, Medicine, Mathematics, History, and Romance; filling his leisure by translating Memoirs and Novels from the French, and by preparing occasional contributions to the 'Literary' and the 'Grand Magazine.' He appears now to have worked almost incessantly; and if we may except the satisfaction he must have derived from the introduction his labours procured him to Dr. Johnson, Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Percy, Edmund Burke, and a few other distinguished men, his toil seems to have met with little reward. In a letter, written at this time [August 1758] to a friend in Ireland, he gives a lively picture of his mind and his miseries. "I sat down," he

says, "with an intention to chide, and yet methinks I have forgot my resentment already. The truth is, I am a simpleton with regard to you. I may attempt to bluster; but, like Anacreon, my heart is respondent only to softer affections. And yet, now I think on 't again, I will be angry. God's curse, Sir! who am I? Eh! what am I? Do you know whom you have offended? A man whose character may one of these days be mentioned with profound respect in a German comment or Dutch dictionary; whose name you will probably hear ushered in by a Doctissimus Doctissimorum, or heel-pieced with a long Latin termination. Think how Goldsmithius, or Gubble-gurchius, or some such sound, as rough as a nutmeg-grater, will become me? Think of that!—God's curse, Sir! who am I? I must own my ill-natured contemporaries have not hitherto paid me those honours I have had such just reason to expect. I have not yet seen my face reflected in all the lively display of red and white paint on any sign-posts in the suburbs. Your handkerchief-weavers seem as yet unacquainted with my merits or physiognomy, and the very snuff-box makers appear to have forgot their respect Tell them all from me, they are a set of Gothic, barbarous, ignorant scoundrels. There will come a day, no doubt it will—I beg you may live a couple of hundred years longer only to see the day—when the Scaligers and Daciers will vindicate my character, give learned editions of my labours, and bless the times with copious comments on the text. You shall see how they will fish up the heavy scoundrels who disregard me now, or will then offer to cavil at my productions. How will they bewail the times that suffered so much genius to lie neglected! . . . . Let me stop my fancy to take a view of my future self; and, as the boys say, 'light down to see myself on horseback. Well, now I am down, where the d —— l *is I?* Oh! Gods! Gods! here in a garret, writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk score!"

The melancholy conclusion of this was not overcharged. Goldsmith was then living in a miserable house in Green Arbour Court, between the Old Bailey and what is now Farringdon Street. Bishop Percy, who visited him there, has described his condition and abode. "He was employed in writing his 'Enquiry into the present state of Taste and Literature in Europe,' in a wretchedly dirty room, in which there was but one chair, and when, from civility, this was offered to the visitant, he himself was obliged to sit in the window. While they were conversing, some one gently rapped at the door, and on being desired to come in, a poor ragged little girl of very decent behaviour entered, who dropping a curtsey, said 'My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of you to lend her a chamber-pot full of coals.'" Other accounts correspond with the Bishop's; yet neither poverty nor hopelessness could breed in him a feeling of misanthropy. His good humour, his sociality, his benevolence were undiminished. He still petted the children of his humble neighbours, gave them cakes and sweetmeats, and coaxed them to dance to the music of his cheerful flute; and, little as he had to spare for the necessities of others, he contrived occasionally to alleviate the distresses of those who, in his eyes, had more wretchedness and less resources than himself.

The landlord of the house in which he lodged, having fallen into difficulties, was arrested. Goldsmith owed a small sum for rent, and being applied to by the wife of the prisoner to assist in releasing her husband, he at once sent a new suit of clothes to the pawnbroker, and applied the whole proceeds—more than sufficient to discharge his own debt—towards liquidating the demand of

the bailiff. It is believed to have been on account of this identical suit of clothes, obtained on the security of the inexorable bookseller and Reviewer, Griffiths, that the latter and Goldsmith quarrelled, and closed their connexion. Griffiths had become bound for him to the tailor, on condition that the clothes should be paid for by a certain date, or returned; and neither of the stipulations having been fulfilled, the hapless creditor was branded as dishonest, and threatened with the utmost severity of the law. The reply of the poor author to his heartless accuser exhibits the despair to which he was driven by the treatment he experienced. "I know of no misery," he says, "but a gaol, to which my own imprudencies and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by heavens! request it as a favour —as a favour that may prevent somewhat more fatal. I have been some years struggling with a wretched being—with all that contempt that ignorance brings with it—with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable. What then has a gaol that is formidable? I shall at least have the society of wretches, and such is, to me, true society. . . . Had I been a sharper, had I been possessed of less good nature and native generosity, I might surely now have been in better circumstances." The debt, it scarcely need be added, was subsequently paid—dearly paid by literary labour: but there was no renewal of intercourse between Goldsmith and Griffiths. The two men, it is evident, could never have understood each other. Griffiths was a mere money-grubber, and the authors in whom he dealt were regarded by him but as butchers regard their calves—with a keen eye to what they would fetch, on the instant, across the counter.

Even this incident, deeply as it affected the poet at the moment, failed to sour his temper or disposition. He made a number of half-resolutions to be more prudent for the future; but, even while framing them, he knew that their observance was not in his nature. He thus alludes to the subject in a strain of delicate jest, wound up with the gentlest and most unaffected pathos, in a letter to his cousin, Mrs. Lauder:—

"I have already given my landlady orders for an entire reform in the state of my finances. I declaim against hot suppers, drink less sugar in my tea, and check my grate with brick-bats. Instead of hanging my room with pictures, I intend to adorn it with maxims of frugality. Those will make pretty furniture enough, and won't be a bit too expensive; for I shall draw them all out with my own hands, and my landlady's daughter shall frame them with the parings of my black waistcoat. Each maxim is to be inscribed on a sheet of clean paper, and wrote with my best pen; of which the following will serve as a specimen:—'Look sharp;' 'Mind the main chance;' 'Money is money now;' 'If you have a thousand pounds, you can put your hands by your sides, and say you are worth a thousand pounds every day of the year;' 'Take a farthing from a hundred and it will be a hundred no longer.' Thus, which way soever I turn my eyes, they are sure to meet one of those friendly monitors; and as we are told of an actor who hung his room round with looking-glass to correct the defects of his person, my apartment shall be furnished in a peculiar manner, to correct the errors of my mind.

"Faith! Madam, I heartily wish to be rich, if it were only for this reason —to say, without a blush, how much I esteem you; but alas, I have many a fatigue to encounter before that happy time comes, when your poor old simple friend may again give a loose to the luxuriance of his nature, sitting by Kilmore fireside, recount the various adventures of a hard-fought life, laugh over

the follies of the day, join his flute to your harpsichord, and forget that ever he starved in those streets where Butler and Otway starved before him."

The asperities of literary life, indeed, seem at last to have worn out his patience, and he made an effort to obtain a better provision for his wants. Through the uniform kindness of the Milner family he procured an appointment, in his medical capacity, under the East India Company; but on presenting himself at the College of Surgeons to pass the required examination to qualify him for his post, he was rejected. "Accident, or something akin to accident," says his biographer, Mr. Prior, "did for him what it has done for others of our eminent men, who had determined to proceed abroad in pursuit of wealth,—it kept him at home to acquire fame; and, as in the instances of Burke and Burns, to elevate the literature of our country." He was doomed, that is, to drudge through many tedious years, instructing and amusing mankind for barren applause, and to have his end hastened by mental anxieties occasioned by debts and duns. Fame, however it may sound, is one of the most illusory of all objects of pursuit. No man can be sure that it will be vouchsafed to him by posterity, which can alone award it; and present want sadly dims its lustre in the prospect. Goldsmith was sustained in his struggle after the phantom, by his genial love of humanity, his capacity to see a bright side in every thing, and to extract pleasure from the most unpromising materials. He had nothing morbid in his constitution; and, loving literature for its own sake, he was content to live and labour to prolong the pleasures of mere existence; while, for the rest, he was an inveterate hoper.

That sickness of heart and despondency occasionally preyed upon his spirits may well be conceived; and that the privations to which he was subjected did their work on his frame is certain. In a letter to his brother Henry, written in February, 1759, the following passages occur: "It gives me some pain to think that I am only beginning the world at the age of thirty-one. Though I never had a day's sickness since I saw you, yet I am not that strong active man you once knew me. You scarcely can conceive how much eight years of disappointment, anguish, and study have worn me down. If I remember right, you are seven or eight years older than me, yet I dare venture to say that, if a stranger saw us both, he would pay me the honours of seniority. Imagine to yourself a pale, melancholy visage, with two great wrinkles between the eyebrows, with an eye disgustingly severe, and a big wig; and you may have a perfect picture of my present appearance. On the other hand, I conceive you as perfectly sleek and healthy, passing many a happy day among your own children, or those who knew you a child.

"Since I knew what it was to be a man, this is a pleasure I have not known. I have passed my days among a parcel of cool designing beings, and have contracted all their suspicious manner in my own behaviour. I should actually be as unfit for the society of my friends at home, as I detest that which I am obliged to partake of here. I can now neither partake of the pleasure of a revel, nor contribute to raise its jollity. I can neither laugh nor drink; have contracted a hesitating, disagreeable manner of speaking, and a visage that looks ill-nature itself. In short, I have thought myself into a settled melancholy, and an utter disgust of all that life brings with it."

Calmer and better days soon followed. He became known to the Dodsleys, to Mr. Hamilton, the proprietor of the 'Critical Review,' to Dr. Smollett, and finally to Mr. Newbery, "the philanthropic bookseller of St. Paul's Churchyard, who has written so many little books for children," who found and re-

lieved the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' at the roadside inn, and who, through life, was Goldsmith's best patron. While these friendships were ripening, however, he was at work extending his reputation and influence by writing 'The Bee,' a short series of periodical papers in the manner of the 'Spectator,' and contributing to 'The Busy Body,' and 'The Lady's Magazine.' It was the merit of 'The Bee,' in all probability, that led Newbery to seek his assistance in a new paper of his, 'The Public Ledger,' commenced in January, 1760. This was enriched with 'The Chinese Letters,' since universally known under the title of the 'Citizen of the World,' which had sufficient popularity to be pirated during their progress through the press, and which, immediately on their completion, were reprinted and took their stand among the English Classics.

These several works procured their author a somewhat better income than he had at any previous time enjoyed; and he accordingly removed from Green Arbour Court, to Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, where he enlarged at once his establishment and his list of friends. He still worked hard, however, without growing rich, or even acquiring the means of comfort; and still, though known to be capable of the highest literary achievements, he was condemned to flounder on amid the lowest—now penning a newspaper criticism, a puff, or a preface, or tagging a new close to an old work. Among other things which he did at that time, was 'A Pamphlet respecting the Cock-Lane Ghost,' for three guineas; a 'History of Mecklenburgh, from the first settling there of the Vandals;' an 'Abridgment of Plutarch's Lives,' for twelve, and a 'Life of Beau Nash,' for fourteen guineas. The rate of remuneration which he was accustomed to receive is ascertainable from the last mentioned work, which consists of not less than 240 8vo. pages, the composition of which employed him for five weeks. The whole produce of the year was about fourteen volumes—the pay less than one hundred and twenty pounds. Goldsmith has been accused of want of industry and want of economy. With these facts before him, the reader will require no formal refutation of such absurd and twaddling calumnies.

It will be rightly judged from this that the upward career of Oliver was scarcely less chequered than his outset in life. Although mixing with men of the highest mark, his means were still of the humblest; and poverty is sure to bring adventures,—grave or ludicrous as they may be, but always disagreeable, and not unfrequently painful, to their hero.

In 1762, in consequence probably of his incessant labour, we find the health of Goldsmith so impaired that for several weeks he was compelled to keep his chamber, and to abstain, for a period, from writing; and at the end of that year he took lodgings at Islington, in order partly to be near the residence of Newbery, who lived at Canonbury House, and partly for the benefit of the country air. It was here that he wrote, to say nothing of minor and forgotten things, thrust upon him by the hard necessities of the moment, one of his most popular works, 'The History of England in a series of letters from a Nobleman to his Son,' which was attributed by some to the Earl of Chesterfield, by others to the Earl of Orrery, and finally they settled down in public estimation as being the property of Lord Lyttleton;—a name which they retain in booksellers' catalogues to the present day. There is reason to believe that the putative author was pleased to be deemed the writer of so elegant and useful a work; and Goldsmith, although known among his friends to have produced the book, took no pains to set the general reader right in a matter

which might have given offence to one who, it is said, promised, but forgot, to patronise and befriend him. The success of the work exceeded all expectation. New editions were called for continually, and still the book is read with delight and instruction, and has been recommended by by no less an authority than Sir Walter Scott, in one of his introductions to the 'Tales of a Grand father,' as the best compendium of English History extant. Goldsmith, it is believed, received for the two volumes, of which the work consists, about £50!

It was at Islington also, according to contemporary accounts, that he wrote his 'Vicar of Wakefield,' the first work which he composed without its being previously ordered, or at least bargained for by a publisher. There is a story connected with the completion and sale of this delightful book which must not be omitted. It was related by Dr. Johnson to Boswell, who has thus recorded it: "I received one morning," said Johnson, "a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill." Cumberland has added to this anecdote a piece of romance—related afterwards, perhaps as a jest, among the poet's friends, but certainly not founded on fact—that the landlady, while the bailiffs were waiting without, had proposed to her lodger the startling alternative of instant payment or marriage!

Francis Newbery—not the poet's friend—was the purchaser of 'The Vicar,' but although, on the recommendation of Johnson, he had consented to give a higher price than was usually paid for the works of the same author, he thought so indifferently of his bargain that he kept it by him unpublished for two years, till the success of the 'Traveller' had placed the name of the writer in the very highest rank of literature.

The 'Traveller' was published in December, 1764, and was everywhere read and everywhere praised. Johnson spoke highly of it in public and private, and quoted it in his writings and in society. It was said to be "without one bad line—without one of Dryden's careless verses." Burke, Fox, Reynolds—all the Reviewers, and all men of taste and literature conspired to applaud it as "one of the finest poems in the English language." But Goldsmith was not to be permitted to step thus easily upon the pedestal of fame. Though nobody could dispute the merit of the poem, certain critics who, from his easy good nature and simplicity, had long considered themselves entitled to laugh and sneer at "poor Goldy," now disputed the paternity of his work, and declared that the finest passages of "The Traveller' had been written by Johnson;—an imputation which the doctor's disavowal failed for some time to remove. Johnson is known to have revised the poem for press, and to have re-written nine lines of it; but beyond this he had no share in its design of construction. In eight months 'The Traveller' went through four editions and five more were subsequently published during the life of the author, who

profited by its production and popularity to the extent of £21 sterling!

The sensation produced by the poem, led to an invitation from the Earl of Northumberland, who seems to have been inclined to render him assistance. The account of his interview is thus related by Sir John Hawkins; who, having been with the Earl on business, waited to accompany his friend home: "Upon his coming out," says Sir John, "I asked him the result of his conversation. 'His Lordship,' says he, 'told me he had read my poem, and was much delighted with it; that he was going out as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and that hearing that I was a native of that country he should be glad to do me any kindness.' 'And what did you answer,' asked I, 'to this gracious offer?' 'Why,' said he, 'I could say nothing, but that I had a brother there, a clergyman, who stood in need of help. As for myself, I have no dependance on the promises of great men; I look to the booksellers for support; they are my best friends, and I am not inclined to forsake them for others.' Thus," adds the brutal knight, "did this idiot in the affairs of the world trifle with his fortunes, and put back the hand that was held out to assist him!" Goldsmith having been, on an after occasion, subjected to a similar charge of idiotcy in the affairs of the world, was so absurd as to say, "I can earn as much as will supply my wants, without writing for party; assistance therefore is unnecessary to me." This was the secret of his indifference to the offer of the Lord Lieutenant. One Robert Burns, whom Sir John Hawkins would also have treated as an idiot, has left on record a sentiment similar to that of Goldsmith:—"I was bred to the plough, and am independent." These men—to whom must be added one Andrew Marvel—were content with an honestly-earned, though homely, subsistence, and left to the seekers after wealth, and ribbons, and titles, like Sir John Hawkins, the office of pander to the fortuitously great.

Goldsmith continued to write for bread, and preserved his integrity. But, though he did not care to avail himself of his reputation to acquire political patronage, he enjoyed considerable advantage from it in the increased estimation in which he was held among booksellers. In June, 1765, his admirable 'Essays' were published. In March, 1766, appeared the 'Vicar,' the interval between the publication of these being filled with anonymous articles for Magazines and Reviews; with translations from the French, and Historical and Scientific compilations. The revenue brought him by these labours, enabled him to take and furnish chambers in the Temple, first at No. 2, Garden Court, and subsequently at No. 2, Brick Court, which last he continued to occupy till his death.

In the beginning of 1767 he completed his first comedy, 'The Good-natured Man,' which, after being shelfed for some months by Garrick, was brought upon the stage in January, 1768, at Covent Garden, and was eminently successful, being played twelve nights during the season—ten of the performances succeeding each other nightly. The profits are believed to have been from £350 to £400, besides what he derived from sale of the copyright, which, from the fact that four editions were sold off within a month, is likely to have been considerable.

His habits at this period appear to have been unchanged. He lodged during a part of the summer of 1767 in the old turret of Canonbury House, where he had several authors of different degrees of eminence as fellow-residents, who were accustomed to spend their evenings together at the Crown Tavern, in the Lower Road, Islington. A 'shoemaker's holiday,' as he

termed it, was a favourite recreation. Lee Lewes, in his Memoirs, has described one of these festive days. He had called upon the poet one morning, and found him working at the 'Deserted Village,' After reading what he had written, Goldsmith observed:—Come, let me tell you this is no bad morning's work; and now, my dear boy, if you are not better engaged, I should be glad to enjoy a shoemaker's holiday with you." The day was commonly spent thus:—

"Four or five friends assembled at his apartments to a remarkably plentiful and rather expensive breakfast; and when finished, he had usually some poor women in attendance, to whom the fragments were consigned. On one occasion a wealthy city acquaintance, not remarkable for elegance of mind or manners, who observed this liberality, said with some degree of freedom, 'Why Doctor, you must be a rich man; *I* cannot afford to do this.' 'It is not wealth, my dear Sir,' was the reply of the Doctor, willing to rebuke, without offending his guest, 'but inclination. I have only to suppose that a few more friends than usual have been of our party, and then it amounts to the same thing.'" About eleven o'clock the party proceeded to Blackheath, Highgate, Hampstead, Wandsworth, or some other suburban village or hamlet to dine, returned to some place of popular resort nearer town, such as the White Conduit Gardens, to tea, and concluded by spending the evening at the Grecian, Temple, or Exchange Coffee House, at the Globe, Fleet Street, or the Crown, Islington.

In February, 1769, Goldsmith commenced his 'History of Animated Nature,' one of the most profitable of his literary undertakings. In May, of the same year, his 'Roman History' was published, and in June he entered into an engagement to write a 'History of England.' In December he was elected Professor of Ancient History to the newly-established Royal Academy of Arts—a situation to which no salary was annexed, and which he accepted, he says, "rather as a compliment to the Institution, than any benefit to himself: —honours to one in his situation, being something like ruffles to one who wants a shirt." In May, 1770, appeared 'The Deserted Village,' of which five editions were sold in less than three months; in June, was published his 'Life of Parnell,' prefixed to an edition of that poet's works; and in December his 'Life of Bolingbroke' appeared. His comedy, 'She Stoops to Conquer,' although completed some time before, was not played till the 15th of March, 1773, when, contrary to the expectation of all his friends, it was received with the most unqualified approbation, and six thousand copies of it were speedily sold, when published, In June, 1773, his 'History of Greece' was published, This, with the exception of a few minor pieces of prose and verse, some new editions of his former works, and the publication of the 'History of the Earth and Animated Nature,' was the poet's last labour. Pecuniary embarrassments, over-exertion, and mental disquietude, from various causes, had affected his health; and he gradually sank into despondency. Fever ensued, and on the morning of the 4th of April, 1774, he expired at his chambers in the Temple, at the age of forty-five.

The last years of Goldsmith's life had been passed in comparative comfort, among friends who esteemed and could appreciate him. He occasionally made excursions into the country—to Derbyshire, Hampshire, Sussex, Suffolk, Yorkshire, Leicester, and Lincoln; and once he proceeded with some friends, for a few weeks, as far as Paris. One of his favourite places of retirement was a farm house, near the village of Hyde, on the Edgeware-road, about six

miles from London. His mode of life in this pleasant seclusion has been related by the son of the occupier at the time Oliver was a frequent inmate. "The poet boarded with the family, but usually had his meals sent to his own apartment, where his time was chiefly spent in writing. Occasionally he wandered into the kitchen, took his stand with his back towards the fire, apparently absorbed in thought, till something seeming to occur to his mind, he would hurry off to commit it, as was supposed, to paper. Sometimes he strolled about the fields, or was seen loitering or musing under the hedges, or perusing a book. Frequently he visited town and remained absent many weeks at a time, or paid visits to private friends in other parts of the country.

"In the house he usually wore his shirt collar open, in the manner represented in the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Occasionally he read much at night when in bed; at other times, when not disposed to read, and yet unable to sleep, which was not an unusual occurrence, the candle was kept burning; his mode of extinguishing which, when out of his reach, was characteristic of his fits of indolence or carelessness—he flung his slipper at it, which in the morning was in consequence usually found near the overturned candlestick daubed with grease. No application of a charitable description was made to him in vain. Itinerant mendicants he always viewed with compassion, and never failed to give them relief; while his actions generally evinced much gooduess of heart and great commiseration for the poorest classes of society. . . . . On one occasion he took the young people of the house to Hendon in a carriage, to see a company of strolling players; and proved not only very jocular on the road, but in his comments on the performance, which afforded all the party, and more particularly himself, by the laughter in which he indulged, infinite amusement."

Of the pleasure which he derived from the society of children—no bad test of the disposition of the man—many anecdotes are related. In all the diversions of such companions he took such interest as to become rather a leader than a mere participator. He joined readily and heartily in blind-man's buff, romping, forfeits, or trivial games at cards, in which, by affecting to cheat, or shewing an eagerness to win, he rendered his playmates exceedingly boisterous and mirthful. George Colman, the dramatist, has related a pleasant story of his introduction, when a child, to our author. Goldsmith took the boy on his knee and began playing with him; but his familiarity was recompensed with a smart slap on the face from the urchin caressed. The elder Colman inflicted summary justice, on his peevish son for the outrage, by locking him up in the dark in an adjoining room. George howled and screamed at the top of his lungs, till at length a friend appeared to liberate him—the tender-hearted Doctor, whom he had so wantonly molested—with a smile on his countenance, still red from the violence of assault. "I sulked and sobbed," says the narrator, "and he fondled and soothed, till I began to brighten; when seizing the propitious moment of returning good-humour, he put down the candle and began to conjure. He placed three hats, which happened to be in the room, upon the carpet, and a shilling under each. The shillings he told me were England, France, and Spain. 'Hey, presto, cockolorum!' cried the Doctor, and lo! on uncovering the shillings which had been dispersed, each beneath a separate hat, they were all found congregated under one. I was no politician at the time, and therefore might not have wondered at the sudden revolution which brought England, France, and Spain all under

one crown; but as I was also no conjuror, it amazed me beyond measure." Thenceforward Goldsmith and young Colman were always cordial friends and merry playfellows. Northcote, the Biographer of Reynolds, has expressed himself to the same effect. "When Goldsmith entered a room, Sir," said he, "people who did not know him became for a moment silent from awe of his literary reputation; when he came out again, they were riding upon his back."

The venerable Irish Judge Day, who, in 1831, retained a distinct recollection of his illustrious countryman, thus describes his person and manners:— "He was short, about five feet five or six inches; strong but not heavy in make; rather fair in complexion, with brown hair, such at least as could be distinguished from his wig. His features were plain but not repulsive, certainly not so when lighted up by conversation. His manners were simple, natural, and perhaps on the whole, we may not say polished—at least without that refinement and good-breeding which the exquisite polish of his composition would lead us to expect. He was always cheerful and animated, often indeed boisterous in his mirth; entered with spirit into convivial society; contributed largely to its enjoyments by solid information, and the *naiveté* and originality of his character; talked often without premeditation, and laughed loudly without restraint. . . . He was fond of exhibiting his muscular little person in the gayest apparel of the day, to which was added a bag wig and a sword."

Testimonials as to the moral worth of Goldsmith, both as a man of literature and of the world, are abundant. Johnson wept over him; Burke burst into tears on hearing of his death, and Sir Joshua Reynolds abstained for a space, from the use of his brush. The following summary of his character is said to have proceeded from the pen of Burke:—

"In an age when genius and learning are too generally sacrificed to the purposes of ambition and avarice, it is the consolation of virtue, as well as of its friends, that they can commemorate the name of Goldsmith as a shining example to the contrary.

"Early compelled, like some of our greatest men, in the service of the muses, he never once permitted his necessities to have the least improper influence on his conduct; but, knowing and respecting the honourable line of his profession, he made no farther use of fiction than to set off the dignity of truth; and in this he succeeded so happily that his writings stamp no less the man of genius than the universal friend of mankind. Such is the outline of his poetical character, which perhaps will be remembered whilst the first-rate poets of the country have any monument left them. But alas! his noble and immortal part—the good man—is only consigned to the short-lived memory of those who are left to lament his death.

"Having naturally a powerful bias on his mind to the cause of virtue, he was cheerful and indefatigable in the pursuit of it; warm in his friendship, gentle in his manners, and in every act of charity and benevolence 'the very milk of human kindness.' Nay, even his foibles and little weaknesses of temper may be said rather to shew the simplicity of his nature than to degrade his understanding; for though there may be many instances to prove that he was no man of the world, most of these instances would attest the unadulterated purity of his heart."

After the instances of his benevolence, which have been cited concerning his early life, little need be said of his later acts of kindness. Davies, one of

his publishers, and the Biographer of Garrick, says, "His disposition of mind was tender and compassionate. No unhappy person ever sued to him for relief without obtaining it if he had anything to give: and rather than not relieve the distressed he would borrow. The poor woman with whom he had lodged during his obscurity several years in Green Arbour Court, by his death lost an excellent friend; for the Doctor often supplied her with food from his table, and visited her frequently with the sole purpose of being kind to her. . . . . He was so sincere a man that he could not conceal what was uppermost in his mind. So far from desiring to appear in the eye of the world to the best advantage, he took more pains to appear worse than he was, than others do to appear better than they are." His invariable kindness and good-nature caused him to be frequently duped by sharpers, and victimised by the indolent and unworthy: but even the detection of such frauds upon him did not check the stream of charity which was always welling from his heart. He had no gloomy suspicions of the rascality of mankind to close the portal of his affections—no remembered impositions of his own to narrow his soul. Guileless himself, he believed all men to be full of natural goodness; and when he found evil in their deeds, he was willing to ascribe it to perverse circumstances, rather than an inherent propensity to vice, and to trust them again, in the hope of their repentance and amendment.

Of his eccentricities many anecdotes have been preserved by his contemporaries. Some of them, however, evidently sprung from his sensitiveness—his horror of being thought harsh to others, of witnessing distress, or being made in his own person the subject of ridicule. Others proceeded from his poverty. He could not always in purse or appearance keep pace with his wealthier associates, and, unwilling to have his true circumstances known, he sometimes affected singularity to escape the imputation of being needy. Besides, he was a bachelor, and had mixed with all kinds of society, at home and abroad, to such an extent that he must, in a great measure, have despised the genteel conventionalities of those who expected to find in him a pattern of silver-fork elegance.

One anecdote of a species of eccentricity in which he is likely to find few imitators, is worth remembering. "He had more than once offered the use of his purse to a friend named Cooke (a young barrister of the Temple), which was at last accepted—the temptation of an evening at Marylebone, or Ranelagh Gardens, with several friends, being irresistible; although at the moment destitute of funds for the occasion. On applying to the poet, however, he was told very seriously, and no doubt truly, that he had not a guinea in his possession. This being considered an evasion, something like a reproach escaped the applicant, that he regretted having made such a request, where, notwithstanding voluntary offers of assistance, there existed so little disposition to afford it. Nettled by the remark, Goldsmith, as evidence of his desire to oblige, borrowed the money. In the mean time Cooke, provided from another quarter, had locked his chambers and proceeded to his amusement; but returning at an early hour in the morning, found a difficulty in opening the door, which on examination proved to arise from the sum he had requested, in silver, being wrapped in paper and thrust underneath. On being thanked for this proof of sincerity on the following day, but told that the money might as readily have fallen into strange hands as of him for whom it was meant, he characteristically replied, 'In truth, my dear fellow, I did not think of that.'"

Boswell, the Biographer of Johnson, and some others, have charged him with envy. Mr. Prior has very judiciously disposed of this accusation. Instead of envy, the rivalry which he exhibited should have been called emulation. "He was willing to believe he could do whatever he saw done by another. On his first entering into literary life, he found the attention of the reading part of the people fixed upon the Essays of Johnson, and thence he became an Essayist. The novels of Smollet were universally read, and he aimed to be a Novelist. Gray, Mason, Armstrong, Akenside, and others claimed the honors of poetry, and he aspired to be a Poet. Hume, Smollet, and Robertson, having acquired high reputation in history, he desired to be an Historian; and dramatic writers were so numerous and many so fortunate, that, believing his own powers not inferior to theirs, he became a successful Dramatist. To call honest ambition of this kind envy, is an obvious misapplication of language."

As a poet all that he has written has been pronounced good by Lord Byron, while in the passage which contains this judgment, his Lordship says that not one half is good of the Æneid, of Milton, or of Dryden. Campbell, the author of the 'Pleasures of Hope' says that "Goldsmith's poetry presents a distinct and unbroken view of poetical delightfulness. His description and sentiments have the purest zest of nature. He is refined without false delicacy, and correct without insipidity. . . . . He unbends from graver strains of reflection to tenderness, and even to playfulness, with an ease and grace almost exclusively his own; and connects extensive views of the happiness and interests of society with pictures of life that touch the heart by their familiarity."

As a writer of prose, Dr. Anderson in his 'British Poets' says, "Goldsmith must be allowed to have rivalled and even exceeded Dr. Johnson and his imitator Dr. Hawksworth, the most celebrated professional prose writer of his time. His prose may be regarded as the model of perfection, and the standard of our language; to equal which the efforts of most will be vain, and, to exceed it, every expectation folly."

Johnson, according to Boswell, said of his friend, "Whether we take him as a poet, as a comic writer, or as an Historian, he stands in the first class. He has the art of saying everything he has to say in a pleasing manner." In his works the Doctor has pronounced him to be, "A man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best that which he was doing: a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness."—"He was," says Johnson emphatically, on another occasion, "a very great man. Every year he lived he would have deserved Westminster Abbey the more!"

Sir Walter Scott has added his tribute to the throng. "The wreath of Goldsmith," he says, "is unsullied. He wrote to exalt virtue and expose vice; and he accomplished his task in a manner which raises him to the highest rank among British authors. We close his volume (The Vicar of Wakefield) with a sigh that such an author should have written so little from the stores of his own genius, and that he should have been so prematurely removed from the sphere of literature which he so highly adorned."

To these ample praises it is unnecessary to make any addition. It may however be interesting to the reader to be informed that, both in his poetry and prose, Goldsmith usually drew from nature, not only in the common acceptation of the phrase, but literally and in fact. 'The Traveller' in his poem of that name was himself, and the sentiments and feelings contained in the

work are undoubtedly his own, founded on personal observation, during his peregrinations on the Continent. In his 'Deserted Village'—Lissoy is the village of Auburn.

> "The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
> The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
> The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill,
> The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
> For talking age and whispering lovers made."

This is a true picture of the actual scene. And not less true is that of the village preacher, "passing rich with forty pounds a year," his modest mansion and its hospitality. The depopulation of Auburn also appears not to have been an imaginary circumstance. General Naper, it is said, on his return with a great fortune from Spain, purchased a large estate at Lissoy, and, in order to create an extensive park, ejected most of the inhabitants of the village, and pulled down their cottages.

In like manner he drew upon his recollection for the Primrose family in the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' The pastor was his father. His own adventures are related in those of George Primrose; the private marriages of two of his own sisters, which gave some uneasiness to their parents, are supposed to have supplied the incident of Olivia's elopement, and the name of Burchell was that of one of his connexions by marriage. The adventure which gave rise to 'She stoops to Conquer' has been already related.

Goldsmith was buried in the Temple burial ground on the evening of Saturday, the 9th of April. It had been proposed to give him a public funeral in Westminster Abbey; but when it was ascertained that he had died considerably in debt, this design was abandoned, and a subscription entered into among his friends to erect there a monument to his memory. This was fulfilled. Nollekins executed a medallion likeness of the poet, and Johnson added a Latin epitaph, from which the following is translated: "Oliver Goldsmith, Poet, Natural Philosopher, Historian, who left no species of writing untouched, or unadorned by his pen; whether to move laughter or draw tears, he was a powerful yet gentle master over the affections; of a genius sublime, lively and versatile; in expression noble, pure and elegant. His memory will last while Society retains affection, Friendship is not void of truth, and Reading is held in esteem."

A word only need be added. Goldsmith throughout his life worked and studied hard; and owed to his perseverance and the artistical skill which he acquired thereby, not less than to his genius, the graces of his inimitable style, and hence no small share of his reputation. His personal peculiarities, how characteristic soever of the man, had no part in raising him to the eminence he attained; but his moral rectitude, purity of heart, and superiority to those meannesses which, in the estimation of many, would have seemed venial in his circumstances, added to a courage and endurance which enabled him to overlook and surmount the most formidable obstacles, rendered him great, in spite of his peculiarities. This view—especially in perusing the biography of a favourite poet, who has passed on to Fame through the ordeal of poverty—is apt to be overlooked by young readers and young writers; and some mischief has resulted to both classes in consequence. To omit all consideration of so essential a circumstance here, would be absolute injustice to the name and unquestionable merits of Oliver Goldsmith.

G. Moir Bussey.

VOLTAIRE.

H. Graham Excit. Geo. Virtue sculp.

FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET, (M. DE VOLTAIRE.)

IN the Memoirs of Voltaire we read the history of the terrible causes which produced the French Revolution. Men have supposed that it was the writings of the chief of *Deniers* which brought about the overthrow of the long-descended monarchy of France; but Voltaire was not an hour in advance of the times in which he lived. He expressed, in language which no man could rival, the opinions which no man could deny. Every assertion obtained credence; every brilliant faculty found its enthusiastic admirers, for the reason, that the public mind had become full, and needed an organ of utterance. Great souls are always specially missioned either directly from heaven, as teachers of new truths; or indirectly by universal nature, as destroyers of falsehood. It was the lot of Voltaire to be born into the latter class. He saw the false, but failed to discover the true.

The father of Voltaire was treasurer to the Chamber of Accounts at Paris, and his mother was descended from a noble family. He was born on the 20th of February, 1694, and assumed the name of Voltaire after he had arrived at manhood. Born to the inheritance of a competent fortune, young Arouet was sent to the Jesuits' College, at that time the fashionable seminary for youth of distinction, where his proficiency in all studies speedily attracted the attention of the seniors of the establishment. On leaving the college, his god-father, the Abbé de Chateauneuf, introduced him to the friendship of the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos, with whom he speedily became a favourite. This extraordinary woman, who boasted of her lovers at eighty, and preserved in extreme old age the beauty and the vices of her youth, was still the admired of the fashionable world, and had, it was said, been offered an introduction to court, and the friendship of Madame Maintenon, on condition of her turning devotee,—the usual transformation, at that period, of ladies whose early career had not exactly fitted them to fulfil the austere duties of a convent. Thus befriended by a priest whose creed he despised, and patronised by a courtesan whose character he could hardly respect, the future opponent of religion made his entrance upon life. At her death, Ninon left him the sum of two thousand livres, (about eighty guineas,) having previously introduced him into the best circles.

The wit of Voltaire, which spared nothing, however sacred, and was levelled alike at friend and foe, had by this time earned for him considerable notoriety. He was upon intimate terms with that portion of the nobility which aspired to the honours of authorship, and the reputation of being at all times ready to patronise genius. But his father wished him to make choice of a profession;

and on his refusal sent him to Holland, under the care of the ambassador to that court. Here he formed an intrigue with a young lady, whose parents interfered, and complained to the ambassador, and the result was that Voltaire was sent back to Paris in disgrace. His father now withdrew all countenance or support from him, and gave him the choice of adopting at once the profession of an attorney, or depending upon his own resources for the means of existence. He requested permission to depart for America; but whilst these family troubles were brooding, a friend of the family interceded, and invited him to take up his residence at St. Ange. M. Crumantin, his new protector, had been a courtier in the reign of Louis XIV, and his conversation suggested to Voltaire the idea of the "Henriade," and the "Age of Louis XIV." He began to test his faculties for the task by writing a satire upon the deceased monarch, for which he was sent to the Bastille, there with leisure to make the most of his "thick-coming fancies." His case was not hopeless, and his spirits therefore suffered no diminution, as proofs of which he sketched the plan of the "League," and corrected his poem of "Œdipus." He was soon after liberated by the Regent Duke of Orleans, to whom he expressed his gratitude for the food which he had received, but hoped that his royal highness would not hereafter trouble himself by providing him with a lodging.

After some difficulty, Voltaire got his play accepted at the theatre, where its success was instant and great. The liveliness of the thoughts, and the daring freedom of its opinions, attracted the attention not only of the literary men, but seemed to point him out to the multitude as the true censor of the time. In some of his after works, his attacks upon religion were more open, and the peculiar bent of his genius more strongly defined; but the lines in the play,—"*Nos pretres ne sont pas ce qu'eur vain peuple pense; Notre credulité fait toute leur science*—(Our priests are not what the foolish people suppose; their whole knowledge is derived from our credulity)—were the first-fruits of a warfare which ceased only with the death of their author.

The next employment of Voltaire was to fall in love with the Marchioness de Villars, who rejected him—a mortification which he was not prepared for, as the lady though married, had evinced her estimation of his genius. Some political friendships, which procured him an order from the Regent to quit Paris, and the composition of the tragedy of "Artemise," were the occupations of the intervening period, till 1722, when, in the society of Madame Russelmonde, he went to Holland. At Brussels he met with Jean Jacques Rousseau; and if the twin poets had given the world any occasion to doubt the reality of the esteem which they professed to feel for each other in absence, the manner of their parting left no room to question the sincerity of their hatred. They could not endure the thought of each other's eminence, and for the remainder of his life, Rousseau lavished upon his rival all the abuse of a mind fertile beyond all others in its capacity of expressing sentiments of dislike. The immediate cause of quarrel is said to have been a jest uttered by Voltaire, upon hearing his friend recite his "Ode to Posterity," which he said would never reach those to whom it was addressed. A less grave offence has ere now been visited by a worse punishment.

The "Epistle to Urania," for such was the poetic name of Madame Russelmonde, was the next exercise of his pen. In this poem he treated with the utmost freedom the subjects of religion and government, and professed the utmost contempt for revealed doctrines and secular dogmas. It was a happy thought to address such a work to a lady who had cast aside what we deem the essential virtue of her sex; but it was the good fortune of Voltaire,

throughout the whole of his existence, never to lack the society of an unchaste woman, or the friendship of a male profligate.

The publication of the "League," or "Henriade," as it was afterwards termed, had attracted all attention to his genius and pursuits; but as before, the atmosphere of Paris was soon found injurious to his comfort. He had satirised a courtier, who took a very intelligible way of answering the epigram, by sending his servants to inflict personal chastisement upon the writer, which they bestowed upon Voltaire in public. He applied to the law for redress, but the nobility were too well pleased with the occurrence of his misfortune to aid him in avenging it; and a reference to the code of honour procured him an imprisonment of six months in the Bastille, with an order at the end of that period to quit Paris. It was now manifest that the tide of opposition was too strong to be stemmed, and after the expression of a few vain regrets, he retired with his books and his mistress to England.

A succession of literary works, attested, during his exile, the richness of his mental gifts: and the publication of his tragedies, and "letters on the English nation," evinced to Europe that his pen was as powerful, and his opposition to religion as bitter as ever. The clergy, if they had not the virtue to reform their lives had at least the instinct to feel the full extent of the danger with which they were menaced by their unscrupulous adversary. In his letters Voltaire had drawn a series of comparisons between the state of things in France and in England, in which the advantage was always accorded to the latter nation. The dissolute manners of the French aristocracy were powerfully contrasted with the sober tone of character everywhere displayed in England by the nobility and churchmen, and the respect paid to public opinion, in the appointment of men to the holiest offices of religion, astonished a people who had been accustomed to see cardinals promoted in almost every instance for their services as panders. Had the truth of Christianity depended upon the belief in the honesty of the French clergy, Voltaire might have been pardoned for his deism. He might have said, "I do not believe in Christianity as *you* practise it," but unhappily his hatred extended to the "belief as well as the profession" of religion. As yet, however, his efforts to second in another direction the demoralising influence of the priesthood, had been partially useful. The parliament was most subservient to the wishes of the clergy, and the hangman was engaged in burning the copies of Voltaire's book, at the precise period when in other parts of the city the hearts of all devout people were edified by the performance of certain saintly miracles. The courage of Voltaire was never of the unthinking character, which would have prompted some men to abide the consequences of their assertion of what they deemed to be the truth, and the affair was compromised upon his declaring that the work had got into circulation through the fault of the bookbinder. He was permitted once more to return to Paris, but it was only for a short period. The epistle to Urania got into general notice; and, to save himself from the consequence of a prosecution, he disavowed the authorship, which he attributed to the Abbe de Chalieu, thus blackening the reputation of his ancient friend. Meanwhile fragments of another poem, still more offensive, the "Maid of Orleans," had been repeated by some of his friends. The keeper of the seals threatened to confine him in the lowest dungeons of the Bastille, if any part of the poem made its appearance; and, avenging himself by a bitter jest, he resolved on bidding a last farewell to the capital. In conversation with the lieutenant of police, he asked what punishment would be inflicted upon those who forged *lettres de cachet*. "They will be hanged,"

was the reply. "That will but be doing right," said Voltaire, "let us hope the time will come when those who sign the true will be served in the same way." It did come, in what manner it is no part of our present business to tell.

The death of his father and brother, the sale of his works, and some fortunate speculations in the funds, had realised for him a considerable fortune; and with that worldly wisdom which distinguished him, he invested it safely, and retired to Cirey, a chateau upon the borders of Champagne and Lorraine. He had the advantage of the society of the Marchioness de Chatelet, a young lady smitten with an equal passion for the genius of the poet and the person of Voltaire; and for several years they spent their time in the enjoyment of love and literature. Many of the best works of Voltaire were composed in this retreat; but an incident at length occurred which coloured the whole of the events of his after existence. The King of Prussia, Frederick William, a monarch who governed in the double spirit of a drill sergeant and a village pedagogue, was dead, and his place was occupied by his son, afterwards miscalled Frederick the Great. The new sovereign had a taste for letters, and wishing to reign in the style of a philosopher, had corresponded with half the learned men of Europe, as their admiring pupil. For Voltaire, in particular, he pretended to be penetrated with feelings almost of adoration, and craved his assistance in making Prussia one vast academy, the paradise of the wise of all nations. Voltaire says, "he treated me as something divine, and I him as Solomon—epithets cost us nothing." The poet was flattered by this royal adulation, and entered into the plans of Frederick with all the appearance of actual friendship. They met and supped without ceremony, and Voltaire was overwhelmed with importunities to come to Potsdam. The existence of Madame de Chatelet was, however, an obstacle which could not be got over. The lady could not hear of an arrangement which would deprive her of the society of her philosopher; but it became at length necessary for the interest of the state that the alliance of Frederick should, if possible, be gained, and the mistress of Louis XV. considered it necessary to employ Voltaire in the negociation. Madame de Chatelet would not have permitted his departure, had it not been conceded that the whole of the official correspondence *should pass through her hands!* The following is his description of the court of Frederick. "He rose at five in summer, and six in winter. If you wish to know the royal ceremonies, what they were on great, and what on common occasions, the functions of his high almoner, his great chamberlain, the first gentleman of his bedchamber, and his gentlemen ushers, I answer, a single lackey came to light his fire, dress and shave him, though he partly dressed himself alone. His chamber was rather beautiful; a rich balustrade of silver, ornamented with little loves, of exceedingly good sculpture, seemed to form the alcove of the state bed, the curtains of which were seen; but behind these curtains, instead of a bed there was a library; and as to the royal bed, it was composed of a stump bedstead without sacking, but cross corded, and a slight mattress, the whole concealed by a screen. Marcus Aurelius and Julian, the two greatest men among the Roman Emperors, and apostles of the stoics, lay not on a harder couch. Certain schoolboy sports over, the state affairs next were considered, and his first minister came with a large bundle of papers under his arm. This first minister was a clerk, who lodged up two pair of stairs in the house of Fridesdorff, and was the soldier, now valet-de-chambre and favourite, who had formerly served the king at Custrin. The secretaries of state sent all the despatches to the king's clerk, who brought extracts to his

majesty, and the king wrote his answer in the margin in two words. The whole affairs of the kingdom were thus expedited in an hour ; and seldom did the secretaries of state, or the ministers in office, come into his presence ; nay, there were some to whom even he had never spoken. The king, his father, had put the finances under such exact regulations, all was executed in such a military manner, and obedience was so blind, that four hundred leagues were governed with as much ease as a manor.

About eleven o'clock, the king, booted, reviewed, in his garden, his regiment of guards ; and at the same hour all the colonels did the like throughout the provinces, in the interval of parade and dinner time. The princes, his brothers, the general officers, and one or two of his chamberlains, ate at his table, which was as well furnished as could be expected in a country where they had neither game, tolerable butcher's meat, nor poultry, and where they got all their wheat from Magdeburg.

"When dinner was over he retired to his cabinet, and composed verses till five or six o'clock ; a young man of the name of Dargel then came and read to him. At seven he had a little concert, at which he played the flute, and as well as the best performers. His own compositions were often among the pieces played ; for there was no art he did not cultivate ; and had he lived amongst the Greeks he would not, like Epaminondas, have had the mortification to confess he did not understand music.

* * * * *

Never was there a place in the world where liberty of speech was so freely indulged, or where the various superstitions of men were treated with so great a degree of pleasantry and contempt. God was respected ; but those who in his name had imposed upon credulity, were not spared. Neither women nor priests ever entered the palace ; and, in a word, Frederic lived without religion, without a council and without a court."

Voltaire had "taken refuge with a king who was a philosopher, to escape the snares of a bishop who was a bigot ;" but the issue of this friendship was terribly mortifying to his vanity. His first negociation had been successful, and as he had had some share in the notable service of introducing a new mistress to the king, who became afterwards the well-known Madame Pompadour, he was rewarded for it by being elected a member of the Academy, and historiographer and gentleman in ordinary to the king. Some time afterwards Madame de Chatelet died, and Frederick requested to be allowed to supply her place in his affections. His evil fate, as he declares, induced him to consent, and he went to Potsdam once more. Frederick employed him to revise all his works ; at the same time, as Voltaire confesses, that he laughed at him from the bottom of his heart. For some time they managed to go on together harmoniously ; but one day it happened that another of the king's favourites took occasion to speak of the estimation in which Voltaire was held at the palace ; to which the monarch replied,—"Oh, I shall suck the orange, and then throw away the outside." The poet declares that this speech, which was duly reported to him, no doubt from authority, determined his resolution to depart : but it is not likely that he has told us all the facts of the case. From this moment, however, the state of their relations was changed, and the mode in which these two men, neither of whom had any reverence for human virtue, or rather who had no belief in its existence, contrived to torture each other, is suggestive of many reflections upon the retributive workings of Providence. After being compelled to endure all sorts of indignities, when his intention to

fly had become known to the king, he at length made his escape, and settled for the remainder of his existence at the romantic retreat of Ferney, on the borders of the lake of Geneva. If Frederick had exercised for a time his full measure of authority on the person of Voltaire, the latter fully avenged himself by the mode in which he has dealt with the reputation of his "Solomon," whom he has painted as a character in whom were united the most contradictory qualities of evil.

The rest of Voltaire's life is that of the Apostle of Infidelity, labouring with the zeal of an enthusiast, and the force of a prophet, to destroy religion. From his retreat he sent forth book after book, each, though opposite in its nature, animated by the same spirit of deadly animosity.

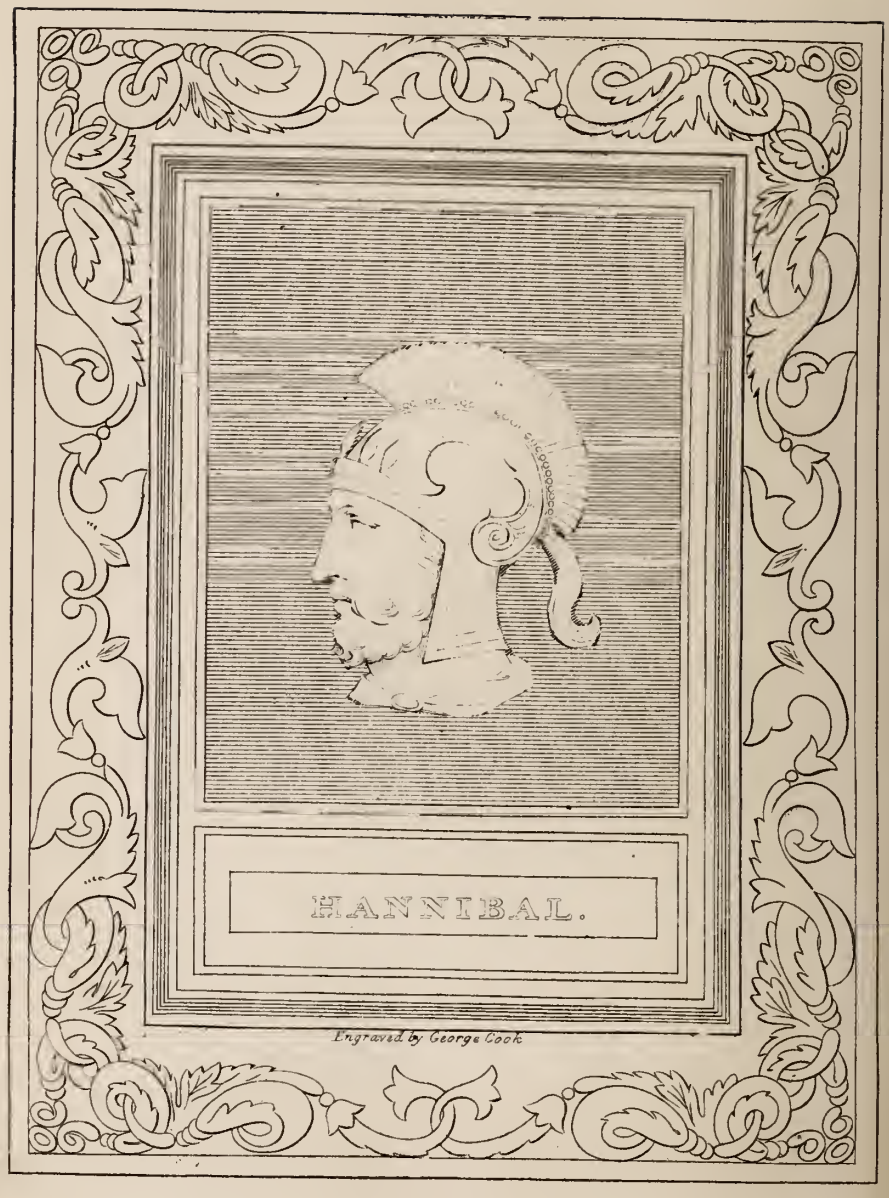
From the period of his departure from Paris, Voltaire remained at Ferney with one brilliant interval till the day of his death. In his Swiss home he indulged all the delights of the soul and the senses. Princes and philosophers alike did him homage, and a succession of works involving in their execution the exertion of almost universal ability, perpetually kept him in the remembrance of the European world. A school of unbelief was founded under his auspices, the disciples of which possessed at least one faculty in common, that of regarding all creeds of religion with contempt and hatred. The mania became general, and the multitude catching the infection, drew *their* inferences from the philosophic dogmas: with what results it is not left for this generation to tell.

At the age of eighty four, Voltaire paid a last visit to Paris, and was received as the divinity of reason. Incense, such as is rarely offered to mortal man—for be it recollected it was sincere, if really undeserved—was poured upon him, all classes of society holding the glittering urns. To him it seemed like a world-approval of his philosophy, as if he had realised his hope to *écraser l'Infame* (crush the wretch), a phrase descriptive of his feelings with regard to Jesus. The homage was too much for his weak frame, and the sole deity of France died in consequence of his worshippers having too unanimously acknowledged his immortality.

He has been described as the man "whom the French had long waited for, to produce at once in a single life all that French genius most prized and most excelled in." Never had any nation produced such a terrible opponent to "Shams," and French existence was full of them. "Open scoundrels rode triumphant, be-crowned, be-coronetted, be-mitred; the race of quacks had grown numerous as the sands of the sea. "Monarchy had lost its authority, aristocracy its strength, and religion even its decency. The foundations of rule were undermined, and Voltaire only pointed out the actual extent of the ravages. To him was assigned the task of pulling down, and he performed his work in a manner which has left no room for cavil.

"There was a laughing devil in his sneer," which proved that his heart was in his occupation. At this time it is impossible to read some of his works without a feeling of *un*-sacred awe. The malignity is so unnatural, the blight so withering, even the men and women who have ministered to his pleasures move about enveloped in a radiance of *blue* flame, the features shining all ghastly and fearful to look upon. He has no sympathy, no fear, and no reverence.

In person Voltaire was short of stature, and small even to attenuation. The tales circulated of his death-bed conversion, are silly fabrications. The world can surely afford him the merit of consistency, and his warmest admirers will be chary of asking for him a larger measure of approval.



HANNIBAL.

Engraved by George Cook

HANNIBAL.

THE life of this distinguished commander affords another of the numerous evidences that the prosperity of a nation depends upon the personal merits of its ruler. Long before the birth of Hannibal, which occurred B.C. 247, the Romans had been engaged in a war with Carthage, and his father Hamilcar, on leaving that city to take command of the army in Spain, led his son, then but nine years of age, to the temple of the tutelar deity, and in the presence of the assembled nobles, compelled him to take an oath of eternal enmity to Rome. The two great states were at that time at peace with each other; but it was felt that the interval of cessation from warfare was only the period of necessary repose, preparatory to the renewal of the exterminating strife. Carthage afforded the only example in the history of the world of African civilisation. The shores of the modern Tunis were then the abode of literature and science. Her arms were felt along the whole of the Mediterranean coast, and her commerce had penetrated to every part of the European continent. The aspirations of the Romans for universal conquest had gradually assumed the form of a consistent and settled policy, to which the genius of her statesmen, the efforts of her soldiers, and the spirit of her people, were equally devoted. Rome could not be victorious whilst Carthage was free, and without liberty it is in vain to dream of commercial greatness. Thus, in the time of Hannibal, war between the two countries had become a matter of destiny, and the stakes to be played for being all things most dear to human existence.

Before he had arrived at the age of maturity, Hannibal was entrusted with the command of a portion of the Carthaginian army in Spain, and on the death of the general in-chief, Hasdrubal, he conquered the remaining portion of the country. Alarmed at his progress, the inhabitants of Saguntum, (a neutral city) who had placed themselves under the protection of Rome, applied to the senate for assistance. That august body replied by sending an embassy to Hannibal, to inform him that the Saguntines were the allies of the Romans, and threatening to declare war against Carthage, if her troops were not instantly withdrawn. Hannibal paid no attention to the ambassadors; an interval of twenty years of peace had enabled Carthage to repair all her previous losses; every consequence of defeat had disappeared save the sense of humiliation; and, flushed with a long course of victory, and prompted no less by national

hatred than by personal ambition, he defied the power and the menaces of his hereditary enemy; and at once commenced operations against the city. The defence was long and obstinate, but the place was at length taken by storm; and in the ensuing spring the African chieftain poured like a torrent on the enemy. Africa he entrusted to the guardianship of the Spanish troops, who were replaced by an equal number of Africans in Spain; and expecting to be joined by the inhabitants of the north of Italy, he commenced his march with an army of 80,000 foot and 12,000 cavalry. His progress to the Pyrenees was opposed by the natives, but he made his way through all obstacles: crossed the Rhine in safety, having outmarched the Roman general Scipio, who was in pursuit, and crossed the Alps at the Great St. Bernard, having, as his historian believed, softened the rocks with vinegar. On his descent into Italy, the same good fortune attended him; the Romans, who had never before experienced the horrors of an invasion, hastened to meet him under the command of C. Scipio. The battle took place on the banks of the river Ticinus, and ended in the complete rout of the consul, who retreated in the utmost haste towards the army of his colleague the consul Sempronius, by whom he was soon afterwards joined. After the union of the combined forces, Scipio determined, against the remonstrances of his colleague, to try the effect of another contest, and was again defeated with irreparable loss; the survivors of his army spreading through all the subject states the most exaggerated statements of the wondrous prowess of the enemy. The more substantial fruits of this victory, was the submission of northern Italy, and the alliance of the tribes most hostile to the Roman dominion.

But the spirit of the Romans, though bowed by disaster, was still unbroken, and in the following year, they raised two fresh armies, under the command of the consuls for the year, Servilius and Flaminius. Hannibal advanced to meet them twice, but his army suffered greatly from the malaria in its march through the swamps of the Arno, and the general himself lost the sight of one of his eyes. Arrived in front of the Roman position, he sought, by ravaging the country around him, to force his enemy to an engagement. Flaminius needed but little urging to a step so consonant with his own inclination, and breaking up his camp, imprudently suffered himself to be attacked in the valley of the lake Thrasymene. The Carthaginians occupied the mountains, on one side was the lake, and on the other the narrow outlet by which alone escape was possible. Cooped up in a space which prevented the cavalry from operating, and rendered all efforts of skill useless, the Romans were thrown into confusion at the first onset, and Hannibal having posted his reserves on the inaccessible heights, was enabled to slaughter the foe in perfect security. In a short time the defeat became general, and nearly the whole of the Roman army was destroyed as it stood. Servilius was attacked in a few days afterwards, and met with a similar overthrow, so that the whole of Italy seemed to be placed at the mercy of the conqueror.

Hannibal now sought to detach the independent states from their alliance with Rome; and for this purpose entered into various negociations, but without obtaining any considerable accession of strength. After resting his army for a time, he advanced into Apulia, and suspended hostilities for the remainder of the season.

In the ensuing year the Romans again determined to try the chances of battle; and assembling a force which has been estimated to consist of 80,000 foot, and 6,000 cavalry, under the command of the consuls L. Æmilius Paulus,

and B. Terentius Varro, engaged Hannibal at Cannæ, in Apulia, whose army was by this time reduced to little more than half that number. The battle was the most fatal which the Romans had ever been engaged in. The whole of their army was destroyed, and all Italy placed at the mercy of the conqueror.

It was the genius of Hannibal which Rome had to fear, and not the number of his soldiers, or the magnitude of the confederacy which he organised against her amongst the various subject states; and hence, when he wintered in Apulia, instead of pursuing the advantages of victory, the republic was enabled to make head once more. But the measure of their calamities was not yet full; the army sent to Spain to oppose Hasdrubal, the brother of Hannibal, was destroyed in an engagement with that general, both the Scipios falling in the battle. Hasdrubal now set out to join his brother, and succeeded in entering Italy, and even advanced to Placentia without opposition; but here he was encountered, his army destroyed, and himself slain. This blow was terribly felt by Hannibal, who was now obliged to confine himself to the defensive, till his departure from the country.

The younger Scipio, having wholly recovered Spain, invaded Carthage, and Hannibal was hastily recalled to defend his native country against the daring attempt of the Roman commander. The fountain of his fortune had now dried up. In his first encounter with this new antagonist, he was utterly beaten, with the loss, in killed and prisoners, of 40,000 men. This blow put an end to the war, the Carthaginians being obliged to sue for peace, after having maintained the contest for the space of eighteen years.

The war being thus ended, Hannibal sought to realise some of the blessings of which his countrymen had been so long deprived, in the reform of the government, and the impartial administration of justice. But the aristocracy called in the aid of the Romans against him, and he was obliged to quit the city. His first retreat was at the court of Antiochus, king of Syria, whom he assisted in his war with the Romans, at the conclusion of which he was forced to take refuge with Prasius, king of Bithynia. But the earth was not wide enough to afford, at the same time, shelter to Hannibal and Rome. He was demanded of Prasius, to be given up to the ambassadors of that power, and only avoided that doom by swallowing poison, in the 65th year of his age. Rollin says:—

"So superior and universal was his genius, that it took in all parts of government; and so great were his natural abilities, that he was capable to acquit himself in all the various functions of it with glory. Hannibal shone as conspicuously in the cabinet as in the field; equally able to fill the civil or the military employments. In a word, he united in his own person, the different talents and merits of all professions, the sword, the gown, and the finances.

"He had some learning; and though he was so much employed in military labours, and engaged in so many wars, he, however, found leisure to cultivate the muses. Several smart repartees of Hannibal, which have been transmitted to us, shew that he had a great fund of natural wit; and this he improved, by the most polite education that could be bestowed at that time, in such a republic as Carthage. He spoke Greek tolerably well, and wrote several books in that language. His preceptor was a Lacedæmonian (Solsius,) who, with Philenius, another Lacedæmonian, accompanied him in all his expeditions.

"His disregard of wealth, at a time when he had so many opportunities to enrich himself, by the plunder of the cities he stormed, and the nations he subdued, shews, that he knew the true and genuine use which a general ought

to make of riches, viz. to gain the affection of his soldiers, and to attach allies to his interest, by diffusing his beneficence on proper occasions, and not being sparing in his rewards; a very essential quality, but very uncommon in a commander. The only use Hannibal made of money was to purchase success; firmly persuaded, that a man who is at the head of affairs is sufficiently recompensed by the glory derived from victory."

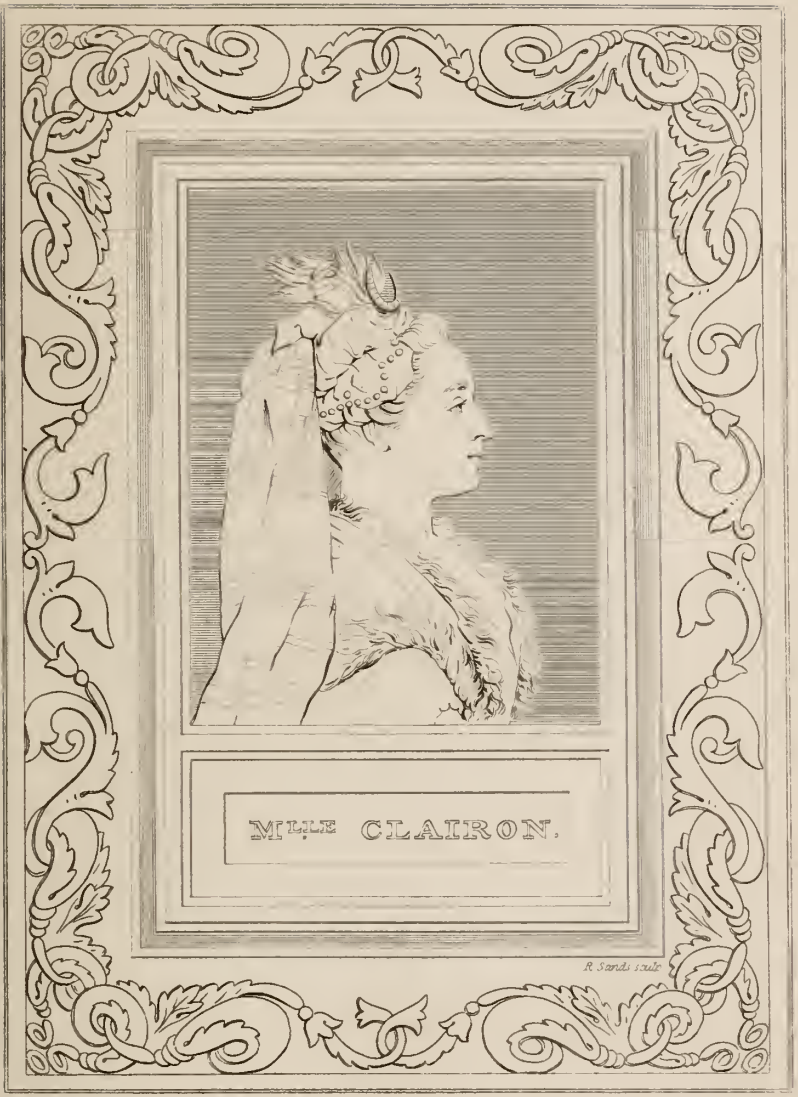
MADEMOISELLE CLAIRON.

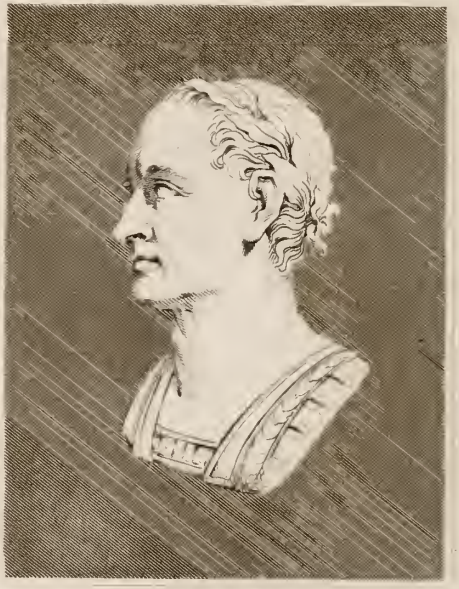
C. H. Leyris Delatude, known by the name of Clairon, was born in the year 1722, of indigent parents: she came prematurely into the world in a state of such weakness that her life was long despaired of. Ill suited to follow her mother's profession, she complains in her memoirs of the ill treatment she received, which induced her to turn her attention to the stage. She commenced her dramatic career with a strolling company, from which she passed to the theatre at Rouen, and performed successively at those of Ghent and Dunkirk from whence she was advanced to the Royal Academy of Music. In this line she continued some months; but feeling that her talents were more suited to declamation than to song, she made her *debut* on the Theatre Français, in the part of Phædra, with prodigious success, and was soon placed on the first rank, as an actress in regal characters.

A particular intrigue, and the refusal to perform with her colleague Dubois, notwithstanding the repeated clamour of the pit, caused her to be sent to Fort l'Eveque. To be released from thence it was required that she should make a public submission: at this humiliation her pride revolted. She then solicited her *apostolical* dismissal, which, as it could not be refused, was immediately assented to. She was at that time forty-two years of age. The excommunication levelled against players in general, not a little contributed to prevent her resuming her theatrical career. She attached considerable importance to what had passed; her colleagues laughed at her, but she still adhered to her resolution. An income of £1,000 a year, an intimacy with several ladies of quality, and a rich and amiable lover, were no doubt objects of consolation under her disgrace; but she lost almost at the same time her protector and her fortune. The Margrave of Anspach then invited her into his dominions, from whence she was afterwards dismissed. On her return to Paris she lived in obscurity, and died on the 31st of January, 1803, at the age of eighty-four.

Mademoiselle Clairon carried to a ridiculous extent the high opinion which she entertained of her talents, and never spoke to her friends, or her attendants, but in the tone of a theatrical princess. The stage is, however, indebted to her for many useful regulations. She was the first actress who rigidly observed in her attire the costume suitable to persons and to ages; she also cleared the stage of a crowd of impertinent spectators with whom it was formerly filled.

Mademoiselle Clairon published her memoirs in the year 1798, containing several judicious precepts on the dramatic art, intermixed with an abundance of self-love, and a belief in the existence of apparitions—excited no doubt by the flattery and cunning of her companions.


Mlle CLAIRON.
R. Sands sculp



J. CAESAR.

CÆSAR, CAIUS JULIUS.

It is the lot of conquerors, that they are as much indebted for their reputation to their vices as to their virtues. The evil which they do is the result of their own free volition; the good which follows it grows in spite of them. The tree of moral as well as intellectual liberty has, in all ages, been watered with blood and tears. It was from no love of humanity that the illustrious Roman led his warriors into Britain; and yet, but for the circumstance of that conquest, we might at this moment have been in a state of Russian barbarism, with the whole world of civilisatiou still lying in the womb of the future. It is thus that the hardship is ever the parent of the blessing; every present enjoyment arising, phœnix-like, from the ashes of the past. The true heroic character is made up of two great elements,—incessant endeavour, and the belief in fatalism.

> Whilst the arrow's on the string,
> We are master of its force;
> When the shaft is on the wing,
> Who can tell its destined course?

Julius Cæsar, the son of C. Julius Cæsar and Aurelia, was born B. C. 100. His family were somewhat distinguished, one of his aunts having married Caius Marius, the celebrated consul. At an age (17) when the *toga virilis* was hardly assumed by the majority of Roman youth, he entered upon the active duties of a citizen, and married Julia, the daughter of the famous Cinna. This connexion exposed him to the greatest danger: his father-in-law was the deadly enemy of Sylla the dictator, and the latter wreaked on the head of Cæsar the vengeance which circumstances prevented him from inflicting upon the heads of the opposing faction. His wife's fortune was confiscated, he was deprived of the office of priest in the temple of Jupiter Flamens, and only escaped death through what Sylla deemed the weak intercession of his enemies. That relentless despot saw and foretold the greatness which was destined to overshadow so many nations, and one day to become fatal to its possessor.

The overthrow of the aristocratic party seems from the first to have been the settled purpose of Cæsar. He saw that no permanent government was possible whilst the rule of Rome was in the hands of alternate factions, whose equal atrocities more than compensated for the absence of the foreign invader. The existing virtue was in all cases sought to be corrupted or destroyed; the genius of youth was either won over to the advocacy of party, or ruthlessly trodden out of sight: patriotism was unknown, purity of soul impossible, except in the instances of lowly men. If not beyond the province of human inquiry, it is yet beyond its reach, to ascertain how far Cæsar was guided by

loftier motives, and what portion of his conduct was owing to the baser impulses of selfish ambition.

The interference of Sylla was of much advantage to Cæsar, as it removed him from the sphere of action at a time when his exertions would have been fruitless, and gave him leisure for cultivating his favourite science of oratory. He made a single campaign in the forces sent against the king of Bithynia, during which period it is said that he was guilty of vices abhorrent even to the licentious habits of Roman nobility. Such stories rest, however, upon the doubtful authority of contemporary rivals, or the hearsay of partial historians.

During the flower of his youth, Cæsar had no opportunity of distinguishing himself. A crowd of brilliant competitors for the favour of the public, dazzled the popular imagination, and filled the world with the fame of the arms of Rome. Pompey, his senior only by a few years, was at the height of his glory, and in a state where the personal advantage of the general was allowed to take precedence of the well-being of the state. The commander who would enjoy the greatest measure of influence, must first secure himself against the efforts of his rivals. Slowly, but surely, and by the exercise of arts which the success was deemed sufficient to justify, did Cæsar make his way on the thorny paths of public life. A quæstorship in Spain was succeeded by his being elected to the office of ædile at Rome, which took place B. C. 65, and when he was in the thirty-fifth year of his age.

No employment could have been more favourable to his hopes, as it gave him the opportunity of indulging that taste for shows and pastimes which had now become a passion with the citizens of Rome. In all parts of the city magnificent buildings satisfied the taste, and the exhibition of gladiators and combats of wild beasts, pleased the brutal passions of the multitude. His year of office cost him an immense sum of money, but it was more expensive to the faction in power, whose ruin may be dated from this period.

Cæsar's first attempt to gain an important share in the management of public affairs failed: but in the following year he was elected Pontifex Maximus, or chief-priest, the peculiar constitution of Rome recognising neither an hereditary priesthood, nor the existence of the hierarchy as an independent order in the state. The salary of this office was considerable, but the influence which it gave was of the highest order when filled by a man of rare sagacity and unbounded ambition.

Anxious to obtain a reputation for moderate aims and humane counsels, at a time when plotters were always extravagant, and victors always relentless, Cæsar advised that the actors in the Catiline conspiracy, which occurred while he was prætor, should be punished only by being banished from Rome, and kept under the strictest surveillance. But such a policy was not in accordance with the wishes of Cicero, who, as consul, was then powerful alike by his position, and the force of his commanding oratory—and it was with difficulty that Cæsar escaped personal outrage at the hands of the opposing party.

The singular address displayed by Cæsar in all the various transactions in which he had been engaged, and the hold which it was perceived he had acquired over the public mind, began seriously to alarm the aristocracy. It was evident that his certain elevation, at no distant date, to the consulship, was a thing to be dreaded, and they wisely, as it was thought, took instant measures to check his career by declaring him incapable of entering on the performance of his official duties. But this proceeding was manifestly too

unwise and illegal to serve any other purpose than the very opposite to that which was intended. Cæsar continued quietly to fulfil the duties of his station; and when the senate, irritated at this contempt of their authority, prepared to compel obedience by force, the people offered him their aid against his enemies. Their services were not needed, for the senate finding themselves in a false position, not only abrogated their decrees, but actually thanked him for having resisted them.

Caring nothing for human life when its sacrifice was serviceable to his designs, Cæsar was capable of curbing his fiercest resentments when revenge would have been impolitic. Thus, when the licentious Clodius, in the garb of a female, obtained admission to the temple in which the wife of Cæsar, with other Roman matrons, was celebrating the sacred rites of the *Bona Dea*, Cæsar, on the affair being disclosed, divorced his wife, whom he had married after the death of Cornelia, on the ground of the profanation to which she had been unconsciously subjected; but at the same time he exerted all his influence to protect Clodius from punishment, as he saw he could be made use of in furthering his schemes of advancement.

Cæsar was forty years of age before he had an opportunity of distinguishing himself in the field, and his good fortune still attending him, he reduced a revolt which had broken out in his government of southern Spain, and returned with all speed to Rome, to secure, by a personal canvass, his elevation to the consulship. The greatest opposition was offered on the occasion, but from no motives of patriotism. The aristocracy hated him on account of the towering influence of his genius, which assured them of the presence of a master. It was not the rule which they resisted, but the rival which they feared. They cared not for the liberties of Rome, but for the preservation of their own oppressive domination. Had they been united among themselves, they had presented Cæsar but a choice of submission or the grave. But they had lost even the common virtue of mutual esteem, and fell less by the power of the conqueror than by the weight of their own vices.

Pompey and Crassus might have proved troublesome competitors, the one from his military fame and natural expectation of honour and advancement, and the other from his immense riches and the efforts of his intriguing spirit. But Cæsar contrived to persuade them that it was their common interest to destroy the power of the senate, and that they were essential to each other. After much negociation they both fell into the trap which had been laid for them; Pompey received the daughter of Cæsar in marriage, and it was agreed, that they should take no measure in the government of the state without consulting each other. On these terms it was resolved that their whole power should be exerted in obtaining the consulship for Cæsar.

Against such a combination, it was impossible for the senate to make effectual head; but they manifested their dislike of the new consul in an intelligible manner, by nominating as his colleague one Bibulus in the room of Lucceius, whom Cæsar, on account of his worth, wished to have associated with him in the chief magistracy. But this scheme eventually failed of its expected results, for the unfortunate Bibulus, after trying in vain to impede the measures of Cæsar, finding that no other remedies were available, shut himself up in his house, and declared that the gods had decided that the auguries should be unfavourable all through the year. It was the good fortune of Cæsar to be as much advantaged by the folly of his adversaries, as by

the efforts of his own wisdom, of which this notable expedient of Bibulus was not the least striking instance.

The credit of Pompey was now ruined by the coalition which he had formed with his great rival, and Cæsar ordered all matters at his pleasure. The citizens he gratified by a distribution of public lands, and by the indignities which he imposed upon their hated tyrants, the senate. Cicero, whose adverse influence was most to be dreaded in the forum, was driven into exile, and all circumstances conspired to render Cæsar the sovereign master of the destinies of the world. At the expiration of his year of office, the senate made another attempt to annihilate his supremacy; but the effort was fruitless, for in addition to the usual government of a province, he succeeded in obtaining an edict by which he was invested with absolute rule for five years over the provinces of Gallia Cisalpina, or North Italy, Illyricum, and Gallia Transalpina, a tract of country equal in extent to an empire, and peopled by hardy races of warlike barbarians.

The time had now arrived when the unequalled talents of Cæsar as a general were about to be called into action. The Helvetians, or modern Swiss, had emigrated from their own mountains, and in a vast horde were pouring down upon Geneva with the intention of there crossing the Rhone, or settling in Southern Gaul: on the intelligence reaching Rome, Cæsar hastened to the spot, cut the bridge, and raised entrenchments to prevent their passage. Foiled in this attempt, the Helvetians next tried the influence of negociation, but Cæsar was resolved to employ no arbiter but the sword. In pursuance of this plan, he hastened back to Cisalpine Gaul, where he raised reinforcements, and with 30,000 troops, crossed the Alps, and fell upon the Helvetians during the passage of their army across the Arar (Saone). Having killed or dispersed a great number, he next marched in pursuit of the main body, which he continued to follow for a fortnight, till his provisions failing, he retraced his steps, followed in turn by the Helvetians, who now offered battle. This was playing their enemy's game, and the result of the conflict, which was of the most desperate character, showed that Cæsar had not unwisely relied upon his own genius, and the valour of his soldiers. A dreadful slaughter was made on the field; and after the lapse of three days, the Romans marched in pursuit of the surviving Helvetians, who, to the number of 130,000 souls, were now at his mercy. They were allowed to return home and cultivate their own lands, with the exception of one tribe, amounting to 6,000 men, who were all put to death, or sold as slaves.

The progress of British conquest in India, furnishes an exact type of the career of the Romans under Cæsar in Gaul and Germany. One victory naturally led the way to another. To secure any portion of the country they were compelled from necessity to conquer all. The quarrels of their allies they were obliged to make their own, and the natural course of events soon converted protection into dominion. The Ædui, a friendly nation of Gaul, complained that the Germans beyond the Rhine, men of gigantic stature and amazing strength, had committed great outrages upon them; Cæsar required them to desist; but the German monarch, like other potentates of modern days, insisted upon his right to do what he liked with his own. It was accordingly resolved to crush him. But the contest was undertaken with great reluctance by the Roman army, who dreaded to encounter the formidable enemy; and it was with great difficulty that Cæsar succeeded in overcoming the fears of his soldiers. After some delay, occasioned by the unfavour-

able predictions of the German matrons, the two armies met, the barbarians being routed with fearful carnage.

The following year Cæsar marched against the various tribes of the Belgæ, a powerful nation of German origin, who occupied the country between the Rhine and the Seine. These, alarmed at the prospect of subjugation, had formed an alliance amongst themselves to the number of 300,000 fighting men; and had they but remained true to each other, the issue of the war might have been very different. After besieging Cæsar in his camp for some time, they broke up, and resolved to fight each in their own country—a resolve which proved their destruction, as the Romans were thereby enabled to engage and destroy them in detail. One of the nations, single-handed, had well-nigh inflicted irreparable loss upon the invaders, by attacking them before any notice had been given of their approach, and it was only by the exercise of the most daring courage, that Cæsar was enabled to arrest the flight of his troops. The vengeance of the conquerors after the battle was in proportion to the extent of their fears during its continuance, and of the unhappy vanquished, but 500 were spared out of 50,000 who began the fight. The capture of a strong-hold to which another nation had retreated, and of whom 53,000 were sold into slavery, finished the campaign.

Honours and congratulations were showered upon Cæsar by the senate, who dared not offend the master of a devoted army, and the idol of the Roman people. In the ensuing year he marched against the Veneti, a maritime people occupying the country round about what is now called Vannes, in Brittany, and who had given great offence by refusing succours to the Romans, and imprisoning the ambassadors sent to them. A strong confederacy was formed against the Romans, but it was speedily broken by the result of a great naval engagement, in which Cæsar was as usual victorious. To terrify other states from following their example, he put to death all the chief men of the Veneti, and sold the rest as slaves.

The history of Cæsar's exploits for the next five years is one unbroken series of victories obtained over the Gauls, often desperately contested, and followed in many instances by the infliction of fearful cruelties. The clemency of Cæsar, which has been so much extolled, was only exercised when nothing was to be gained by severity. He could sacrifice whole hecatombs of human beings without a sigh of regret, when their existence stood in the way of his ambition.

At the end of his ninth year of government, the country was tranquillised, and Cæsar had leisure to turn his attention to the state of affairs at Rome. The senate, influenced by Cicero and Pompey, attempted to reduce him to the condition of a private citizen, by ordering him to give up his army within a certain day, and come in person to Rome, to conduct his canvass for the consulship, or failing in this, he was to be proclaimed an enemy to the state. With a want of honesty perfectly inexcusable, they at the same time permitted Pompey, who had now entirely broken with Cæsar, and was his rival for the possession of the supreme authority, to retain the control of the army under his command, and which was in fact composed of the forces which had been raised for the reinforcement of the Gallic legions. It needed but slender sagacity to predict the consequences: after a passionate but unavailing remonstrance, Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, a small stream which formed the southern boundary of his government, and marched at the head of his veteran troops to Rome. This movement threw the senate into confusion. It was idle to expect that the raw forces at their command could withstand the practised

warriors whose lives had been spent in the camp, and the roll of whose victories outnumbered their years. Some trifling show of opposition was raised, and then the senate, with Pompey, and such of the soldiers as adhered to him, fled into Spain, leaving Rome at the mercy of Cæsar, who entered it without resistance.

After receiving the peaceful submission of the capital, Cæsar departed for Spain, to encounter the forces of his great rival. A single campaign sufficed for the subjection of that important province; and in the following year the defeat of Pompey, at the battle of Pharsalia, completed the ruin of the senate. Pompey, who fled to Egypt after the defeat of his army, was followed by Cæsar, who gave him not an instant to rally any portion of his forces; but all further trouble on this score was saved him by the murder of Pompey, which ensued almost immediately upon his landing. This circumstance gave Cæsar leisure to interfere with the affairs of the Egyptians, whose king, Ptolemy, had died, leaving his widow, the celebrated Cleopatra, in possession of the throne. The charms of this peerless woman conquered the affections of the great Roman, and an intimacy ensued, which led to the birth of a son, and was ended only with the life of Cæsar. In the following year Cæsar defeated the king of Pontus, Pharnaces, who had inflicted great cruelties upon the Roman subjects in Asia, and returned to Rome, where he was created dictator for one year, with the succession to the consulship. During the winter he passed into Africa, and defeated Scipio, who had rallied the party of Pompey. In the following year, B. C. 45, he was nominated, for the third time, sole consul and dictator, and fought his last campaign in Spain, against the son of Pompey. The slaughter of 30,000 men in a decisive battle, put a final end to the hopes of that party; and Pompey being taken prisoner, was beheaded on the spot, to avoid all possible uneasiness for the future.

"He carried Arsinoe, whom he had taken in this war, to Rome, and she walked in his triumph in chains of gold; but immediately after that solemnity he set her at liberty. He did not permit her, however, to return into Egypt, lest her presence should occasion new troubles, and frustrate the regulations he had made in that kingdom. She chose the province of Asia for her residence; at least it was there Anthony found her after the battle of Philippi, and caused her to be put to death, at the instigation of her sister Cleopatra."

On his return to Rome, Cæsar was created consul for two years, and dictator for life. He had now demolished the government of the nobles: but it was not destined that he should live to create a system on its ruins. His enemies, warned by too frequent experience of the danger of opposing him in the field, resolved to employ the surer art of the assassin; and a conspiracy being entered into by nearly all the leading men in the state, he was murdered by them in the senate-house, on the 15th of March, B. C. 44, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

The military fame of Cæsar, great as it undoubtedly is, would not have procured for his memory the honours which have been awarded to it by posterity, had not the skill of the warrior been united in his person with the genius of the writer and the sagacity of the statesman. His writings are, to this hour, models for the instruction of the student, and the wisdom of his civil administration has been the theme of unqualified admiration. Cæsar was one of those rare spirits whose whole faculties were of incalculable value to mankind, but whose mission is never willingly acknowledged.

HALLER.

Engraved by George Cook

ALBERT VON HALLER.

As the deep sea receives the rain of heaven, and woos back again the clouds which crewhile rested on its own bosom, so does the world absorb into its own being the human wisdom which is made up of emanations from Deity and experiences from earth. That which a man owes to his time, should always be paid back again with full interest. Our life is made up of the thoughts and acts of all the generations which have preceded us. The harvest of the soul is like the fruits of the husbandman, gathered from a soil made up of the wrecks of ancient vegetation.

It is only in the *front* that our horizon is bounded; behind us the view is illimitable. With the characters of progress inscribed upon all things, we will not believe that the influence of change is resistless. Ignorance will soon become no longer possible. To him who has an eye, sun, moon and stars, are of necessity visible, though the beholder should have no veneration for the Creator, and in like manner the questions of knowledge will force themselves upon our notice, whether we wish it or not. The honest preceptor told his kingly pupil that there was no royal road to geometry: yet we travel on the broad highway, whilst our ancestors journeyed on the bridle paths. Not a boy of decent ability, now conning his daily tasks, but who, if he has a taste for the study of astronomy, is wiser than Newton; not a diligent chemist's apprentice, who is not qualified to give lessons to such as Friar Bacon; not an engineer's assistant, who could not remove the difficulties which perplexed the mind of Watt. These men started forth in advance of their time; they rushed into the wilderness, and there perished, their treasures marking the site of their burial places; and the world came up, possessed itself of their wealth, and is still marching onwards—preceded, as ever, by the self-devoted men who are the first to spy out the fertility of the land, though doomed, in most instances, like Moses, to die upon the summit of Pisgah.

The poet writes his own epitaph. We appropriate his wisdom; but the beauty which he incorporates with our nature, we only share in common with the giver. It is different with the man of science, who has only a life interest in all which he produces. His individuality is lost; he depends upon the world's gratitude for the bare remembrance. The silk-worm spins and dies, and the result of its labour brings to mind no thought of its existence; but who can stand upon the coral rock, without musing upon the wondrous organisation of its insect builders?

The beauty belongs to the man—the truth to the species. We do not read Harvey for an explanation of the laws affecting the distribution of the blood, although it was in his writings that the world first saw the recorded discovery. Yet we read Shakspere to ascertain the deep philosophy of Hamlet and Lear, because we cannot obtain the knowledge elsewhere. To know what the poet taught, we must still turn to the poet's pages; whilst the

student who now learns on the threshold of the temple of science, that the blood circulates through the human frame in ceaseless ebb and flow, has never, perhaps, troubled himself to ask whether it is really true that this law of nature was first observed by one Harvey, who was born a long while ago, and was treated as a quack by his contemporaries.

Of this class of worldly benefactors, belongs Von Haller, who was born at Berne, a Swiss Canton, October 16th, 1708. His father was a man of fortune, and had the rare felicity of discovering, in his lifetime, the genius of his son. The delicacy of young Haller's health, favoured his love of study, the advantages of which were improved to the utmost by habits of the most careful industry. He was accustomed to make notes of all he read, and at the age of nine, used to write down every day all the unusual words which he met with. At ten he is said to have composed verses in Latin, and given other proofs of the possession of precocious ability.

His father destined him for the church, but his own inclinations, which were not opposed, led him to the study of physic; and after some preliminary instruction, he went to the university of Leyden, at that time under the superintendance of the famous Boerhaave, and the scarcely less celebrated Albinus. He had afterwards the opportunity of profiting by the tuition of Cheselden, and other eminent men; and, returning to his own country, set down to practice as a physician; but the offer of an opportunity to the professorship of medicine, anatomy, botany, and surgery, at the university of Gottingen, by George II., drew him away from his native place, to which he returned in 1753, after an absence of eighteen years. He was now in the enjoyment of European fame. He corresponded with all the learned societies, and wrote upon all subjects with elegance and extraordinary facility. His professional pursuits never interfered with the discharge of the active duties, which, as an eminent citizen of the republic, he was often called upon to perform; but despite this varied excellence, his fame now rests upon his discoveries in medicine, which are thus detailed in that extremely useful work, the Penny Cyclopædia from which we take the liberty of making an extract:

"Excluding all the metaphysical explanations which Van Helmont and Stahl had invented, and all those deduced from mechanics and chemistry, which were not clearly sufficient for the phenomena ascribed to them, he sought for powers peculiar to the living body, which he believed must govern the actions which he found occurring only in it. These he thought might be restricted to two—sensibility and irritability; the former seated in the brain and nerves, the latter in muscular fibre. In this he had indeed been partially anticipated by Glisson, who perceived the necessity of admitting an inherent property in muscular fibre, by which its contractions take place under the influence of certain stimuli, but the laws of this property, and the distinction between it and elasticity, had never been at all clearly determined. Haller thus illustrated these properties: the intestine removed from the abdomen, or a muscle separated from the body, is irritable, for when pricked or otherwise stimulated, it contracts, yet it is not sensible: the nerves, on the other hand, are sensible, but not irritable; for, when stimulated, though the muscles to which they are distributed are thrown into action, they themselves do not exhibit the slightest motion. Hence irritability, he said, cannot be derived from the nerves, for it is impossible they should communicate what they do not possess themselves; but he attributed a *nervous power* to some of the muscles, as a necessary condition of their irritability, and supposed it

to be conveyed to them during life from the brain through the nerves, and to govern their actions under the influence of certain undetermined laws. Proceeding to investigate further the laws of irritability, he found that it differed in intensity and permanency in different parts of the body. He found that it continued longest in the left ventricle of the heart, next in the intestines and the diaphragm, and that it ceased soonest of all in the voluntary muscles, and by reference to this superior degree of irritability, he explained the constant action of the heart and diaphragm even during sleep. He denied all irritability to the iris, and believed that the action of light upon it takes place through the medium of the retina, a view since proved to be perfectly correct. He supposed the arteries to be supplied with muscular fibres, but that the cellular tissue around them prevented any motion from taking place in them, and he explained the accumulation of blood in an inflamed part, partly by the contraction of the veins, and partly by the diminished contractibility of the arteries. He endeavoured to prove by experiments that the tendons, the capsules of joints, the periostrum, and the duramater are entirely insensible, and that the pain which occurs in diseases of those parts ought to be referred to the affection of the nerves distributed to and around them; and in these and some other tissues which he held to be destitute of irritability, he admitted a force analogous to elasticity, by which they contracted slowly, and in a manner altogether different from muscular tissue when divided or exposed to cold, &c.

"Such is a sketch of the great doctrine of irritability and sensibility on which Haller based all the phenomena of life, and around which he arranged all the facts of physiology known at his time, in his 'Elementa Physiologiæ.' It gave the first impulse to the study of the laws of life as a separate and exclusive science; and, though in some parts erroneous, and in many insufficient, it still contained enough of truth to form a firm basis for the observations collected during many successive years. His doctrines were strongly opposed by Whytt, and others; and, in the controversies that followed, numerous new facts were advanced, and the most important additions to physiological knowledge rapidly made. It was soon shown that the restriction of the vital powers to two, as defined by Haller, was much too exclusive; for, that there were many parts which, though they gave no evidence of possessing either of them, were not the less alive; while others, to which Haller refused these properties, gave sufficient demonstration of possessing them, when excited by other and appropriate stimuli. Hence, first originated the discovery of the fact, that for the action of each organ a peculiar stimulus is required, and that each tissue has what Bichat, who illustrated it most completely, called a *vie propre*.

"But even if Haller had not attempted to establish any such great generalization of vital phenomena as this, his learning, and his admirable mode of studying physiology, might have been sufficient to obtain for him a reputation nearly as high as that which he always enjoyed. Possessed of a competent knowledge of all the sciences which could throw any light on the actions occurring in the living body, he pointed out, in numberless instances, what part of them was to be attributed to the laws of inorganic matter, and what to those peculiar to the state of life; while he carefully avoided admitting any of the former as sufficient by themselves to explain the whole of the latter, which had been the chief error of nearly of all his predecessors. He rarely drew any conclusion respecting the mode of action of any organ, or part in the

human body, without previously investigating the analogous function in the bodies of animals by dissection or experiment; and he tells us that he often found that questions to which no sufficient answers could be obtained by observations on the human body, were at once solved by his examinations on the various classes of animals. Deeply read in all the works of those who preceded him, and in all those of his contemporaries in every nation, he did not attempt to decide anything till he had considered all their statements, and compared them with his own investigations, and hence each of his works contains so perfect an epitome of the labours of all former writers on the same subject, and a mass of evidence so extensive, that whatever errors the conclusions he sometimes arrived at may contain, they can never fail to be records of the highest value. At the same time, the elegant and lucid style in which they are written, the result of the combination, almost unique, of the poet and the anatomist, has rendered them attractive, notwithstanding their great extent, to his successors in every country.

"It would be difficult to determine how large a portion of the facts of medical science, now most familiarly known, we owe to the extraordinary labours of Haller. Some idea of the extent of his works may be formed from the fact that the titles of nearly two hundred treatises, published by him from 1727 to 1777, are given by Senebier in his 'Eloge' of Haller, and that this list does not profess to be complete. He is unanimously received as the father of modern physiology, whose history commences with his writings. He was the first to investigate independently the laws of the animal economy, which had before been studied only in connection with the prevailing mechanical and chemical, or metaphysical theories of the day. Commencing with a sound knowledge of anatomy, and of the structure of the organs in the dead body; he sought experimentally and systematically to discover the laws which governed their actions during life, proceeding from the most simple to the most complex phenomena."

Haller lived twenty-four years after his retirement from the active studies of his profession, honoured by the friendship of the most eminent men of the time, and rewarded by substantial marks of favour from the various monarchs whose inclinations induced them to foster the efforts of admitted genius. His works are most voluminous, but consist principally of compilations written in a style of great beauty.

Haller died at Berne, in October, 1777, aged seventy-one years.

THE CURATE ARLOTTO.

(Painted by Giovanni di San Giovanni.)

The Curate Arlotto is a humorous character, only familiar to the Italians. His jests have been collected under the title of "*Facezie del piovano Arlotto.*" To this book, but little known in this country, and almost forgotten in Italy, we have had recourse for the explanation of the subject of the picture before us.

Some country squires, after a hunting party, having taken up their residence with the ingenious Arlotto, put his cellar and his table for several days under contribution, without making him the offer of a single head of game. Compelled to return to Florence, they promised the curate they would soon pay him a second visit, and left their hounds under his care, to the number of sixteen. Arlotto conceived the idea of avenging himself for their want of liberality: he presented food to the pack of hounds under his management,

J. de St. Jean pinx.t

Sands sculp.t

Arlotto & the Hunters

The Family Concert

but at the instant the dogs were seizing it, he ordered his people severely to flog them. This stratagem, frequently repeated, caused the poor animals to decrease in flesh; for, on nourishment being offered them, they immediately ran away. When the sportsmen returned to Arlotto's house, they complained of the extreme leanness of their hounds: but the cunning curate assured them the dogs would never take their food. The hunters threw a loaf to the famished pack, and were greatly surprised to see the dogs, preferring starvation to the lash, precipitately escape. The ingenuity of Arlotto being well known, the huntsmen supposed he had been playing some trick, and immediately left his house.

In this picture, the figures of which are of the natural size, Arlotto is observed seated near a table, consulting with his cook as to the means of further prosecuting his revenge.

This subject, so little known, and so difficult to explain, is somewhat injurious to the celebrity of the picture, which, in point of execution, merits great applause. The drawing of the picture is bold; the colouring, varied, natural and vigorous. This is the only production of Giovanni di San Giovanni in the museum of the Louvre. His real name is Giovanni Mannozzi.

THE FAMILY CONCERT.

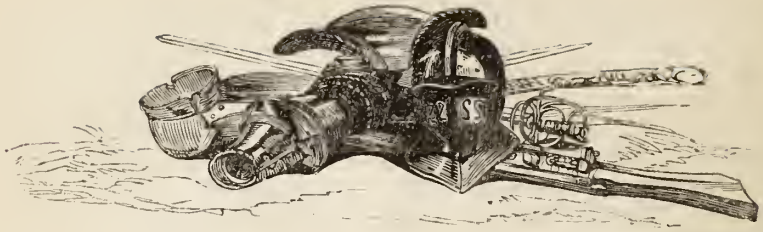
(*Painted by Jacques Jordaens.*)

A FAMILY, selected from the lower class of society, after having indulged themselves in the pleasures of the table, form a concert, which may be considered somewhat inharmonious, if we may judge from the varied ages of the party, which consists of an old man and his wife, together with their children and grandchildren. The old man clanking the lid of his tankard—the son blowing his bag-pipe—the three children heartily exerting all their powers to produce the greatest possible noise—while the old man and woman's apparent nasal twang, blending with the young woman's shrill pipe, seems to have occasioned so grave an expression in the phiz of the poor melancholy bird, perched on the back of the old dame's wicker chair, as nought but such overpowering discord could effect. The figures of this picture are of the natural size.

Incidents of this kind were infinitely better adapted to the genius of Jordaens than historical subjects, of which this painter represented nothing but compositions of a heavier design and more ignoble character. These defects, far from being misplaced in trivial scenes, render the expression more characteristic and natural. It must, however, be admitted, that Jordaens, in all his pictures, has manifested a vigour of effect, a truth of colouring, and an energy of pencil, which will ever place him in a most distinguished rank.

Rubens entertained for Jordaens, who was his disciple, a peculiar esteem. He endeavoured to bring him forward, and confided to his genius, care, and ability, several of his productions; among others the Cartoons in distemper, destined for the king of Spain, to be worked in tapestry, of which Rubens had given the outline.

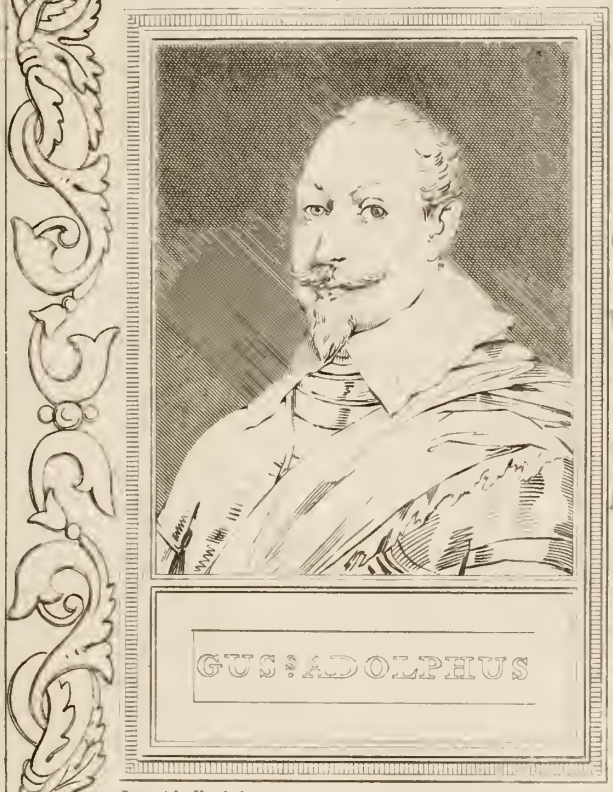
Although the works of Jordaens were not so highly appreciated as those of Rubens, his success was far from inconsiderable. Naturally industrious, and painting with wonderful facility, he produced such a multitude of pictures, and his income became so large, that his fortune nearly equalled that of his master. His advancement in this respect was not a little promoted by the pleasantry and amiability of his disposition, which doubtless prolonged his life to an advanced period. He died at the age of eighty-four, in the year 1678.



GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

So seldom do we find a ruler compelled to conquer other countries in spite of himself, that historians have agreed to consecrate the memory of this king of Sweden as being that of an honour to humanity. He was one of that brief list of monarchs who acted as though conscious of being appointed to govern by divine right. The majority of those holding that doctrine, seeming to believe that Providence had appointed them specially to do the devil's work to the greatest perfection. Gustavus was the sixth in descent from the founder of his dynasty, Gustavus Erickson, and was born on the 19th of December, 1594.

A revolution similar in its effect upon the royal succession to that which placed the Orleans branch of the House of Bourbon on the throne of France, had taken place during the lifetime of the father of Gustavus, who was declared king, to the exclusion of the rightful heir. He died in October, 1611, and his son, then in his 17th year, was proclaimed his successor. Whatever ability the youthful sovereign possessed, was at once called into action to defeat a claim made to his dominions by Sigismund, the head of the elder branch of the house of Vasa. The time seemed most opportune for such a contest. A boy antagonist and a legitimate title, it seemed to need scarcely an effort to obtain the coveted prize, and Sigismund, who had been named king of Poland, invaded Sweden, and advanced upon the capital. He was supported in his attempt by the Czar of Russia: but the genius of Gustavus was sufficient for the emergency. Hastily summoning the forces of his small kingdom, he led them in person against the enemy, and a series of brilliant successes soon taught the invaders the policy of concession. Worn out and dispirited with constant defeat, they sued for peace, which was granted them on the mediation of England, upon terms the most honourable and advantageous to Sweden, the city of Riga, and the greater part of Livonia being ceded by the vanquished. It is hard to say what share the recollection of past glories may have had in prompting the future conduct of Gustavus, who, it is probable, felt that the power which nature and circumstances had combined to invest him with, ought to be constantly employed for the extirpation of evil. A Protestant whose creed influenced his conduct, it was hardly possible that he could look with calmness on the sufferings of his fellow-believers in Germany. The difference of nationality would seem more than compensated by the identity of religious faith; and in defending the cause of the oppressed, it might seem to him that he was earning a special right to the favours of Providence.



GUS.S ADOLPHUS

Painted by Vandyck *Engravd by G Cooke*

More than a hundred years had now elapsed since Luther fixed his first challenge on the gates of Wittenburg, and the bitterness of polemical hatred worked up to intensity by the infliction of worldly injuries, had at length got *beyond* the boiling point in the reign of the Emperor Matthias, whose zeal for the advancement of religion induced the persecution of the Protestants, which ended in the thirty years' war, thirty years' absolute reign of Satan upon earth, a period during which the fiends below were subjected to all the tortures of envy, and the locality of Pandemonium became a matter of dispute. Infants were born whose cries were drowned in the shouts of murder, and when they too had become parents in their turn, the soldier still reaped where the peasant had sowed, and human victims were still offered up on the altar of Jesus. Slaughter, even in these present times an honourable branch of human industry, had grown to be thought the only rightful occupation, until at length the labour market became overstocked, and the land was declared unable to pay the required wages. Had the contest been left to the ultimate decision of the native combatants, the swords of the German mercenaries would have convinced the world of the damnable nature of the doctrines of the reformation.

Feeling themselves in danger of total annihilation, the Protestants invited the aid of the king of Sweden, and Gustavus at once took measures to comply with their requests ; but, anxious to justify himself to the world, he published a declaration to all the courts of Europe, in which the hostility evinced towards him by Austria on all occasions, was put forth as the grounds of his proceedings. Partaking somewhat of the barbarism of the north, this absurd sense of propriety may be excused on the score of his partial knowledge of civilization. He had not yet obtained the degree of enlightened knowledge, which would have taught him to vindicate the destruction of countless thousands, and the subversion of all God's gifts in the necessity of satisfying a worthless ambition, or avenging the wounded feelings of a harlot.

Napoleon asked, as the necessary means for ensuring the gaining of battles, to be provided with men and rations ; but the Swedish commander commenced his campaign with a mere handful of soldiers. He landed in Pomerania on the 24th of June, 1630, with only 8,000 troops: but made such use of this small force, that the Duke of Pomerania was compelled to surrender his capital, and place the whole country at the disposal of Gustavus. Here he was reinforced by the aid of six regiments of Scottish soldiers, under the command of the Duke of Hamilton ; and, with the sum of 50,000 rix-dollars in his military chest, he advanced upon the Duchy of Mecklenburg. His want of arms and ammunition was supplied by the capture of the fortress of Wolgost, and if up to this moment his troops lacked any other incentive to fight than the prospect of pay and plunder, an argument was furnished them in the dreadful cruelties practised by the Imperialists upon the wretched inhabitants who fell into their hands. The advantages gained by the Swedes multiplied daily ; and the emperor became so much alarmed as to make advantageous offers of peace—offering as an inducement the absolute cession of Pomerania. Gustavus replied that his cause was that of the oppressed Protestants, whose emancipation he came to effect, and that no prospects of personal advantage should tempt him to abandon them. This answer put an end to all ideas of negociation, and the king pushed his conquest until his flag waved triumphant in eighty fortified places, the whole of which he had taken in the space of eight months. The danger now menaced the very existence of the Empire,

and Ferdinand placed the future conduct of the war in the hands of the celebrated Count Tilly. For some months the war was prosecuted with various fortunes, the tide of victory ebbing and flowing alternately; but the storming of Magdeburg, which the Austrian general abandoned to all the license of his soldiers, united the whole population against him. Pappenhein, his second in command, was defeated by Gustavus. Königsburg, and other important towns, fell into the hands of the Swedes, whose army, reinforced by the Protestants from all quarters, marched into Saxony, the elector of which received them with open arms, and hastened to conclude a treaty by which the whole force of the electorate were placed under the command of the king, the *materiel* of war provided in abundance, with a clause binding Saxony to make no peace without the consent of her ally. On the junction being effected, Gustavus marched to encounter Tilly, who had hastened to meet him, in the hope of finishing the campaign at a single blow. The battle was fought at Leipzig, September 7th, 1631, the combined Swedes and Saxons amounting to 100,000 men. The Imperialists, animated by the skill of their former general, fought with desperate courage, but their army was composed of foreign hirelings, who, bound by no common tie of blood, and prompted by no great impulse, contended merely for the reward of their pay. The Swedes, on the contrary, were under the leadership of their native prince, and fought on the side of freedom. The result was a total defeat of the Imperialists, of whom 15,000 concluded their campaigns upon that field, the remainder being saved from destruction by the consummate ability displayed by Tilly in his retreat.

This battle placed Germany at the mercy of the king. His army pressed forward to new conquests, and was reinforced at every step by the now exulting Protestants. He began to parcel out his conquests amongst his allies. The landgrave of Hesse was rewarded with the possession of the country on the Weser. The Elector of Saxony was consoled with the prospect of receiving a great portion of Bohemia, whilst Gustavus himself occupied the district between the Rhine and the Maine. So far all had been well; but dangers of a new kind now appeared to menace his further progress. The Germans began to fancy that he aspired to the Imperial dignity, and regretted the necessity which induced them to call in a foreigner to save them from absolute destruction. It was not enough that the Swedes conducted themselves as allies and not as conquerors, and displayed a moderation and humanity which till now had seemed utterly inconsistent with the usages of war. If their houses had been ravaged, their friends slaughtered, and their religion prescribed, their

> "Masters then,
> Were still, at least, their countrymen,"

and hence it seemed that the ruin lay concealed in the victory. The confederated states began to waver; and when the emperor, alarmed even for the safety of Vienna, recalled the famous Wallenstein to the command of the army, the position of Gustavus seemed to become almost critical. But the Swedish king had still his own soldiers, and his own genius to rely upon; and with these he was more than a match for all the forces of the empire. Burning to avenge his disgrace, Tilly, with a numerous army, offered battle a second time on the banks of the Lech, but was again defeated, and fell himself in the engagement. In the meantime, Wallenstein had driven the Saxons out of Bohemia, and threatened the king himself. Gustavus hastened to come

The Original of Sculpture

to an engagement, which, if terminating in his favour, would have enabled him to penetrate into Bavaria and Austria; but Wallenstein took up a strong position at Nüremburg, by which he was enabled to cut off all succour from the Swedish camp. In the course of seventy-two days, the king lost 30,000 men by battle, hunger, and sickness, until Wallenstein moved towards Saxony, and both armies prepared for an engagement on the field of Lutzen, on the 1st November, 1632.

Gustavus commenced the attack, singing the magnificent hymn of Luther, "*Eine feste Burg ist imser Gott,*" his whole army joining in chorus; it was the combat of deep earnest feeling with lawless talent and military licentiousness. At the head of his soldiers, the king dashed upon the ranks of the enemy, killing the foremost with his own hand, and completely disorganising them by the vigour of the charge. A second time he cheered on his troops to the assault, and when just in the whirlwind of strife, was murdered by a shot from behind, supposed to have been fired by his cousin, the Duke of Saxe Lunenburg—a suspicion strengthened by the circumstance that the duke soon after entered the service of the Imperialists. The horse of the dying monarch, who had dropped on the field, galloped back amongst the advancing squadrons of the Swedes, and the Duke Bernhard of Weimar exclaiming that the king was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, inflamed the courage of his soldiers to the pitch of desperation. Never had the genius of Wallenstein been more conspicuously displayed: but the fall of Gustavus was avenged by the defeat of the Imperialists, with tremendous slaughter. The body of the king was found on the field of battle; and with aching hearts the Swedes abandoned all their conquests, to lay their loved sovereign in the tomb of his ancestors.

So perished, at the age of thirty-eight, one of the best princes who ever wore a crown; a statesman whose acts were blameless; a warrior whose death was lamented by humanity: he stands out in bright distinction from the mass of rulers whose power has served to shroud their vices, but not to exalt their virtues. He left behind him an only daughter, who succeeded to the throne of Sweden.

THE ORIGIN OF SCULPTURE.

(*Painted by M. Berthelemy.*)

After having formed a statue of man, Prometheus, with the assistance of Minerva, ascended to Olympus, and stole the sacred fire. He returned upon earth, animated his work, and thus incurred the anger of Jupiter, who was irritated at seeing his rights usurped.

According to this fable, of which there are several traditions in existence, it appears, that Prometheus was the first sculptor of celebrity; and that a single statue of his workmanship has given birth to various fictions, more or less extraordinary. The probability that is attached to this interpretation adds considerably to the merit of the subject, which is looked upon as a great ornament to the vestibule of the Museum of Antiques, at Paris. It was considered necessary, and certainly it displays a refined taste, to draw the attention of the visitors to the origin of sculpture at the entrance of a building which encloses monuments of the most perfect productions of the art.

Protected by Minerva, who covers him with her Ægis, and holds the laurel wreath, the recompense of genius, Prometheus touches, with the divine flame,

the man, who becomes animated, and appears astonished at his existence. At the sight of the first mortal being, Time begins his course, the Fates draw the web of human life—and one of them, Atropos, prepares the fatal scissors, destined to terminate it. Above Time, Poetry is preparing to celebrate the glory of this event; and, to consecrate him by their works, Painting and Sculpture appear closely united.

The artist is entitled to much praise, for the happy disposition of the figures, who uphold themselves admirably in the air, without the slightest appearance of falling, as is frequently but too obvious in the figures of cupolas. The tones are light, the general colouring of a pleasing harmony, and the drawing and style extremely elegant.

The painting of ceilings presents to the artist many difficulties, which, in the present production, M. Berthelemy has very ably surmounted.

THE MADONNA OF FOLIGNO.

(Painted by Raphael.)

This picture was painted at the instance of Sigismund de Comitibus, a secretary of Pope Julian II., in order that he might fulfil a vow made by him after having escaped some imminent peril: he attributed his safety to the Virgin, and presented this picture to a church at Rome, known by the name of Ara Cœli.

Raphael had frequent recourse to this species of mystical composition, so often produced by the Italian painters; and without subjecting himself to the laws of chronology, has introduced in the same picture, several saints, honoured, no doubt, by the giver, with peculiar veneration.

In the centre of a Glory, the Virgin, seated on some clouds, holds the infant Jesus in her arms, around which some little angels are perceptibly grouped.

In the lower part of the picture, the contributor, upon his knees, joins his hands, and directs his eyes towards the Virgin and the infant Jesus. Beside him, St. Jerome and St. Francis are united in prayer. St. John, partly clothed in the skin of a camel, appears to disclose to the spectator the Virgin and her Son. In the midst of them, a little angel on foot, holds a tablet. The back ground represents a village, upon which falls a globe of fire. This is, most probably, a representation of the event that occasioned the vow of the giver of the picture.

This *chef d'œuvre* is not inferior to any of the finest works of Raphael, who has carried grace and correctness to their full extent. In painting the figure of Sigismund, he has supplied, by an admirable expression, the want of dignity and grandeur in his model. The aspect of St. John is severe—his hair dishevelled, and his body seems wrinkled with his austerities. The head of St. Jerome presents the most majestic features; and the extacy of piety is accurately delineated in the countenance of St. Francis.

Throughout this picture, Raphael has proved himself a great colourist. Nevertheless, the carnations of the Virgin and the infant Jesus, are somewhat red; but those of the saints are worthy of the first masters of the Flemish or Venetian schools The accessaries, the landscapes, and the buildings, are rendered with fidelity and care.

It is not known why Raphael painted the choir of angels of a blue tint, which partakes of that of the clouds; the effect of which is by no means happy.

This picture is one of the objects of art recently transplanted from Italy. From the year 1565, it was in the convent *delle Contesse*, at Foligno, a small town in the duchy of Spoletto, about eight miles from Rome. It is about eleven feet high, and six wide.

Madonna of Foligno

GIBBON.
Engraved by
R. Sands

EDWARD GIBBON.

We should find great difficulty to name a writer who has exercised more influence over the readers of his works, than the subject of this memoir. In his famous work, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," he has blended the skill of the advocate with the professed impartiality of the historian: and appears to be doing a violence to his feelings, whilst in reality he is presenting a cold and settled purpose. He examines the evidences of Christianity, only to deplore their weakness. and seems to give judgment against his secret impulses, from motives akin to those which we may suppose prompted the parental sacrifice of the first Brutus. Byron speaks of him as one

"Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer."

He was born at Putney, a small village near London, on the 27th of April, 1737. His constitution in childhood was extremely delicate; but, having the good fortune of being the heir of a decent competence, he was enabled, by the kind attention of those around, and the skill of physicians, to overcome the bodily ailments which for years left his existence in a precarious state. At a proper age he was sent to a boarding school at Kingston-upon-Thames, and from thence placed under the care of the Rev. Philip Francis, the well known translator of Horace. His early habits had prevented him from attaining much proficiency in the usual branches of education, but a love of reading had enabled him to store his mind with an immense stock of miscellaneous information, so that to use his own expressions, "he arrived at college with a stock of ignorance that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy might have been ashamed." His habits of easy indolence were not improved at the university. The tutors were contented with their fees, and their pupil was satisfied to be left alone, so that at the end of his term of residence, he left with his share of scholastic learning but little increased, and his stock of morals considerably diminished. The cause of his abrupt departure was the renunciation of the Protestant faith, which he was led to abjure in consequence of reading Dr. Middleton's "Free inquiry into the miraculous powers possessed by the church in the early ages." In this work Middleton attempted to prove that the doctrines of the church were supported by the miracles of the fathers; and that if the latter were not true, the doctrines themselves must be necessarily false. Shocked at his conduct, his father sent him to reside at the house of a Protestant minister at Lausanne, who succeeded in inducing him to recant, in appearance, the tenets of his new faith: but it would have been well for both establishments if he had never professed either creed, or pretended to advocate the interests of religion.

After some years' residence in Switzerland, he returned to his native country, and was appointed to a post which he speaks of with much complacency

that of captain in the Hampshire Militia, the knowledge of military tactics, which he gained in the several expeditions undertaken by this warlike corps against imaginary foes, serving, according to his own account, to give him a lively knowledge of the nature of battles, and helping him wonderfully in the descriptions of the predatory wars of the ancient barbarians. The idea of his great work was suggested, he tells us, one evening as he sat musing amongst the ruins of the capital of Rome, and heard the barefooted friars chant their vesper hymns in the temple of Jupiter. Many years, however, intervened between the dates of the purpose and the execution of it. In his 37th year he was returned, by the interest of Lord Elliott, as member of parliament for Liskeard, a Cornish borough, and as such sat in the house for eight sessions. He never spoke upon any question whatever, but gave the ministry his support on all occasions; and the government evinced their sense of his patriotic conduct, by naming him a commissioner of trade and plantations, with a salary of £800 a year. At the request of his patron, he published a manifesto in vindication of the war with France, and earned a permanent title to their gratitude; but unfortunately for him, the success of Pitt's brilliant attack, drove the ministry out of office, and with their fall expired the hopes of the incipient placeman, whose situation was speedily filled by a nominee of the new government. In 1774 appeared the first volume of the "Decline and Fall," and the stamp of public approbation was at once impressed upon the performance. The first edition was speedily exhausted, and the book continued to be read with avidity by all classes. The second and third volumes were not published until 1781.

In 1783, Gibbon left England to reside permanently at Lausanne, and occupied himself for the next five years in the composition of the remaining volumes of his history, which were published in 1788. He visited England twice afterwards, once to superintend the issue of his great work, and the last time to pay a visit to Lord Sheffield, in 1793. In the following year he died at his house in London, in the 57th year of his age.

The task which he undertook, of writing the histories of so many nations, was of course impossible, so far as regarded the collection of minute facts, and even the adherence to strict accuracy of detail; but there is no writer in our language, who could have reduced the chaotic mass of information to such beautiful order. His thoughts roll over the soul with the solemn and whelming influence of the ocean; and it is only when the tide has receded, that we can discern the existence of the ancient landmarks. In a line and a half he has described the polytheism of the Roman, and his toleration of all creeds. "And the freedom of the city was granted to all the gods of mankind."

At first the treacherous infidelity of Gibbon was combated by a host of assailants; but it is felt now that the truths of religion may even be expected to survive "the Decline and Fall," and that Christianity stands upon a firmer basis than the belief in miracles, or the authenticity of the declared writings of the holy fathers.

In person, Gibbon was not prepossessing. He was deficient in height, and very corpulent, and his mouth, nose, and chin, were huddled together in the centre of his face. He died unmarried.

MOLIERE.

MOLIÈRE.

THE praise due to a writer generally may be drawn from his works. Of Molière it may be said, his best eulogy is to be found by a comparison with the authors who preceded, and of those who followed him : so very superior, indeed, is he to all. How many men of undoubted wit and talents have laboured in the same track without resembling him, or even approaching his eminence! Some have possessed sufficient gaiety, others have been good poets, many have delineated manners with considerable facility and skill ; but none have approached the art of Molière, who in all his works evinced an accurate knowledge of the human mind: this was the path which he opened, and which he closed behind him. No one has since attained an equal portion of celebrity. He was undoubtedly the first of moral philosophers. It was he who best understood the heart of man, without appearing to observe it; this was a knowledge which he obtained rather from intuition than study. When we peruse his plays with attention and reflection, we are less astonished at his admirable penetration, than with the corresponding qualities or defects we feel in ourselves, and which ignorance or vanity had before concealed from our observation. His satire was profound and severe, not light and trivial ; it embraces every bearing of the vice or folly which he condemns, leaving nothing to be added or supplied. The perusal of his comedies may answer the place of experience, not from his exhibition of the fleeting manners of the day, but from his exquisite knowledge of man, in those essential characteristics in which he is steady and unalterable.

John-Baptist Pocquelin de Molière was the son and grandson of tapestry-weavers attached to the king's household. His father intending him for the same line of business, gave him a suitable education ; but he soon discovered an excessive prediliction for the theatre. At fourteen he was placed in the Jesuits College, and his progress was unusually rapid and honourable to himself. The Belles-lettres enlarged his mind, while the precepts of Gassendi enlightened his understanding. His father becoming infirm, he was compelled to pursue the family trade in the household of Louis XIII. whom he followed in his journey to Narbonne in 1641. The French theatre was then beginning to emerge from barbarism and neglect, and to flourish under the great and fostering talents of Corneille. Pocquelin, destined to become among the French the founder of true legitimate comedy, no longer dissembled his decided preference for the stage. He quitted his employment, and joined a society of young men like himself, devoted to theatrical pursuits.

it was then that he assumed the surname of Molière, either from regard to his family, or in compliance with a custom which generally prevailed among the actors. A similiarity of taste and sentiments occasioned his union with La Béjart, a provincial actress. They formed a company, which first began to perform at Lyons, 1653, with the "Etourdi," written by Moliere himself, and his original essay. The genuine wit of the dialogue, the inexhaustible address of the valet in repairing the blunders of his master, and the interest occasioned by this perpetual contrast, procured the piece considerable success, uotwithstanding its numerous defects. Molière exhibited talents equally great as author and actor, and united nearly every qualification. At that period, people were accustomed only to pieces of the most immoral or insignificant tendency, and debased by the portraiture of low and improbable intrigues. The art of exhibiting on the national stage characters and manners taken from real life, was reserved for Molière. The applause which he received on the representation of the "Etourdi," followed him to Béziers, where the Prince de Conti then presided at the assembly held for the province of Languedoc. He welcomed Molière, and received him as his friend and companion, and even offered to make him his secretary; but the poet declined the honour, declaring "that though a tolerable author, he should probably make but an indifferent secretary." The "Depit Amoureux," and the "Précieuses Ridicules," next appeared on the theatre of Béziers. The succession of incidents is equally well preserved in the "Depit Amoureux" as in the "Etourdi." In the dialogue is preserved the same rich fund of humour, and the repartees are alike ingenious and laughable; but the *nodus* or intrigue is too complicated, and the *denouement* destitute of probability. In the "Précieuses Ridicules," there is great simplicity and truth in the design: a keen and delicate satire on the rage for the *bel esprit*, which then prevailed; on the stiff and bombastic diction of the romances in vogue; the ridiculous pedantry among the women, and the affectation universally observable in their language, their sentiments, and their dress, distinguishes this piece from the preceding ones, and indicates at once the talent of Molière. When represented at Paris, it induced a gradual and general alteration of manners. The spectators laughed at their former follies, and while they applauded the author, reformed themselves. Ménage, who assisted at its first representation, said to Chapelain, "You and I were accustomed to applaud the follies which have just been exposed to ridicule with so much good sense and ingenuity." An old man exclaimed from the pit, "Courage, Molière, this is legitimate comedy!" Louis XIV. was so pleased with the pieces exhibited by the company of Molière, that he permitted them to call themselves "the King's Comedians," and bestowed on their leader a pension of 1,000 livres.

The "Cocu Imaginaire," adapted rather for the gratification of the people, than to the taste of more refined auditors, next appeared in 1660. The genius of Molière may be discovered occasionally in this piece, but it exposed him to all the severity of the critics, whose remarks, however, were little attended to by the public at large. "L'Ecole des Maris," taken from the Adelphi of Terence, but very superior to the original; it presents a *denouement* natural in itself, incidents developed with art, and great simplicity in the intrigue. While the theatre yet resounded with the applause which it so justly merited, the "Facheux," a piece conceived, written, studied, and represented in the space of a fortnight, was played at Vaux, a house belonging to Fouquet, the

celebrated superintendant of the finances, in the presence of the king and court. The scenes of this little comedy are by no means sufficiently connected; but the attention of the spectator is kept alive by the variety in the characters, the spirit of its dialogue, and the elegance of its language. The improved talent of Molière next displayed itself in "l'Ecole des Femmes," represented the following year. Some negligences in the style excited the censure of the critics, and they overlooked the exquisite art which prevails throughout the inimitable character of Agnes, and the rapid and natural succession of incidents. Molière replied to this decision by an ingenious critique on his own performance, and completely refuted the unjust cavils it had occasioned. His talents were now seen to deserve, and obtained, great rewards. The king, who uniformly considered him as the founder of a new species of literature in France, and an useful reformer of vice and folly, placed him on the same footing with the numerous other authors who flourished by his bounty. Molière, influenced by a lively sense of this monarch's munificence, soon produced the "Impromptu de Versailles," and the "Princess d'Elide," a spectacle composed on purpose to add splendour to the fête given by the king to the reigning queen, the queen dowager, and Queen Henrietta of England, the widow of the unfortunate Charles. But the "Princess d'Elide," when divested of the superb decorations and the brilliant audience of Versailles, was less favourably received at Paris. The "Marriage Forcé," another piece of the same description, met with a similar fate. The "Festin de Pierre" did not meet with better success; some expressions of a nature bordering on impiety, in some degree injured the reputation of Moliere, and he withdrew the piece after it had been twice represented. "L'Amour Medecin" was another hasty production, upon which it would be unjust to cast any great degree of censure. But it is observable that it was the first in which he began to ridicule the faculty.

But the greater part of the high reputation he has acquired, is derived from the "Misanthrope," an admirable play, little applauded at first, through ignorance or envy, but now considered as one of the first either in the ancient or modern drama. It must be admitted, however, that it is more generally admired in the closet than on the stage. "The little interest excited in the public," says Voltaire, "by the representation of the 'Misanthrope,' may probably be thus accounted for; that the plot, though accompanied by innumerable beauties of detail, is not in itself sufficiently diversified; the conversations, however ingenious and instructive, not being properly connected, rather weaken than support the action; and the *denouement*, though wisely planned and naturally deduced, is in consequence coldly received. The satire of the 'Misanthrope' is perhaps more keen and delicate than that of Horace or Boileau; but as a comedy, it is undoubtedly less interesting than the 'Tartuffe,' which, combining the satire and the elegance of style peculiar to the former, excites a more lively sensation." The suffrage, however, of every man of taste, consoled Molière for the indifference of the multitude. To regain their applause, he wrote the "Medecin Malgrelui," in 1666, sufficiently gay and farcical to retrieve his reputation for humour and spirit. The "Sicilien, or l'Amour Peintre," is still seen with pleasure, as it contains a sort of graceful gallantry, less effeminate than in many other similar productions, But the reputation of Molière now attained its climax, by the appearance of "Tartuffe, or l'Imposteur. Its representation was at first prohibited; the many priests and devotees, who knew that it was written expressly to expose them and

their hypocrisy, had obtained the order from the king. At the representation of a farce called "Scaramouche Hermite," infinitely more satirical, and even licentious in its tendency, the king said to the great Condé, "I should be glad to know why those people who pretend to be scandalized at the performance of Molière's play, say nothing against 'Scaramouche.'" "Sir," answered the prince, "'Scaramouche' only offends God, but Molière attacks the priests." At length, in spite of the innumerable intrigues to prevent its representation, it was performed with inconceivable applause. No where was hypocrisy more completely unveiled, characters more ingeniously drawn, or dialogue written with more nature and truth. In 1668 he produced "Amphitryon," imitated from Plautus, and superior to its model, but in which he has evinced less attention to propriety of language than in his former plays. "Avare," another copy from the same poet, is rather *outré* in its principal character; but it must be confessed to be admirably calculated for the amusement of the lower orders, who require satire to be bold and strongly marked. "George Dandin," "Pourceaugnac," "le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and the "Fourberies de Scapin," are of the same class—extremely diverting, but coarsely drawn. Molière gave himself more time in the composition of the "Femmes Savantes," in which he ingeniously satirized the ridiculous affectation and pedantic erudition of the Hotel de Rambouillet. The incidents in this play, as in most of his others, are not sufficiently connected; but the plot, though barren in itself, presents some amusing situations. The scene of Trissotin and Vadius, was taken from a real dispute which occurred between Cotin and Ménage. The "Malade Imaginaire" is a play of a different description: but it exposes, with the usual sagacity and ingenuity of Molière, the pedantry and quackery of the medical tribe. It will be chiefly remembered, however, as the last production of this illustrious man, during the representation of which, he was seized with the illness of which he died. He had been indisposed for some time; and his friends in vain exhorted him to repose himself—"But what," said he, "will become of so many poor workmen? I should for ever reproach myself for having missed one day in procuring them bread!" The exertions he made while performing himself the "Malade Imaginaire," overpowered him, and a convulsion seized him on the stage. It was remarked, that as he pronounced the word "*juro*," his countenance changed, and the blood immediately began flowing from his mouth, and suffocated him a few hours after, on the 17th February, 1673, in his 54th year. The archbishop of Paris at first refused to permit his body to be interred in consecrated ground —an illiberal and unjust prejudice against comedians, which continued to prevail even in the last century. The wife of Molière exclaimed, "they refuse a tomb to a man to whom Greece would have erected altars!" The king, at length, interfered, and desired the prelate to retract his prohibition, and the body was interred in the church of St. Joseph. The populace was so disgusted, that it was with great difficulty prevented from interrupting the ceremony of the funeral.

As an actor, though respectable, his talents were not so conspicuous as in his writings. In his person he was tall, of a dark complexion; and his countenance was capable of every expression he chose to give it. He was not calculated for tragedy, and in vain endeavoured to surmount his many deficiencies. His voice was low and thick, and possessing little flexibility, forced him to confine himself to comedy, in which he contrived to make his defects serviceable to him. He not only pleased in the parts of Mascarille

and Sganarelle, but excelled in those of Arnolphe, Orgon, Harpagon, &c. It was in those characters that his intelligence, and accurate conception and strength of colouring was displayed, and by which he often so deceived the spectators as to render it difficult for them to distinguish between the comedian and the personage he represented. He therefore, in general, selected for himself the longest and most difficult parts.

In private life he was highly and deservedly esteemed. His country-house, at Auteuil, was the resort of all the wits of his age. By them he was respected as a man of genius, and beloved for the mildness and liberality of his disposition. The Maréchal de Vivonne lived with him in all that intimacy which places genius and talents on a level with affluence and rank. The great Condé often required his visits; and would acknowledge, that from his conversation he always derived something new. His merit, as a writer, was universally allowed by the men of genius, of all classes, who adorned that fertile age. When Louis XIV. once asked Racine whom he conceived to be the first of the authors who had illustrated his reign, he instantly replied, Molière.—"I should not have thought so," said the king, "but you are a better judge than I am." So many marks of distinction corrupted neither his heart nor his mind—he was mild, compassionate, and generous. The instances of his liberality are innumerable, and have been too often related to require insertion here. But we may be allowed to repeat one anecdote of his benevolence not so generally known. He was one day at his country-house, with Baron, afterwards so celebrated as an actor, who told him that he wished to introduce an indigent performer of the name of Mondorge. "Oh!" said Molière, "I know him well. He was my companion in Languedoc, and is a very honest fellow. What shall we give him?" "Suppose four louis," said Baron, after some hesitation. "Well," replied Molière, "I will give him the four louis, as from myself. There are twenty more lying on the table—you shall bestow them, as coming from you." Mondorge was introduced—Molière affectionately embraced him—said all he could to console him in his distress—and, to the very liberal present which he had already made him, added that of a magnificent theatrical dress to appear in on the stage.

Molière, who, although he contributed so largely to the amusement of others, was himself the sport and prey of domestic misfortune and misery. When he originally formed his company of actors, he connected himself, (as we have already said,) with La Béjart, a provincial actress of some celebrity. She had a daughter, the issue of a private marriage with M. de Modene, a gentleman of Avignon. In vain did the mother, as the reputation of Molière increased, press him to give a legal sanction to their union. The younger charms of the daughter had captivated his heart; and in spite of the resistance of La Béjart, the marriage took place. Those who knew the long and intimate connection that had subsisted between La Béjart and him, accused him of incestuously marrying his own daughter. But the calumny was easily refuted, by irrefragable proofs that she was born before Molière became acquainted with her mother. The marriage, however, was highly imprudent, and was to him a source of perpetual disquietude. La Béjart, a haughty intriguing woman, who preferred being even the mistress, than the mother-in-law, of Molière, by her extravagant jealousy of her daughter, and the continual disputes which it occasioned, disturbed his peace of mind, and embittered his days. The daughter, who was so much indebted to his love for

her, and had deceived him by a false shew of gratitude and fondness, no sooner became his wife, than she displayed all the extravagance and caprice of a coquette. She exhibited herself to the court and city in all the splendour of dress and equipage—while the unfortunate husband, whose philosophy had not taught him to live without a wife, was a prey to jealousy and disappointed love. She neglected or disdained to soothe either one or the other, prayers, entreaties, and remonstrances, were in vain, till, despairing of success, he gave himself up to the enjoyment of his closet, and the society of his friends. He thus added to the list of unhappy husbands; and, if his pen, in describing the errors and frailties of the sex, has such a glow of nature and truth, it was because a living model of vexation was in his own house. After his death she again married, and to an obscure comedian named Le Grand. She retained no respect for the memory of her illustrious husband; and was so careless of his manuscripts, that none of them have been preserved. This culpable indifference extended even to a daughter who was the fruit of this inauspicious union; and who, neglected by her parent, eloped from her at a very early age, and lived and died in obscurity.

Molière had studied, and even translated, Lucretius, and would have published his translation; but an unfortunate accident deprived the world of a work, which probably would have still increased his fame. A valet, whom he had ordered to curl his wig, made use of the papers which contained his translation. Molière, whose anger was easily raised, threw the whole into the fire. It is said, that Montesquieu and Fenelon lost hus, two considerable works, by the carelessness of their servants. As he advanced in the version, Molière was accustomed to consult Rohault, a celebrated metaphysician. As a proof of his good sense, he had translated into prose all the philosophical matter of the poem, and reserved only for poetry those beautiful descriptions with which Lucretius abounds.

He always shewed himself to be the early protector, and a liberal encourager of merit. A young man had written a tragedy, entitled, "Théagene et Chariclée," and presented it to Molière, who soon discovered that it was good for nothing, but rewarded him, however, as he would have done had the play been good. Some time after, he himself conceived the plan of the "Freres Ennemis;" and, sending for the young man, gave him the most ample instructions, and desired him, if possible, to bring an act every week. The youth obeyed; but when he produced his manuscript, Molière immediately perceived that he had borrowed nearly the whole from the "Thebaide of Rotrou." Molière mildly convinced him of the impropriety of engrossing the labours of another, and the impolicy of taking from a tragedy sufficiently recent to be in the perfect recollection of the audience: he even assisted him in planning the necessary alterations. The piece was then successful. But Racine (for the youthful poet was no other than that celebrated man) gradually neglected his benefactor; and Molière did not attempt to reclaim him. He does not appear to have had much esteem for Racine. He had been promised the representation of "Berenice," and had even announced it at his theatre, when it was abruptly withdrawn, and given to the other house. The character of Molière was as open and candid as that of Racine was gloomy and insincere. Their disputes, however, were merely personal, and did not affect the high opinion they had of each other as writers. When Racine was told that the "Misanthrope" had been coldly received, he maintained that Molière could not possibly write a bad play, and that the

Rubens pinx.

Sands sculr

The four Philosophers

Painted by J. Jordaens

Twelfth Day!

fault lay with the audience; and when Moèlire beheld the failure of "les Plaideurs," he publicly said that the piece was excellent, and that those who had ridiculed it, deserved themselves to be the objects of ridicule.

Such was Molière. As a dramatic poet, his works may be considered as the history of the manners, the morals, and the tastes, of the age in which he lived. Possessing a mind early inured to meditation, and prompt to seize the outward expression of passions, and their effects in the various walks of life—he exhibited mankind as it really was, and exposed the most secret recesses in the hearts of men, their sentiments and desires. His plays are as admirable in the closet as on the stage—the more they are studied, the more they will be relished. He is peculiarly the author best adapted for the perusal of men in the meridian, or in the decline of life. His observations will always be justified by their own experience, and their recollections of the passions or the follies of which they have been the sport or the victim, will confirm the inspirations of his genius. It has long been a complaint among our neighbours, that few have since ventured to pursue the steps of Molière. The truth is, he has so engrossed every passion or folly of which satire can be the subject, that he has left little undone for his successors in the drama. It is fortunate for them if, in other departments, they can partake any portion of his glory.

TWELFTH DAY; OR, LE ROI BOIT.

(*Painted by Jaques Jordaens.*)

This picture represents a family enjoying the pleasures of the table, and forming amongst themselves a rustic concert. It has long maintained considerable celebrity, snd surpasses the peculiar style of this artist. From the originality of the subject, the variety of its colouring, and delicacy of touch, and the natural and quiet humour depicted in the faces of the happy group, inspire most pleasurable feelings in the mind of the spectator.

This composition is still, we believe, in the Napoleon Museum.

THE FOUR PHILOSOPHERS.

(*Painted by Reubens.*)

This beautiful picture, well known as the "Four Philosophers," representing Grotius, Lipsius, Reubens, and Philip Reubens, his brother, is a monument of the friendship by which Rubens was united to his brother, and to two celebrated characters who may be styled his countrymen; Lipsius being a native of Flanders, and Grotius a Dutchman.

This picture, which Reubens executed with peculiar care, for some time adorned, but was afterwards removed from, the Florentine Gallery. Rubens is standing behind his brother, who holds a pen in his hand: on the left of Philip Rubens is Lipsius. Grotius, in profile, is seen in the foreground.

THE CHEVALIER DE BAYARD.

THAT strange infatuation, which Gibbon happily remarks, has in all ages caused men to be more disposed to admire their destroyers than their benefactors, has graced the scenes of memorable carnage with the high-sounding title of "The field of glory." There is, however, a glory surpassing that which can fearlessly expose life to the most imminent peril, but which, bright in itself, shines with a richer lustre, when furnishing an example of generous devotion and striking self-denial, it is found the associate of unquestionable courage and successful valour.

Pierre du Terrail de Bayard makes a conspicuous figure in the annals of France, as a brave commander, but is more honoured still for the nobleness of his mind and his piety. He was born in the year 1476. At an early age he embraced the profession of arms, and in 1495 marched with a French army into Italy. Bayard shared in the laurels gained by the conquest of Naples. His courage fixed attention on him wherever he moved, but he was especially distinguished at the battle of Fornoue. The services rendered by his sword under Charles VIII., were continued in the wars of Louis XII. In every case his career appears to have been marked by extraordinary generosity, and a contempt for gold. Having assisted at the capture of Milan, he declined receiving a rich present of plate, offered by many of the Milanese towns to win the clemency of the French Generals.

Placed in the most perilous situations, the courage and presence of mind of Bayard never failed him. In a battle fought within the limits of the kingdom of Naples in 1501, his position was likened to that of *Cocles*, and alone, on a narrow bridge, he is said to have bid defiance to the fury of two hundred assailants. When the city of Bresse fell, he received in the course of the operations, a severe wound. His religious impressions, which it will be seen he retained till his last hour, led him always, in such a case, to press the hilt of his sword, as representing the cross of our Saviour, to his lips. Here, however, he performed, besides an act of heroic virtue, which proved the disinterestedness of his ambition, and the purity of his mind. A sum of two thousand pistoles was sent to him by his host, in grateful acknowledgment of his having saved the place from being pillaged by his soldiers; he divided the sum into two parts, and gave them to the two daughters of the syndic, by whose hands it had been presented.

On one occasion it is recorded of him, that the Duke Malvezzo, who had been in the habit of falling on straggling parties of his men, incautiously ad-

BAYARD.
Painted by Palme, Senr.

vancing with a hundred armed followers, and two hundred well mounted Albanians, fell into a trap which he had prepared for him. Bayard, with his little band of "brave devils who feared nought," cut off their retreat. Broad ditches on each side of the road precluded escape, and all save the duke and twenty or thirty of his men, more desperate than the rest, who leaped the ditches, after a fierce conflict, were forced to yield. One hundred and seventy were disarmed, and the chevalier had the glory of carrying back to the camp a greater number of prisoners than he had men to escort them. At the news of this triumph, one potentate is said to have exclaimed, "Happy is the king who has such a subject. Had I a dozen Bayards, Alexander the Great would be a baby to me."

The faith which many of the French officers professed outwardly to reverence, did not prevent them from commonly falling into the most reprehensible excesses. Libertinism was thought to trench but little on the duties imposed by religion. Bayard could not altogether hold himself above the love of pleasure; but in one celebrated instance, he furnished a sublime example of the mastery which reflection and benevolence may gain over passion. Being at Grenoble, a young female of exquisite beauty attracted his attention, and circumstances favoured his views which, at first sight, he was led to entertain. It was made known to him that her mother would not be indisposed to second his advances to an acquaintance with this female, and, in fact, moved by poverty or avarice, she was content to sell her daughter's charms. The consent of the latter was thought of no moment, and the depraved parent actually forced her to suffer herself, after the bargain was concluded, to be taken to the abode of Bayard, and the wretched mother contentedly received the price of her child's dishonour.

Left alone with the chevalier, coldly deserted by her natural protector, the poor girl, in her despair, appealed to the honour of the purchaser, and did not appeal in vain. Throwing herself on her knees before him, "You, sir," said she, "I hope will not degrade yourself by injuring the unfortunate victim of misery. You will not seek to destroy that virtue of which your gallant nature and high character ought to make you the firm defender. I implore you to spare me." The appeal made a powerful impression on his heart. Though in that moment her beauty was more dazzling than ever, Bayard did not hesitate long on the course which it was the duty of a brave man to pursue. Having gazed on her for some moments, he replied in a soothing tone, "Rise, fair one. Dismiss your alarm. In me you will not find a destroyer. You shall leave my house as prudent, as virtuous, as you entered, and happier besides." He then conducted her to an apartment where she might remain for the night unmolested and alone, and on the following morning he sent for her mother, whom he sharply reproved for the unworthy part she had acted. He, however, was not content again to place her in hands so little to be trusted, and secured six hundred francs to the daughter as a marriage portion, having found that she had a lover who was willing to make her his wife. Nor was this all: he added the handsome donation of one hundred crowns to buy her dresses, and cover the expenses of celebrating her union with the man to whom she was attached. "Thus," exclaims his biographer, "did the good chevalier change vice into virtue."

In 1513, war raged between France and this country. After the victory gained at Guinegate, commonly called "the battle of Spurs," by the English, Bayard covered the retreat, and greatly served the cause of his king in very

difficult circumstances, and against superior numbers. In the end, however, valour proved unavailing, and he, with his companions in arms, were compelled to surrender. Yet even in this extremity, he showed himself no common man. In becoming a prisoner, his conduct was marked by equal courage and policy. At some distance he perceived an English officer, whose costly armour proved him a person of consequence, who, seeing the enemy routed, cared not further to exert himself to make prisoners, and had, therefore, seated himself on the ground to rest, his arms thrown aside. Riding up to him, Bayard leaped from his horse, and presenting the point of his sword to his throat, called out in a menacing tone, "Surrender instantly, or you are a dead man." In the confusion of the moment, the Englishman could not only suppose that Bayard was at the head of a reinforcement which had come to the assistance of the French, and, incapable of resistance, he gave up his sword, and desired to know the name of his captor. "Sir," said he, in a softened voice, "I am the Captain de Bayard. Your sword I beg now to return with my own, and make myself your prisoner.

The surprise of the officer was great, as well as the pleasure he experienced when the circumstance was explained. He courteously received the mark of submission tendered by the stranger, and took him to the English camp. Some days afterwards, the chevalier wished to be allowed to withdraw, that he might return to his countrymen. "But where," enquired the English officer, "is your ransom?" "And where," demanded the chevalier, "is yours? I made you my prisoner, and I had your word of surrender before you had mine." This reasoning did not satisfy the officer to whom it was addressed, and the case was brought before the emperor and the king of England for adjudication, who, after hearing both sides, decided that neither was bound to give ransom to the other.

In 1514, the chevalier became lieutenant-general of Dauphiny, and in the following year, at the battle of Marignano, he had the singular honour of conferring knighthood on his sovereign. The day had been marked by tremendous slaughter. Nothing could surpass the fury with which the Swiss fought, but *the Bull of Uri*, and the *Cow of Underwalden*, those martial instruments whose note had so often led them to victory, were that day sounded but to herald defeat. Overjoyed with the triumph he had won, the young king, Francis the First, who had now ascended the throne, desired to be knighted on the field of battle, and by the poor knight Bayard, then distinguished as the warrior *sans peur* and *sans reproche*. Such a distinction he shrunk from, and humbly begged to decline it, but the majesty of France would not be denied, and at length, drawing his sword, "Valiant as Roland, or Olivier, or Godfrey Baudouin his brother, certainly," the chevalier exclaimed, "You are the first prince who was ever thus admitted to the honour of knighthood. God grant that in war you may never be seen to fly." Then looking on his sword, he exultingly addressed the weapon in the enthusiasm of the moment, "You, my trusty blade, are most happy, since you have this day given to so powerful and virtuous a king the order of chivalry. Assuredly, my good sword, you shall be preserved as a treasured relic, and honoured above all others; nor shall you ever be drawn but against Saracens, Turks, or Moors." He then leaped for joy, and sheathed his weapon.

To him the defence of Mezieres was subsequently confided. The fortifications were not what they ought to have been; but the chevalier successfully defended it for six weeks, against an enemy 40,000 strong, with 4,000 horse.

It had at first been decided to burn the place, as it was not thought sufficiently strong to sustain a siege. Bayard opposed that resolution, telling the king that "no place could be weak, which was defended by men of courage."

Court intrigues had alienated the Constable de Bourbon from the king, and induced him to listen to overtures made to him by the emperor, Charles V., in consequence of which he was soon found in the ranks of the enemies of France. Half Europe, including Austria, Spain, and England, combined against her. Prospero Colonna, Pescara, and the Constable de Bourbon, commanded the opposing host. The storm which threatened France seemed too great to be resisted. Bonnivet, who had invaded the Milanese territory, was compelled to retreat before the enemy. His rear-guard was defiling over the bridge of Romania, when he was fiercely attacked by De Bourbon, was himself wounded in the arm, and obliged to be carried from the field. The command of the army then devolved upon Bayard, and there he was fated to lose his life, and by that weapon which had always been the subject of his indignant murmurs—the arquebuse, which he disliked, as it interfered with the ancient practice of fighting hand to hand, which was dear to him, as a lover of chivalry. A shot from an arquebuse broke his vertebræ. He was soon aware of his inevitable fate, and prepared to meet it with the courage of a soldier, and the meekness of a Christian. He addressed his prayers to Heaven, and then being placed at the foot of a tree, he desired that his face might be turned towards the imperialists, "because," said he, "having never, in the course of my life, turned my back to an enemy, it would not be well that I should do so in my last moments." To the king he sent a message, that "the only regret he felt at leaving life, was, that it precluded him from longer having the honour to serve his Majesty." Then raising his sword before him, and regarding it as a crucifix, he abandoned all earthly cares, and desired but to fix his thoughts on eternity.

The dying chevalier was thus engaged, when the victorious De Bourbon approached the spot where he reclined. For him the constable had always owned great respect, and he was really grieved to see his old companion in arms bleeding, and on the point of breathing his last. With this feeling he addressed him in a soothing tone, saying, "Bayard, I am deeply affected at seeing you in this hopeless state." "I," said Bayard, "am not to be pitied —as a good man I die on the field of honour, but you are to be pitied; you, a Frenchman, who wear upon your shoulders the livery of Spain, stained by French blood; false to your oath, your honour, and your king." He died a few moments afterwards. With him the courage of the French Army seemed to expire, and, though they were speedily reinforced, they could not be brought again to face the enemy. He fell in 1523, and in the forty-eighth year of his age. He was deeply regretted by all the army. Many officers and men went to the enemy's camp, to look on the remains, and in honour of their devotion for their distinguished captain, they were allowed to do so without being made prisoners. His corpse was embalmed and transported to Grenoble, his native city. Friends and enemies vied with each other to do him honour, that it might be presumed, if contemporary opinions are to be relied upon,

> "That ne'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed,
> A purer spirit, or more gentle shade."

MAHOMET.*

THE Arabian "Prophet" was born at the city of Mecca, sometime during the sixth century, but the precise year has, after much discussion, still been left in doubt. Hottinger says A. D. 571, Reiske, A. D. 572, and Gagnier, A. D. 578. His lineage has also been the subject of great altercation, one party exalting him above most of his countrymen, while the other degraded him to the lowest rank, particularly contemporary Christian writers, who were desirous of rendering him an object of contempt; and, in the same degree that the Christians felt themselves called upon to degrade the Arabian prophet, so did the Mahometans think themselves compelled to exalt him. Mahomet successfully vindicated for himself a high lineage among his countrymen. The tribe of Koreish, to which he belonged, laying claim to Ismael as their progenitor, and this claim, arising from the vanity of the tribe, was eagerly laid hold of and supported by his votaries.

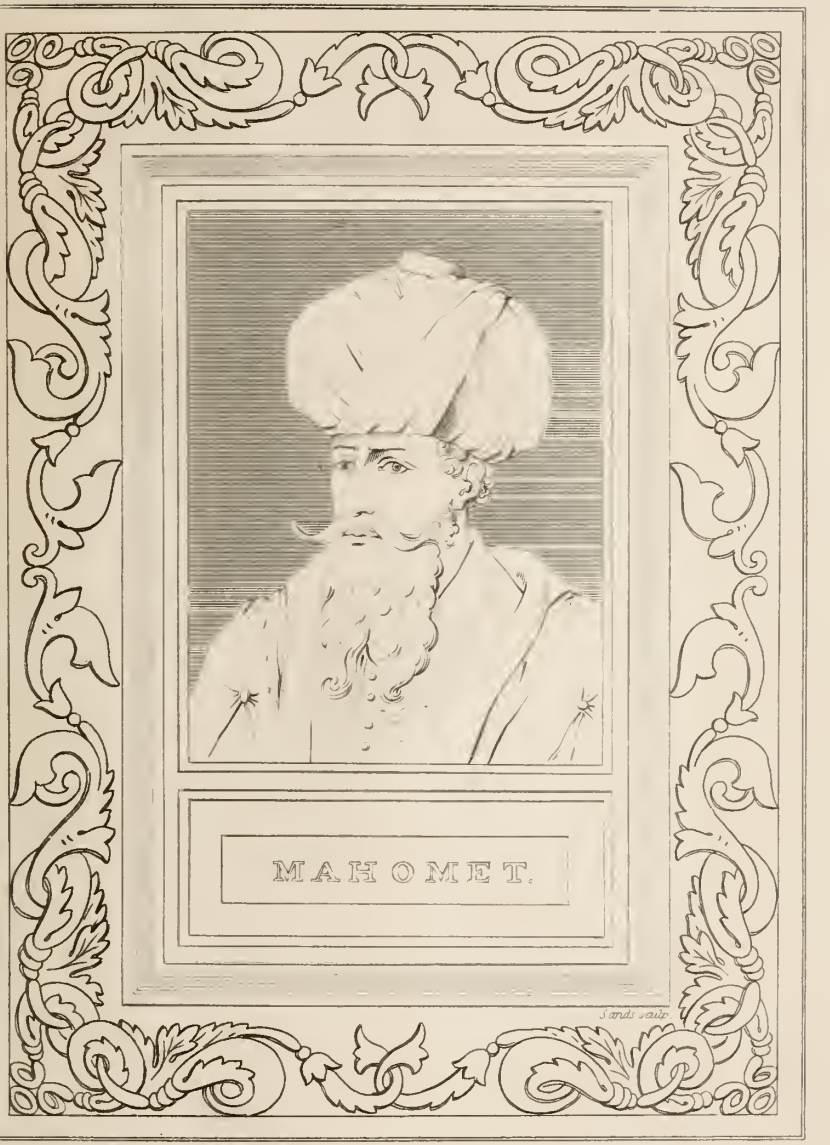
Abdallah, the father of Mahomet, was the younger † son of Abdol Motalleb, the son of Hashem. "Hashem," say the authors of the *Modern Universal History*, "succeeded his father Abdal Menaf, in the principality of the Koreish, and consequently in the government of Mecca, and the custody of the Caaba." So far the genealogy of the prophet is supported by authentic history—that he was descended from the princes of his people cannot be denied. This descent from Ismael, Gibbon, after Sale, thus disproves: "Abulfeda and Gagnier descibe the popular and approved genealogy of the prophet. At Mecca I would not dispute its authenticity; at Lausanne, I will venture to observe—1st. That, from Ismael to Mahomet, a period of two thousand five hundred years, they reckon thirty instead of seventy-five generations. 2nd. That the modern Bedoweens are ignorant of their history, and careless of their pedigree."

Abdallah, though of high lineage, was possessed of little wealth: and as he died while his son was yet an infant, we may easily suppose that little to have been diminished by the rapacity of his kindred.

How poor soever Mahomet may have been in worldly goods, his birth was rich in prodigies. We are told with unfeigned belief by his deluded followers, that at the moment the favoured infant came into the world, a flood of brilliant light burst forth, and illuminated every part of Syria; the waters of the Lake Sawa disappeared; an earthquake threw down fourteen towers of the King of Persia's palace; the sacred fire of the Persians was extinguished, and all the evil spirits which had formerly inhabited the moon and stars were expelled simultaneously from their celestial abodes. The child itself manifested extraordinary symptoms. He was no sooner born, that he fell upon his face

* *Mohammed* is the correct orthography; we have, however, retained the more popular one.

† This assertion Sale proves to be erroneous.


MAHOMET.
Sands sculp.

and prayed devoutly,—saying "God is great: *There is only one God, and I am his prophet.*" These stories, extravagant as they appear, were devoutly believed, even during the life of the prophet, and hundreds might have been found, who on their oath would have attested these manifestations of his supernatural gifts. At the early age of six years he lost his mother, Amena; and two years after, his grandfather Abdol Motalleb, who when dying, earnestly confided the helpless orphan to the care of Abu Taleb, the eldest of his sons, and the successor to his authority. From him, though treated with kindness, Mahomet received a scanty education: but whether that education was equal or inferior to that of his countrymen, it is not easy to discover. Tradition states that at the time of Mahomet's first declaration concerning his mission, only one man in Mecca could write. If so, it is nothing wonderful that Mahomet, like the rest of his kindred, should also be unable to write.

At thirteen years of age, he is said to have made a voyage to Syria, in the caravan of his uncle, and, some years after, to have performed the same journey in the capacity of factor to his mistress Cadijah.* When he arrived at Bosra, a certain learned monk, whose name was Bohira, came out of his cell, pressed though the middle of the crowd, and, seizing his hand, exclaimed, "There will be something wonderful in this boy; his fame will spread through the east and west; for, when he approached, he appeared covered with a cloud.†"

The next remarkable event in the life of Mahomet, is his appearance in the character of a soldier. At the early age of fourteen, he served under his uncle, who commanded the troops of his tribe, the Koreish, in their wars against the rival tribes of Kenan and Hawazan. The circumstance is worthy of remark, as illustrative of the perfect compatibility between the business of a merchant and that of a soldier, amongst the Arabian people, and upon the constant and rapid transition from one to the other.

By the assistance of his uncle he became soon after the factor of a rich trading widow in his native city. The animosity of his enemies has degraded the confidential agent into a driver of camels. It has been confidently and constantly asserted, that he was a menial servant in the household of his mistress, Cadijah; while, in truth, he was employed to carry on her mercantile transactions, and to superintend her affairs. Two things are deserving of observation in this falsification of history: the one, the proof it affords of the utter worthlessness of the Greek Christians as historical guides; and the second, the no less convincing evidence it furnishes of their incapacity for correctly estimating the moral worth of any human being, since the humbleness of a man's employment is by them adduced as a circumstance of moral degradation. In this situation of factor, his conduct and integrity gained him the affections of his mistress. Cadijah was not in the eyes of her people degraded by an alliance with the grandson of their prince; and in her own estimation, by bestowing her hand and fortune upon Mahomet, she gained a young, handsome, and affectionate husband. Twenty years of constancy, of kind and respectful attention, on the part of Mahomet, fully justified her choice. It may indeed be imagined, and we confess the supposition bears the appearance of some plausibility, that the affection of Cadijah was not uninfluenced by the handsome person and insinuating eloquence of her youthful suitor. And we cannot refuse our applause to the conduct of Mahomet, who, whatever might have been her motives, never afterwards forgot the benefits he

* Gagnier. † Pocock.

had received from his benefactress, never made her repent having so bestowed her affection, or grieve at having placed her fortune and her person at his absolute disposal. Cadijah, at the time of her marriage, was forty ; Mahomet, twenty-five years of age. Till the age of sixty-four years, when she died, did Cadijah enjoy the undivided affection of her husband ; "in a country where polygamy was allowed, the pride or tenderness of the venerable matron was never insulted by the society of a rival. After her death he placed her in the rank of the four perfect women; with the sister of Moses, the mother of Jesus, and Fatima, the best beloved of his daughters. 'Was she not old?' said Ayesha, with the insolence of a blooming beauty; 'has not God given you a better in her place?'—'No, by God!' said Mahomet, with an effusion of honest gratitude, 'there never can be a better! She believed in me, when men despised me: she relieved my wants, when I was poor and persecuted by the world.'"

Commerce now occupied his attention, and till the age of forty nothing remarkable happened in the life of the future prophet. His marriage with Cadijah raised him to an equality with the first citizens of Mecca, gave an importance to his opinions, and, combined with the power of his family, probably rendered it impossible to punish or interrupt the first steps he made towards the propagation of his new religion. When relieved from the pressure of indigence, his mind seems almost immediately to have been turned towards religious meditation. The result of this meditation was an opinion exceedingly unfavourable to the religion of his countrymen. The first statement of this conviction was met rather by ridicule than anger, being considered the phantasy of a dreaming enthusiast, who was little to be dreaded, and unworthy of opposition. We are told that he retired to a cave in Mount Hara, near Mecca, where, as he assured his first proselyte, his wife, he regularly received the visits of the angel Gabriel. And that on the night of the 23rd of *Ramadan*, called in the Koran the night of Al Kadr, or the *divine decree*, the KORAN first descended from the seventh to the lowest heaven ; and at a distance from the pious Mahomet appeared the brilliant form of the messenger of God, the angel Gabriel, who came to communicate the happy tidings. The light issuing from his body was too bright for the mortal eyes of the prophet; he fainted, and not till the angelic visit had assumed a human form could he venture to approach or look on him. The angel then cried aloud, "O MAHOMET, THOU ART THE APOSTLE OF GOD, AND I AM THE ANGEL GABRIEL." "Read," continued the angel; the illiterate prophet declared that he was unable to read. "Read," Gabriel again exclaimed, "read, in the name of the Lord who hath created all things ; *who hath created man of congealed blood;* who hath taught the use of the pen ; who teacheth man that which he knoweth not." The prophet read the joyful and mysterious tidings respecting his ministry on earth, when the angel, having accomplished his mission, slowly and majestically ascending into heaven, gradually disappeared from his wondering gaze. This tale his wife believed, or affected to believe it. The next on the list of true believers were Zeid, the servant of the prophet, and ALI, the son of his uncle Abu Taleb. The impetuous youth, disdaining his two predecessors in the true faith, proudly styled himself the first of believers. The next and most important convert was Abubeker, a poweful citizen of Mecca, by whose influence a number of persons possessing great authority were induced to profess the religion of Islam. Three years were spent in the arduous task of converting six of these men. They were after-

wards his chief companions, and with a few others, were the only proselytes to the new religion before it became publicly known.

The mission of Mahomet had hitherto been secret, the time was now arrived at which the Lord commanded him to make it known. To this end he convened a large number of his kindred to a feast; forty of whom assembled round his board. The prophet rose, and thus addressed his wondering kindred:—"I know no man in the whole peninsula of the Arabs, who can propose to his relations anything more excellent, than what I now do to you. God Almighty hath commanded me to call you unto him; who therefore, among you will be my vizir, or assistant, and become my brother and vicegerent?" General astonishment kept the assembly silent; none offered to accept the proffered office, till the impetuous Ali burst forth, and declared that he would be the brother and assistant of the prophet. "I," said he, "O prophet of God, will be thy vizir; I myself will beat out the teeth, pull out the eyes, rip open the bellies, and cut off the legs, of all those who shall dare to oppose thee." The prophet caught the young proselyte in his arms, exclaiming, "This is my brother, my deputy, my successor; shew yourselves obedient unto him." At which apparently extravagant command, the assembly broke up in confusion, testifying their mirth and astonishment by bursts of laughter.*

Not discouraged by the failure of this, his first public attempt, Mahomet began now to preach openly before the people. He discovered to them that he was commissioned by the Almighty to be his prophet on the earth, to assert the unity of the Divine Being, to denounce the worship of images, to recall the people to the true and only religion, to bear the tidings of paradise to the believing, and to threaten the unbelieving with death and the terrible vengeance of the Lord. His denunciations were efficacious; as they were well fitted for the imaginations of an ignorant people. "Because he is an adversary to our signs, I will afflict him with grievous calamities; for he hath devised contumelious expressions to ridicule the Koran—may he be cursed. How maliciously hath he prepared the same!—may he be cursed. I will cast him to be burned in hell. And what shall make thee understand what hell is? It leaveth not any thing unconsumed, neither doth it suffer any thing to escape; it scorcheth men's flesh: over the same are nineteen angels appointed. We have appointed none but angels to preside over hell-fire." . . . . . "Verily, we have prepared for the unbelievers chains, and collars, and burning fire." . . . . . "Verily those who disbelieve our signs, we will surely cast out to be broiled in hell-fire: and when their skins shall be well burned, we will give them other skins in exchange, that they may taste the sharper torment, These terrible sufferings were to be the lot of the wicked—the wicked were those whom Mahomet disliked. "Those who dwell in gardens, *i. e.* paradise, shall ask one another questions concerning the wicked, and shall ask the wicked themselves, saying, what hath brought you into hell? They shall answer, we were not of those who were constant in prayer; neither did we feed the poor; *and we waded in vain disputes*, with the fallacious reasoners; and we denied the day of judgment, till death overtook us; and the intercession of interceders shall not avail them. What aileth them, therefore, that they turn aside from the admonition of the Koran? To deny the efficacy of the Koran; to dispute upon the truth and reasonableness of his mission, were naturally in Mahomet's eyes the most

* Modern Universal History.

heinous sins. By his friendly voice the people were warned of the dangers of disbelief; and besought by his moving eloquence to avoid eternal damnation, by putting faith in the APOSTLE OF GOD.

Among the most strange of Mahomet's stories promulgated at this period of his life, was the tale of his admission into the seven heavens, under the guidance of the angel Gabriel; through whose care and diligence he had been enabled in the course of one night to behold all the wonders of the heavenly regions, and to converse with the Almighty himself. He has described every thing upon a most extravagant scale; but unwisely endeavours to convey *definite* conceptions of the marvels he pretended to have witnessed. He relates by rule and measure, leaving nothing to the imagination of his hearers. —This was so long—that so broad—this had so many eyes—this so many tongues; and while he thus strives to swell the imagination by mere arithmetic, he renders himself and his description ridiculous. In the first heaven he saw a cock so large that his head reached to the second heaven, which was at the distance of five hundred days' journey, according to the common rate of travelling on earth; his wings were large in proportion to his height, and were decked with carbuncles and pearls; he crows so loud every morning, that all the creatures on earth, except men and fairies, hear the tremendous sound. The second heaven was all of gold; and one of the angels who inhabited it was so large, that the distance between his eyes was equal to the length of seventy thousand days' journey. In the seventh heaven was an angel having seventy thousand heads, in every head seventy thousand mouths, in every mouth seventy thousand tongues, in every tongue seventy thousand voices, with which day and night he was incessantly praising the Lord. Such were the peurile conceptions of the prophet! Of this famous journey we shall give no further account; a more stupid fable it is impossible to conceive.

The fable at first met with no favourable reception; its extravagance and its absurdity were a little too glaring to be immediately, and without trouble, acquiesced in.

The apostle, who was at first derided, came at length to be feared. The people flocked to hear his doctrines, and as they retired, wondering and believing, general consternation reigned among the governors of Mecca. Frightened by his growing influence, they imprudently endeavoured to arrest the evil, by punishing the offender. For some time, however, the power of Abu Taleb, the prophet's uncle, defended him against these hostile attacks, which served, by manifesting the alarm and hatred of the nobles, to increase Mahomet's fame and importance. Persecution gave him strength, by bringing him before the public. Once known, he gained sympathising listeners among the benevolent, because a persecuted man; and blindly believing votaries among the ignorant and fearful, because a bold and vehement declaimer against wickedness, as well as an eloquent describer of the horrible torments attached to unbelief. In the seventh year of his mission, the heads of the tribe of Koreish made a solemn league with one another, engaging themselves to have no commerce or connexion with the families of Hashem and Al Motalleb. While Abu Taleb lived the league was of no avail; the power of the uncle defended the nephew against the design of his enemies. At length at the end of the seventh year Abu Taleb died; and a few days after his death Mahomet was left a widower, by the decease of Cadijah. In his affliction he termed this fatal year the year of mourning.

The unprotected prophet was now completely exposed to the attacks of his

enemies. His only safety was in flight, and had not the city of Medina been friendly to his cause, the religion of Islam would have been crushed in the bud. The fame of Mahomet, however, had extended far beyond the walls of his native town. Distance, by shrouding him in mystery, increased his influence. While he was scorned at, derided, at Mecca, he was worshipped at Medina. A secret deputation from the city of Medina waited on the apostle, and an alliance was entered into "during two secret and nocturnal interviews, on a hill in the suburbs of Mecca." Seventy-three men, and two women, having professed the faith of Islam, as well as some yet unbelievers, met the prophet and proffered him assistance. "What recompence," said they, "have we to expect should we fall in your defence?" "PARADISE," exclaimed the confident apostle. They promised him fidelity and allegiance.

Abu Sophyân succeeded Abu Taleb in the government of Mecca. In him Mahomet found a mortal enemy to his family, his religion, and himself. The idols, against which Mahomet had preached, were, by Abu Sophyân, devoutly revered; and the new religion abhorred as an incentive to the most horrible sacrilege. No sooner was he called to the head of the state than he determined to exterminate both the apostle and his religion. A council of the hostile Koreish was convened, and the death of Mahomet decided. The prophet declared that the angel Gabriel had revealed to him the atrocious conspiracy. We may safely suppose, nevertheless, that a human spy revealed the secret. However obtained, the information determined Mahomet to seek safety in flight; but so closely was he watched by his enemies, that he escaped only through the devoted zeal of Ali, who, wrapped in the green mantle of the apostle, lay down upon his bed and deceived the assassins, who besieged the house of his friend. Our applause is due to the intrepidity of the youthful zealot, even though he was zealous in favour of error. He who is willing to offer up his life in defence of the principles he deems correct, has made one important step towards being a perfect character; he has the *will* even if he have not the *knowledge* to be virtuous. Mahomet, in the mean time, with his faithful friend, Abubcker, escaped to the cave of Thor, three miles from Mecca, and there hid himself three days from his pursuers. A cherished tradition of the Arabs states, that the pursuers having arrived at the mouth of the cave, were deceived by the nest of a pigeon made at its entrance, and by a web which a spider had fortunately woven across it; believing these to be sufficient evidence that no human being was within, they desisted from all further examination. Mahomet and Abubcker left the cave upon the departure of their enemies, and after a toilsome journey, arrived in safety at the friendly city of Medina. This flight of their prophet has become the Mussulman's æra, the well known *Hejdira* of the Mohammedan nations.*

From a fugitive Mahomet became a monarch; no sooner had he arrived at Medina, than he found himself at the head of an army devoted to his person, obedient to his will, and blind believers in his holy office. The *fugitives* from Mecca, and the *auxiliaries* of Medina, (the two parties into which Mahomet's followers were now divided) gathered round their chief, and with friendly emulation vied with each other in obedience and in valour. To prevent all jealousy between the brethren, Mahomet wisely gave each one a friend and companion from the rival band; each *fugitive* had for his brother one of the *auxiliaries*. Their fraternity was continued in peace and in war, and during the life of the prophet their union was undisturbed by the voice of discord.

* Hejdira, in Arabic, signifies *flight*. According to most authorities it happened 16th July, A. D. 622.

The first act of Mahomet after his arrival at Medina shows at least his policy, perhaps his devotion. He built a temple in which he might celebrate the offices of his religion, and publicly pray and preach before the people. The land upon which this temple or mosque was built belonged to two orphans; and the enemies of Mahomet have not failed to assert that he despoiled the helpless children of their property. The accusation, however, has been vehemently denied, and we cannot but feel that, in a stranger, in one depending entirely upon public estimation for his defence, it would have been the height of impolicy to have committed such an act at such a time. That Mahomet was a deep politician, no one has doubted; that to have robbed two orphans of their property would have rendered him and his religion unpopular is, we think, equally indisputable. How then can we believe him to have erred so egregiously at so critical a moment?

He now, in his own person, combined both the temporal and religious power; he was general of his armies, the judge of his people, and the religious pastor of his flock. And so intense was the devotion of his followers, that his spittle, a hair that dropped from his person, the water in which he washed himself, were all carefully collected and preserved as partaking of the apostle's holy virtue. The deputy of the city of Mecca beheld with astonishment this blind and devoted obedience and veneration. "I have seen," said he, "the Chosroes of Persia, and the Cæsar of Rome, but never did I behold a king among his subjects like Mahomet among his companions."

While the religion of Islam had more to fear than to hope from persecution, the precepts of Mahomet breathed humility and benevolence. "Let there be no violence in religion," was the command of the prophet in Mecca; but in Medina, when at the head of an army, and able to combat with his enemies, he assumed a widely different tone. "O true believers! take your necessary precaution against your enemies, and either go forth to war in separate parties, or go forth all together in a body. . . . Let them, therefore, fight for the religion of God, who part with the present life in exchange for that which is to come; for whosoever fighteth for the religion of God, whether he be slain or victorious, we will surely give him great reward." . . . "And when the months wherein ye are not allowed to attack them, *i. e.* unbelievers, shall be passed, kill the idolaters, wheresoever ye shall find them, and take them prisoners, and besiege them, and lay wait for them in every convenient place." The commands of the prophet were followed to the letter. The first warlike attempt of the believers was, nevertheless, unsuccessful. Mahomet having learned that a caravan, the property of the hostile Koreish, was on its way from Syria to Mecca, dispatched his uncle, Hamza, with a party of thirty horse to capture it. Hamza, however, discovering the caravan to be guarded by three hundred men, desisted from his hostile enterprise, and returned without the expected booty. On the plain of Beder, Mahomet, at the head of his troops, effaced the shame of this failure. A rich caravan proceeding to Mecca, and guarded by Abu Sophyân, with between thirty and forty men, occasioned the contest. The spies of Mahomet informed him that this rich and apparently easy prey was within his grasp. He advanced with a few followers in pursuit of it; but before he could overtake the unprotected band, Abu Sophyân had sent for a reinforcement from Mecca. A troop, consisting of nine hundred and fifty men, among whom were the chief persons of the city, instantly

obeyed the summons. Mahomet was posted between the caravan and the coming succour, being able to oppose to this formidable force no more than three hundred and thirteen soldiers, mounted for the most part on camels; some few (according to some authors, not more than two) being mounted on horses.

Undismayed by this disparity of force, Mahomet determined to try the event of a battle, and risk his fortune and perhaps his life upon the contest. The troops were persuaded to engage the superior forces of the enemy, and for the present to abandon the tempting prize of Abu Sophyân's rich caravan. Mahomet animated them by his prayers, and in the name of the Most High promised them certain victory. However assured he might have been of divine assistance, he was careful to let slip no human means of securing success. An entrenchment was made to cover the flank of his troop, and a rivulet flowed past the spot he had chosen for his encampment, and furnished his army with a constant supply of water. When the enemy appeared, descending from the hills, Mahomet ordered his soldiers to the attack; but before the armies could engage, three combatants, Ali, Al Hareth, and Hamza, on the side of the Moslems, and three of the Koreish, joined in single conflict. The Moslem warriors were victorious, and thus gave to both armies a presage of the coming engagement. The prophet, with Abubeker, at the commencement of the battle, mounted a pulpit, fervently demanding of God the assistance of Gabriel, and three thousand angels; but when his army appeared to waver, he started from his place of prayer, mounted a horse, and flinging a handful of dust into the air, exclaiming, "May their faces be confounded," rushed upon the enemy. Fanaticism rendered his followers invincible; the numerous forces of the Koreish were unable to break the ranks or resist the furious attacks of his confiding soldiers. They fled, leaving seventy of their principal officers dead upon the field, and seventy prisoners in the hands of the enemy. Of the Moslems, only fourteen were slain: the names of the slaughtered warriors have been handed down to posterity, and enrolled among the list of pious martyrs, whom the faithful Mussulman is taught to worship. The victorious army stripped the dead bodies of their enemies, insulted, and threw them into a well. A more convincing proof of their barbarity and ignorance could not have been desired. The child in his anger beats the inanimate object of his displeasure; the savage, equally ignorant, and unable to conceive the lifeless corse wholly destitute of will and consciousness, satisfies his ferocious vengeance, and exercises his brutal ingenuity on the inanimate trunk of the adversary. Only two of the prisoners, however, were sacrificed to the anger of the prophet. Al Nodar and Okba, at his command, suffered death by the hand of Ali, the remainder were afterwards ransomed by their relations. Part of the caravan was captured, but the greater portion arrived safely at Mecca. The spoils, however, arising from the ransom of the prisoners, and the partial plunder of the caravan, amounted to a considerable sum: the fifth part taken for the prophet's share, being no less than twenty thousand dirhems of silver.

The Moslems now hoped to remain at peace; and for some time their expections were fulfilled. Tradition says that the disturber of this happy tranquillity was a Jew, the son of Al-Ashraf, by name Caab; who being a poet, deplored in touching verses the unhappy fate of those enemies of Mahomet who fell at the battle of Beder, and had the hardihood to sing his poems to the people within the walls of Medina. Mahomet when informed of Caab's

conduct, exclaimed, "Who will deliver me from the son of Al-Ashraf?" A ready instrument was not wanting: Mohammed, the son of Mosalama, answered, "I, O Apostle of God, will rid you of him." Caab was soon after murdered by Mohammed, while hospitably entertaining one of the assassin's followers. War was immediately renewed.

Space will not permit us to enumerate the various battles fought by Mahomet; according, however, to the computation of some authors, no less than twenty-seven expeditions were undertaken, in which he personally commanded; and in which nine pitched battles were fought. During the same period, he was besieged in Medina, by the implacable Koreish; but, by his own skill, and the bravery of his troops, he repelled all their attacks. In the sixth year of the Hejira, with fourteen hundred men, he meditated what he asserted to be a peaceful pilgrimage to the holy temple of Mecca. Entrance into the city being refused by the people, the prophet, in his anger, determined to force his way. At this critical juncture an ambassador was dispatched from Mecca to demand a peace. The policy of Mahomet induced him to lay aside his determination of assaulting his native city, and to accept the peaceful offers of his countrymen. A truce of ten years was consequently concluded between the prophet and the Koreish.

Two years had hardly elapsed when Mahomet accused the people of Mecca of a breach of their engagement. When a man is really desirous of quarrelling, a pretext is never wanting. He was now strong, and his enemies were weak. His superstitious reverence for the city of his nativity, and for the temple it contained, served also to influence his determination for war. The time since the concluding of the truce had been skilfully employed in seducing the adherents of the Koreish, and converting to his religion the chief citizens of Mecca. With an army of ten thousand men, he marched to besiege it, and no sooner did he appear before the walls, than the city surrendered at discretion. Abu Sophyân, the inveterate enemy of Mahomet and his religion, presented the keys of the city to the conqueror; and yielding to the arguments enforced by the scimitar of the furious Omar, he bowed down before the prophet, and acknowledged him to be the apostle of God. Mahomet, though a conqueror, and an impostor, was not cruel; his anger was directed rather against the gods of his country, than its inhabitants. He destroyed the whole of the idols, but executed no more than three men and two women belonging to the party of his enemies. The chiefs of the Koreish prostrated themselves before him, and earnestly demanded mercy at his hands. "What mercy can you expect from the man whom you have wronged?" exclaimed Mahomet, in reply to their supplication. "We confide in the generosity of our kinsman." "You shall not confide in vain," was the politic, perhaps generous, reply of the impostor. "Be gone; you are safe; you are free." They were thenceforth left unmolested, and places of honour and trust were still confided to their care.

The religion of Mahomet may be considered now to have been permanently settled. The conquest of Mecca and of the Koreish was the signal for the submission of the rest of Arabia. The events of the prophet's after life cease, therefore, to possess an interest for an European reader. They were, for the most part, merely expeditions undertaken for the purpose of reducing the petty tribes who still resisted his authority: and were all of them eventually successful. The influence and religion of Mahomet continued rapidly to extend: his difficulties were over; and the hour of his prosperity has nothing to instruct or to amuse the general reader. Between the taking of Mecca

and the period of his death, not more than three years elapsed. In that short period he had destroyed the idols of Arabia; had extended his conquests to the borders of the Greek and Persian empires; had rendered his name formidable to those once mighty kingdoms; had tried his arms against the disciplined troops of the former, and defeated them in a desperate encounter at Muta. His throne was now firmly established, and an impetus given to the Arabian nations, that in a few years induced them to invade, and enabled them to subdue, a great portion of the globe. India, Persia, the Greek empire, the whole of Asia Minor, Egypt, Barbary, and Spain, were reduced by their victorious arms. And although Mahomet did not live to see such mighty conquests, he laid the first foundations of this wide-spreading dominion, and established over the whole of Arabia, and some parts of Syria, the religion he had pursued.

One year before the taking of Mecca, Mahomet had been poisoned by a Jewish female at Chaibar. From the effects of this poison he is supposed never afterwards to have recovered. Day by day he visibly declined, and at the end of four years after that event, and in the sixty-third year of his age, it was evident that his life was hastening to a close. Some time previous, he was conscious of the approach of death, and met it with firmness and composure. Till within three days of his end, he regularly performed the service of his church, and preached to his people. "'If there be any man,' said the prophet from the pulpit, 'whom I have unjustly scourged, I submit my own back to the lash of retaliation. Have I aspersed the reputation of any Mussulman? let him proclaim my faults in the face of the congregation. Has any one been despoiled of his goods? the little which I possess shall compensate the interest and principal of the debt.' 'Yes,' replied a voice from the crowd, 'I am entitled to three drachms of silver.' Mahomet heard the complaint, satisfied the demand, and thanked his creditor that he had accused him in this world rather than at the day of judgment."* He enfranchised his slaves, and quietly awaited the approach of death. The violence of his fever, however, rendered him delirious, and during one of his paroxysms he demanded pen and ink, to compose or dictate a divine book. Omar, who was watching his dying moments, refused his request, lest the expiring prophet might dictate anything that should supersede the Koran. The traditions of his wives and companions relate that at the hour of his death, he maintained the same character he had borne through life. He declared that Gabriel visited him, and respectfully asked permission to separate his soul from his body. The prophet granted his request, and the agonies of death came upon him. The blooming Ayesha, the best beloved of his wives, hung tenderly over her expiring husband; her knee sustained his drooping head as he lay stretched upon the floor; she watched with trembling anxiety his changing countenance, and heard the last broken sounds of his voice. Recovering from a swoon into which the agony of his pains had thrown him, with a calm and steady gaze, he raised his eyes to heaven, but with faltering accents exclaimed, —"O! God, pardon my sins. Yes, I come among my fellow-labourers on high." He then sprinkled his face with water, and quietly expired. At Medina, in the very chamber where he breathed his last, the piety of his votaries deposited his remains, and erected over them a simple and unadorned monument. Medina, on account of the precious relics of the prophet, has become sacred in the eyes of all Moslem nations, and holds the second place

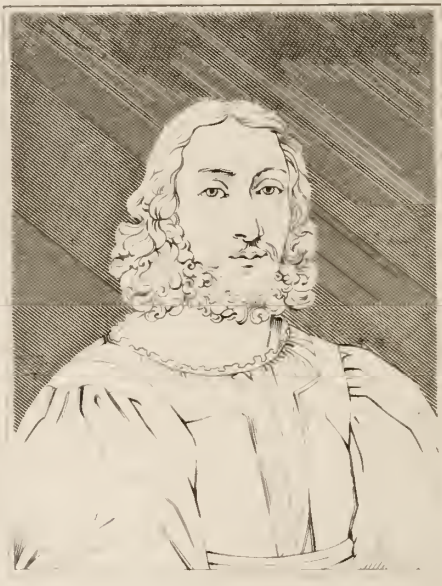
* Gibbon.

among the cities of the earth. And the pious pilgrim on his way to Mecca increases the worth of his pilgrimage if he turns aside to visit also the city which contains the ashes of Mahomet.

Mahomet established no other form of administration than the usual despotism of oriental nations, even for the central government; and although superior to his countrymen in the qualifications requisite to lead and impose upon a barbarous people, he was possessed of little really useful knowledge. He had just arrived at that degree of knowledge which renders a man sensible of the necessity of some government; of some person to lead the armies of his nation in war, and to adjudge their differences in peace; beyond this he had made no advance. He knew not that the same circumstances which render a governor necessary, create also a necessity that some securities should exist against the abuse of power by the governor himself.

That Mahomet was an impostor cannot be doubted. In the early part of his public life he might have fancied himself somewhat peculiarly gifted; but that his self-delusion should have continued to the later years of his life, to such an extent as to acquit him of fraud, is utterly impossible. His story of the heavenly journey was a fiction, which nothing but absolute madness could have permitted him to believe. Moreover, the constant visits of the angel Gabriel, precisely at the critical moment when his aid was needed, are sufficient evidence of a perfect absence of all self-delusion. But, being an impostor, did he employ the power he acquired to the advantage of his people or to his own aggrandisement? He exalted himself to a throne, and, possibly, when his own interests were not concerned, did, as far as his abilities enabled him, further the welfare of the people. He was not cruel, nor sanguinary: his conquests were generally speaking marked by no butchery; nor was his government a tyrannical one. In his private life he was mild and gentle; affectionate to his friends and his wives; and just and honourable in his dealings. As a private man, among his own people, he was esteemed virtuous and beneficent. For the most part he wanted rather the knowledge than the will to be an estimable citizen, as well as a beneficent legislator. His vices were the vices of his age; and, as he was little superior in knowledge to the men by whom he was surrounded, it is not wonderful that he did not greatly surpass them in virtue.

From this hasty and imperfect sketch of Mahomet's actions as a legislator, the reader will be able to form a tolerably correct estimate of his public character. That he was a barbarian, unskilled in the sciences of which he professed himself the inspired teacher, and deserving a very small portion of applause, as having advanced the civilization of his people beyond the point at which he found it, is abundantly manifest: that he was superior to the age in which he lived may be believed from the success of his imposture. Among a people so rude as the Arabs, however, a very slight superiority was sufficient to render him thus successful. His talents contributed to his own fortune, not to his nation's improvement; he was skilled in whatever was necessary for his personal aggrandisement; in whatever was useful to others he was miserably deficient.



RAPHAEL.

RAPHAEL.

RAPHAEL was born at Urbino, on Good Friday, March 28th, 1483. His father, Giovanni Sanzio, an indifferent painter, instructed him in the rudiments of drawing, while Pietro Perugino perfected him in his studies, and predicted his future eminence. He became distinguished while yet a youth; when only sixteen years old, he surprised the artists of Perugia, with his "Crowning of the Virgin," "The Crucifixion." "The Virgin lifting the veil from the infant Saviour," and "The Marriage of the Virgin," in all of which the dawn of his greatness was visible, though the manner of Perugino predominated. Of a second "Marriage of the Virgin," Lanzi, in his account of the ancient painters, thus speaks of it:—"The composition very much resembles that which he adopted in a picture of the same subject in Perugia, but there is sufficient of modern art in it to indicate the commencement of a new style. The two espoused have a degree of beauty which Raphael scarcely surpassed in his mature age in any other countenances. The Virgin, particularly, is a model of celestial beauty. A youthful band, festively adorned, accompany her to the espousals; splendour vies with elegance; the attitudes are engaging, the veils variously arranged, and there is a mixture of ancient and modern drapery, which, at so early a period, cannot be considered as a fault. In the midst of these accompaniments, the principal figure triumphantly appears, not ornamented by the hand of art, but distinguished by her native nobility, beauty, modesty, and grace. The first sight of this performance strikes us with astonishment, and we involuntarily exclaim, How divine and noble the spirit which animated her heavenly form!"

It is related of Michael Angelo, that when he first looked on the works of his rival Raphael, he exclaimed, "This excellence comes not from nature, but from study and application." It would be difficult, however, to name an artist in whose works nature and study are so beautifully united; he founded all his compositions in nature; he wrought from the living model, but adorned it from his own wondrous fancy: all that he touched rose immediately into grace and divinity. This is the charm of the works of Raphael; all is graceful and god-like; there is nothing mean, nothing little, either in shape or sentiment; yet all is natural, though ideal; he never rises out of the region of human sympathy; he makes man great and noble, covers him with manly beauty, and breathes into him a spirit worthy of heaven.

Having left proofs of his genius at Sienna and at Florence, Raphael hastened to Rome, whither he was invited by Pope Julius the Second, who was not insensible to the merits of a painter in whose works a higher divinity than usual was visible. He was conducted into the Vatican, and desired to imagine decorations for those superb apartments called La Segnatura. This agreeable task he performed with such readiness and success, that Julius ordered all the other paintings on the walls of his palace to be obliterated

and replaced by the productions of Raphael. In obedience to this flattering mandate, he painted in the first compartment, "the Dispute on the Sacrament;" on the second, "the School of Athens;" on the third, "Justinian delivering the Civil Law to Trebonianus;" and in the fourth, he has represented "Apollo and the Muses on Parnassus," surrounded by Greek, Latin, and Italian poets; Homer is placed between Virgil and Dante. These works, and others of equal merit, filled Rome with wonder. He was subsequently employed by Leo the Tenth, who highly honoured him.

The divine Cartoons of Raphael, which the fine taste of the first Charles enriched this country with, were sold for three hundred pounds when the parliament overthrew the king, and dispersed his works of art; the Restoration placed them in the royal gallery, but they returned with their original lustre diminished; having been exposed to wind and rain, tossed about from place to place, and cut down by profane hands to fit them to one of their abodes; so that it is altogether wonderful that any traces are seen of their original splendour and beauty. That they are greatly changed from what they were even a hundred years ago, is evident from the heads in the Radcliffe Library at Oxford, which were cut out from one of them that was nearly destroyed by some accident, and from the large French engravings of single heads done about the same time, which are as finished and correct as possible. A skeleton is barely left of the Cartoons; but their mighty relics tell us what the entire fabric must have been.

The last, and perhaps greatest work of Raphael, is the "Transfiguration of Christ." He has delineated the disciples of our Lord at the foot of Mount Tabor, seeking in vain to relieve a youth possessed of an evil spirit; horror, doubt, and pity, seem to sway them by turns; above them, Jesus is revealed in a sunburst of glory, with Moses and Elias on his right hand and left; the three favoured apostles kneel in awe and astonishment on the ground. This truly divine work was all but finished, when a burning fever interposed, and carried him off on Good Friday, which was the day of his birth, 1520, when he had just completed his thirty-seventh year. His body lay in state in his studio; the picture of the "Transfiguration," was placed at his head, and cardinals honoured him by walking at his funeral. Leo the Tenth was not less sensible to his loss, which he regarded as a public disaster to Italy, and to the graphic world. At the request of this pope, Cardinal Bembo composed the following brief but expressive epitaph, to be inscribed on his tomb;

> "Ille his est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci
> Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori."

Never was a spectacle more affecting; never was an artist so universally respected. The gentleness of his nature had attached him to every one. Just and generous to his contemporaries, though not ignorant of their intrigues, it was his custom to thank heaven that he was permitted to live at the same time with Michael Angelo. Generous and mild to his disciples, whom he loved and instructed as his children; courteous even to those who were unknown to him, he constantly assisted with his counsel all who applied to him for advice and instruction. He was remarkably handsome, both in feature and form, and so well beloved, that he never went abroad without a great number of followers. He lived and died single. La Bella Fornarina, a young beauty of Rome, to whom he was greatly attached, received as much of his fortune as made her independent.

The fame of Raphael, high as it was in his own day, has increased rather than diminished in ours. J. M. T.

The Transfiguration

MARLBOROUGH
Sands sculp

dinary to the court of France, for the purpose of announcing James's accession ; and shortly after his return, having been raised to the rank of lieutenant-general, he commanded under the Earl of Feversham against his former friend and patron the Duke of Monmouth, who was defeated at Sedgmore, principally through the vigilance of Churchill.

In consequence of James II's. conduct, by outraging the prejudices of the people, as well as the laws of the land, he drew upon himself both hatred and contempt. Lord Churchill had long corresponded with the malcontents at the court of William of Orange, and aided that defection of the Princess Anne and her husband, which took the last hope from the bosom of James.

William III., as is well known, having landed at Torbay with a small force, afforded a fair opportunity for the dissatisfied to quit their lord. Amongst the first was Lord Churchill, in conjunction with Prince George of Denmark. At the same time, his wife, the Lady Churchill, prompted, assisted, and accompanied, the Princess Anne in her escape from London.

James, losing all hope and energy, fled. William marched on towards London, and Lord Churchill was sent to the city ; where, under pretence of re-assembling his regiment of horse, he remained for some time investigating the state of parties, and preparing the way for the events which placed the crown of England on the head of the Prince of Orange.

In all those events he had a share. He signed the famous association for the defence and support of the prince, and voted the address requesting William to take upon himself the temporary administration of affairs. With the most consummate policy, however, he held aloof from all discussions, where the interests of Mary and Anne, the two heiresses of the vacant crown, were discordant, and only appeared to vote in favour of William and Mary, after Anne had been induced to consent to their nomination to the throne.

Before the new monarch's coronation, Lord Churchill had become Earl of Marlborough and gentleman of the king's bed-chamber.

From the Earl of Marlborough's own unwillingness to serve against his old master, who, supported by the arms of France, had by this time landed in Ireland, the rising general was dispatched to Holland to command the English forces in the Netherlands, while William himself proceeded to oppose James in person.

The Prince of Waldek, under whom Marlborough served in the Low Countries, bore the most ample testimony to his courage and skill ; and, on his return to England, he was appointed to command a new body of troops destined for Ireland, where Cork, Kinsale, and several other places still held out for the deposed and expelled monarch ; and it was against these that Marlborough was destined to act.

Having besieged the aforesaid places, and with great rapidity and skill taken them in the midst of winter, annihilated the hopes of James, and produced the well-known saying of William, "that he knew no man who had seen so few campaigns, so fit as the earl to be a general."

In the following year, 1691, William proceeded to Holland, accompanied by Marlborough as his Lieutenant-general ; but no great effect was produced.

The parliamentary settlement of fifty thousand pounds per annum on the Princess Anne, which rendered her independent of the court, had been promoted chiefly by the earl, and was never forgot by William. The opposition of the English officers and nobility to the elevation of foreigners, both in

the army and in the state, had received the open sanction of Marlborough, and was another offence.

On the return of the king from Holland, he was named as one of those appointed to accompany him in the next campaign. On the very same day, he was admitted to an audience, for the purpose of presenting Lord George Hamilton to the monarch, on some occasion of courtly etiquette. In the afternoon of the same day, that nobleman announced to Marlborough that the king had no further occasion for his services. He was deprived at once of his post of lieutenant-general of his regiment, and of his office as gentleman of the bed-chamber. At the same time his wife was forbidden the court; and the Princess Anne, feeling herself involved in the disgrace of her favourite, withdrew also from the scenes in which the other was not suffered to appear.

A few infamous informers took advantage of Marlborough's disgrace, and of the existing animosities in the state; and, modelling their plot upon those to which the former reign had given birth, they accused the earl and several other noblemen of high treason. A treasonable document was produced, to which the names of the intended victims were attached with so skilful a forgery, that the parties themselves were obliged to declare their only reason for knowing the signatures to be false, was the certainty of never having signed the paper to which they were affixed.

Marlborough, with the rest of the accused, were committed to the Tower. The plot was investigated to the bottom, the accused were liberated, and the conspirators punished.

After the decease of Mary, who had been jealous of the Princess Anne, the conduct of William changed both to the latter and to Marlborough, who returned to the councils of England, and was nominated by the king himself as governor of the young Duke of Gloucester—Anne's son—the monarch giving his nephew to him with the flattering command, "Make him like yourself, my lord, and you will make him all that I can wish."

Nor was this the only proof of William's restored confidence in Marlborough. On all that sovereign's frequent absences from England, the earl was appointed one of the lords justices for administering the affairs of the nation till the king's return; and, on the death of his pupil, the Duke of Gloucester, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the British forces in Holland, and plenipotentiary for conducting the negociations at the Hague.

William's health had been long declining. A fall from his horse, by which his collar-bone was broken, and his lungs in some degree lacerated, proved the proximate cause of his death, which occurred on the 8th of March, 1702.

The star of Marlborough was now in the ascendant. He was immediately despatched to Holland in the quality of ambassador, to re-assure the states, who were overwhelmed with grief and consternation on the news of the king's death; and, while Prince George of Denmark was honoured with the empty title of generalissimo, Marlborough swayed the councils of Britain, and prepared to lead her armies in the field.

In the month of May, Marlborough was appointed master-general of the ordnance, in addition to his other posts; and, invested with powers as ambassador, as well as commander-in-chief, he set out for Holland.

Marlborough took care, on joining the army, to conciliate the Earl of

Athlone, who had commanded it in the Low Countries, by every means in his power, in which he was successful. It soon appeared evident that the operations of the new commander-in-chief were to be of a grander and more active nature than his predecessors.

Sixty thousand men, and sixty pieces of cannon, with eight mortars, were soon in readiness to second his efforts against the French, who supported the son of the deceased James II.; Louis XIV. having acknowledged him King of England even prior to the death of William.

Abandoning at once the system of slow and complicated manœuvres, which had hitherto been pursued, Marlborough crossed the Meuse at once, and marched straight towards the enemy. Boufflers, not choosing to risk a general engagement, retired before the allied forces, Marlborough pursuing, with the intention of forcing the enemy to a battle. Finding that he could not succeed in the attempt, he turned all his energies to dispossess the French of the line of fortresses on the Meuse, and to open the navigation of that river as far as Maestrict. Venlo, Gireshaut, and Liege were taken, the latter place by storm; and thus Marlborough ended his first campaign as commander-in-chief. The skill with which he had acted, and the successes he had obtained, placed him at once amongst the greatest generals of Europe.

After the capture of Liege, the allied army separated to take up winter quarters, and Marlborough proceeded to the Hague, where he remained some time, enjoying every honour which the Dutch could shew him, and negociating various arrangements for the good of the alliance, and the speedy resumption of offensive operations. His reception in London was not less flattering; the parliament voted him an address of thanks, and the queen, having raised him to a dukedom, assigned him a pension of five thousand pounds per annum during his own life.

In the meanwhile, Holland, from the overpowering force with which France was preparing to take the field, demanded an additional aid of ten thousand men to carry on the war; which was granted.

Early in 1703 the duke arrived at the Hague, and shortly after invested Bonn; and, after a tremendous bombardment of twelve days, capitulated. Concentrating all his forces, Marlborough advanced towards the enemy, but its commander, Villeroy, withdrew before him. During all his operations at this time, Marlborough was restrained and embarrassed by the timid counsels and interested considerations of the Dutch deputies, who hung upon the active genius of the commander-in-chief like a leaden clog. Nevertheless, Limburg, Huy, and Gueldres fell, and thus ended the campaign without obtaining advantages which corresponded with the magnitude of the preparation.

Honour and triumph, notwithstanding, awaited Marlborough wherever he appeared; and, on his return to England, he was appointed governor of Greenwich Hospital.

On the 5th of May, Marlborough again set out for the Hague; and, arriving at Coblentz on the 25th, put himself at the head of the allied army, having been joined by the different corps destined to act in Germany. At the same time, the famous Prince Eugene arrived in the Imperial camp.

Previous to the junction of the armies, Prince Eugene, Prince Louis of Baden, and the Duke of Marlborough, met between the Rhine and Danube, to determine the future proceedings of the allied armies. At this conference Eugene and Marlborough, the two greatest generals of the age, saw each

other for the first time; and from this period dated a friendship in which emulation never deviated into rivalry, nor mutual admiration ever sunk into jealousy—which lasted through well-merited prosperity and power, and through undeserved reverse and disgrace.

The first movement was the crossing of the Danube, and attacking a large Bavarian force, the allies of France, entrenched at Schellenberg. After a severe battle the Bavarians were dislodged, and their defeat complete. The elector of Bavaria no sooner heard their defeat, than, quitting his camp near Dillengen, he retreated. Without loss of time Marlborough followed, and taking the towns of Donawert, Neuburgh, Raiu, and Friedburg, he extended his line, and interposed himself between the elector and his dominions, which were thus left to the mercy of the allied armies. The whole of the country from Augsburg to Munich was laid waste, and all means of supply were cut off from the camp of the elector.

The French army, under Marshal Tallard, however, formed a junction with the latter, which gave them a superiority over the allies. Nevertheless, they were vigorously attacked by Marlborough and Eugene at Blenheim, and completely defeated. The right wing of the French army was annihilated, Marshal Tallard being taken prisoner in his flight. Thirteen thousand prisoners, and twenty thousand slain enemies, attested the struggle and the magnitude of the success. At the same time, the allies lost eleven thousand killed and wounded.

The victory of Blenheim caused great joy through the states of the allies, —the emperor returning thanks to the English general in a letter full of gratitude. Marlborough had, sometime before this, been created a prince of the empire.

The whole of Germany was freed from the enemy. The elector of Bavaria yielding up by treaty all his possessions.

Marlborough, after visiting the King of Prussia, returned to England, leaving the army in good winter quarters on the Moselle. His reception in England, and his stay during the winter, was one long triumph. The queen loved him better for having justified her partiality, the peers and commons voted him thanks, the latter assigning him a recompense. The royal domains of Woodstock and Wooten were given to the conqueror of Blenheim, the gift being immortalised by giving it the name of the victory.

Early in the spring of 1705, Marlborough repassed the seas to put himself at the head of the army. The passage of the Moselle was effected without opposition, and he marched on and encamped near Elft. Marshal Villars retreated before him, and entrenched his army at Coningsmacheron.

Learning that the elector and Villeroy were advancing with a superior force, and that Liege was invested, he marched with extraordinary expedition to the Netherlands, relieved Liege, retook Huy, and defeated the enemy in their lines at Tirlemont.

It would take too much of our space to detail and follow up the subsequent splendid victories of Marlborough, such as those of Ramilies, Oudenarde, and various others, as well as fortresses taken.

In the meantime, the power which Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, had acquired over the mind of the Queen of England by early intimacy, had gradually given way before the influence of the haughty pride displayed by herself, and the sycophant intrigues of a new favourite. The Duke of Marlborough had governed the state as much by the command which his wife

possessed over the queen, as by his splendid talents and his vast success. The duchess had forgot, in the insolence of her great prosperity, that the sceptre which he had so long been permitted to guide, was held in truth by the hand of another. The queen had forgotten it also; but not Mrs. Masham, who soon taught her royal mistress to remember that the power was her own, and before long incited her to exercise it. The arrogant confidence of the Duchess of Marlborough hurried on the ruin of her husband, her party, and herself. She now despised the queen whom she had once courted, and she committed the irretrievable fault of suffering her contempt to appear.

Mutual regard being lost, habit was all that the queen had to conquer; and this the duchess aided, and the best schemes of her enemies, by frequently absenting herself from court upon any occasion of offence.

Marlborough now returned to England, but the magic of his glory had lost its power. No vote of thanks issued from the cold lips of the parliament,—the ministers of which had been entirely changed during his absence,—no honour, and no reward acknowledged his merit, or recompensed his services. His very motives, his actions, and even his triumphs, were scrutinized, libelled and obscured.

The queen affected to receive him graciously, assured him that her new ministry should pursue the war to the expected consummation, desired the aid of his sword, and promised him the same unremitting support.

Marlborough bore the change of fortune with unshaken steadiness. He saw that all his mighty schemes were overthrown, all his vast efforts rendered useless, and that all the beams of his thousand triumphs were now concentrated within the narrower circle of his own glory.

He resigned all the many places held by his wife at court, but complied with the queen's desire in holding his own command, and thus risked his glory under a ministry now inimical to his person, and opposed to his views, in order that as little as possible should be lost to his country.

We see him after this opening the campaign in Flanders early: and, after various manœuvres and skirmishes against Marshal Villars, got within his lines, and took Bouchain, in spite of the marshal's endeavours to prevent its fall.

On Marlborough's return to England, grave reflections were made upon his character before the house of commons, for accepting sums of money from the contractors of the army, and for deducting two and a half per cent from the pay of foreign troops in the English service. Notwithstanding his clear explanations on the above matters, the affair was formally brought before the house. At the same time the queen dismissed him from all his employments, upon a specious pretence of suffering the matter to undergo an impartial examination.

The proofs and reasonings, supported by witnesses, against these charges, were without avail. He was known to be avaricious, the party against him was strong, and the commons voted that the perquisites were unwarrantable and illegal, and that the sums deducted from the foreign troops was public money, which ought to be accounted for.

Every sort of libel and accusation was now poured upon the head of Marlborough, and all means were taken to injure his peace and destroy his reputation. He was prosecuted for the money deducted by the queen's own warrant, and sued for the building of Blenheim House, with which his sovereign had rewarded him. Nothing in the annals of history ever more strongly proved the instability of court favour, or the emptiness of that

capricious excitatation mistakenly named national gratitude, than the fate of the Duke of Marlborough.

Unknowing where the prosecution might stop, wearied, and disgusted, he quitted England, and amused himself with visiting the different cities of Germany. In the meanwhile, his loss was felt severely by the armies in the Netherlands. Success abandoned the arms of the allies; one after another the conquests were retaken by France; an unsatisfactory and disadvantageous peace was concluded by England and Holland; and Germany was left to fight her battles by herself.

Such was the state of the continent, when the queen, who had been long in a declining state of health, expired, leaving the crown to the elector of Hanover. On the same day Marlborough arrived at Dover, and hastening to London, he made a public entry into the town; which his friends declared was against his wish, but that he yielded to their importunities, in order to overawe the turbulent, and give confidence to the adherents of the house of Hanover.

After the arrival of George I., the life of the Duke of Marlborough offered but few events, which may be comprised in a very short space. His long adherence to the house of Hanover met with gratitude and reward. He was restored to many of his former offices, was treated on all occasions with deference and distinction, and at length honour and success shone upon his waning days. He witnessed the first attempt, in 1715, to restore the family of the exiled king, and contributed, as captain-general of the forces, to bring about its defeat. Shortly after, worn and weary with a long and active life, he retired from public business; and, having spent a few years in tranquillity and repose, he died on the 16th of June, 1722, at the age of seventy-three.

No man was ever more dear to the army he commanded; no man was ever more esteemed by foreign princes he served; no man was ever more admired by the generals he opposed. His own nation, with the usual injustice of contemporaneous prejudices, sometimes lauded him to the sky, sometimes denied him the merit that strangers and adversaries were willing to admit; but the world at large did him justice even during his life, and posterity has placed his name amongst the immortal.

SCENE AFTER A SHIPWRECK.

(*Painted by M. Hue.*)

The picture now before us may be considered as an historical episode, no less ably imagined, than skilfully executed.

In the middle of night, during the calm which follows a storm, an unfortunate person, thrown by the waves on an insulated rock, with his wife and child, of which he has only saved the lifeless corse, appears to abandon himself to his fate. He is surrounded by a frightful abyss, which seems to interdict every hope of relief: the objects the most dear to his heart, having perished before his eyes, he awaits the moment, as a blessing from heaven, that will unite him with them in eternity.

The figures are of the natural size, and composed of a single detached group: lost in an immense expanse of water, it produces an effect of the most terrific kind. There is no accessory to divert the spectator from the principal object. The figures, especially that of the woman, are designed with considerable taste, and the colouring is nervous and correct. The clouds are of a silvery appearance, which contributes greatly to the harmonious correspondence of the whole.

Hue pinxt.

W Cooke sculp.

Scene after a Shipwreck.

LELY.
Painted by Himself.
Engraved by George Cooke.

SIR PETER LELY.

This eminent painter was born at Soest, in Westphalia, in 1617, where his father, a captain of infantry, was in garrison. His family name was Vander Faes, but his father acquired the name of Lely, on account of his being lodged at a house of which the front was ornamented with a lily. Finding that his son's disposition led him rather to the cultivation of art than the pursuit of arms, he placed him under the care of Peter Grebber, at Haerlem, where he did not remain more than two years, when his master acknowledged that his instruction could no longer be useful to him; and when he was little more than twenty years of age, he had acquired a considerable reputation as a painter of landscapes and portraits. On the death of Vandyck, in 1640, he determined to visit England, where he arrived the following year. He first painted landscapes, with historical figures; but, on seeing the works of Vandyck, and finding that portrait-painting was more encouraged than any other branch of the art, he devoted himself entirely to it, in which he imitated the style of his illustrious predecessor, and soon surpassed all his contemporaries. On the arrival of William Prince of Orange, in 1643, when he came to England to be united to the Princess Mary, Lely was, under his auspices, introduced to the notice of Charles I., whose portrait he painted, and those of William and the princess. The tragical events which followed, though generally fatal to the arts, did not occasion Lely to leave England. He remained to paint the rising as well as the setting sun. It is related, on the authority of Captain Winde, who assured the Duke of Buckingham of the fact, that Cromwell sat to him, and, whilst he was painting his portrait, said to him, with his characteristic bluntness, "Mr. Lely, I desire you will use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all, but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything as you see me, otherwise I will never pay you a farthing for it."

At the Restoration, Lely's business and reputation increased. He was in great favour with Charles II., who appointed him his principal painter, and conferred on him the order of knighthood. It would be in vain to attempt a recapitulation of the works of this master. They are generally portraits to the knees, and a great majority of them of ladies. Of his historical pictures, few are known, the following are mentioned by Lord Orford:—"At Windsor is a Magdalen, with a sleeping Venus; the Duke of Devonshire has the story of Jupiter and Europa; Lord Pomfret had that of Cimon and Iphigenia; and at Burleigh, is Susanna and the Elders."

Compared with the portraits of Vandyck, those of Lely will be found deficient in the simplicity of his design, and in the purity of his colouring. If those of the former are occasionally tame, they are always natural, and his draperies are properly and tastefully thrown. Lely endeavoured to supply

the want of taste with ideal finery, and there is something of affectation in the airs of his heads, and in the capricious arrangement of his habiliments. It must, however, be allowed, that his female portraits are sometimes more beautiful than those of Vandyck; but in those of men he is every way his inferior.

Sir Peter Lely died in 1680, aged sixty-three, and was buried in Covent Garden, where there is a monument, with his bust, by Gibbon, and a Latin epitaph by Thomas Flaxman.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

(*Painted by David.*)

History presents us with few names of equal celebrity with that of Socrates, the Athenian, the son of Sophroniscus. Neither the mediocrity of his fortune, the perverseness of his wife, nor the odious accusations of Aristophanes, who, with much effrontery, exposed him to the laughter of the populace, by exhibiting him on the stage, could ruffle his temper, or disturb the serenity of his mind. Beloved for his virtues, and admired for his talents, by a few illustrious disciples, such as Alcibiades, Plato, Xenophon, &c., whom he greatly esteemed, he enjoyed a degree of happiness which nothing appeared able to destroy. But having confounded the vanity of the Sophists, and the fallacy of their doctrines, he was accused of corrupting the Athenian youth, and of ridiculing the many gods whom the Grecians worshipped; and such was the envy, or the ignorance of his judges, that they condemned him to drink hemlock.

He was scarcely buried, when the Athenians repented of the punishment they had inflicted, and put his accusers to death; but this tradition, which would, in some sort, cover their disgrace, is combatted by many plausible arguments, which would be foreign to our purpose to discuss.

Of the several pictures of M. David, this is to be considered as having the most contributed to the reputation which he enjoys among French critics. It is conspicuous for those striking features of the art which characterize the talent of that distinguished painter. Noble and simple in composition, pure and correct in design, combining the majesty of the antique with the accuracy of nature, while it exhibits figures profoundly imagined, and expressions of the greatest interest. But, though its various beauties attracted general notice, during its exhibition in Paris, in 1787, it was particularly admired for the masterly stroke of genius displayed in the principal figure. Socrates, having spoken to his disciples of the immortality of the soul, while absorbed in reflections so consolatory and sublime, extends his hand towards the bowl, as in complete distraction of mind, without touching it. The figure of the person who is ordered to see this iniquitous judgment performed, is no less ably drawn. Penetrated with the ascendancy of virtue, he can only fulfil the dreadful mandate, by withdrawing his eyes from the glorious victim. And so correspondent is the execution with the grandeur of the subject, that we cannot convey to our readers a more incontestible proof of the merit of M. David, than by saying, that in this branch of the art the death of Socrates may vie with the happiest efforts of his pencil.

David Dirx.t

W. Cooke Sculp.t

Death of Socrates

HOLBEIN.

HOLBEIN.

THIS distinguished artist, whose memoirs and whose works are so interesting to our country, has generally been said to have been born at Basle, in 1498; but the historian, M. Hubert, thinks it more probable that he was a native of Augsburg, in which city his father resided at the time of his birth, as appears from an inscription on the picture of St. Paul: "This work was completed by John Holbein, a citizen of Augsburg, in 1499." However this may be, his father soon afterwards settled at Basle, where he resided the remainder of his life. The young Hans, or John Holbein, was instructed in the art by his father, and at the early age of fourteen, gave proof of uncommon capacity in the portraits he painted of his father and himself, in 1512, which are engraved in Straidrart's Academia, and which, if they have not been greatly improved by the engraver, must have been very extraordinary performances for a boy. He had acquired considerable celebrity, particularly in portraits, when an English nobleman, (supposed to have been the Earl of Surrey), travelling through Switzerland to Italy, was so struck with the beauty of his pictures, that he sat to him, and invited him to visit England, where his talent would be esteemed and rewarded, and promised him a favourable reception from Henry VIII. Holbein did not, however, at that time listen to the proposal. A few years after, Erasmus, visiting Basle, for the purpose of superintending the publication of some of his works, formed an intimacy with Holbein, who painted his portrait. Erasmus used every persuasion to induce him to visit England, and at length prevailed. He presented him with a letter of introduction to Sir Thomas More, to whom he sent the portrait he had just painted, as a specimen of his ability. On his arrival in England, in 1526, Sir Thomas received him with all possible kindness, and accommodated him with apartments in his own house at Chelsea, where he employed him for some time in painting the portraits of himself, his family, and friends, with other considerable works. Whilst he was living with the chancellor, he happened to mention the circumstance of his having been invited to visit England by a nobleman, previous to his being advised to do so by Erasmus, and Sir Thomas was extremely solicitous to know who he was. Holbein replied, that he had forgot the title, but he had such a remembrance of his features, that he thought he could draw his likeness from memory, which he did so well that it was immediately recognised. The chancellor having richly decorated his apartments with Holbein's pictures, was desirous of introducing him to his royal master, in the manner most likely to secure him the favour and protection of Henry VIII. He accordingly arranged his pictures in the most advantageous order in the great hall, and invited his majesty to an entertainment. On the king's entrance, he was prodigiously struck with the beauty of the paintings, and expressed his admiration of them in such terms, that Sir Thomas requested his majesty would

deign to accept of whatever he most liked; but the king enquiring anxiously after the artist, the chancellor introduced Holbein to him, who received him in the most gracious manner, observing, "that now he had got the painter, Sir Thomas might keep his pictures." Henry immediately took him into his service, ordered apartments to be allotted him in the palace, with a liberal salary, besides the price he was to be paid for his pictures. Holbein painted the king several times, and the portraits of the principal persons of the court. On the death of Jane Seymour, Holbein was sent to Flanders, to draw the portrait of Christiana, Duchess Dowager of Milan, widow of Francis Sforza, whom Charles V. had recommended to Henry for a fourth wife. Among the Harleian manuscripts, is a letter from Sir Thomas Wyatt to the king, congratulating him on his escape, as the duchess's chastity was a little equivocal.

The works of Holbein are extremely numerous; and, besides those that are genuine, a number of wretched productions are attributed to him, which are totally unworthy of him. Of Holbein's historical works little is known in England, where he was chiefly employed in portraits, or in what may be called historical portraits. The two emblematical subjects of Riches and Poverty, formerly in the hall of the Company of the Steelyard, are extremely doubtful. Of his public works in England, the most considerable is the celebrated picture in Surgeon's Hall, of Henry VIII. granting the charter to the Company of Surgeons. The character of the king is admirably represented, and all the heads are finely drawn. Another large picture by Holbein, is in the hall of Bridewell, representing Edward VI. delivering to the Lord Mayor the royal charter, by which he gave up his palace of Bridewell, to be converted into an hospital and workhouse. There are many genuine portraits by him in the mansions of the nobility. At Basle, in the town-house, are eight pictures of the Passion of our Saviour; and in the library of the University, a Dead Christ, painted on pannel, in 1521. Some doubts have been entertained respecting the celebrated "Dance of Death" having been originally designed by Holbein; but these have been occasioned by confounding the set of prints of the "Dance of Death," engraved by Matthew Merian, after a much older master than Holbein, with the wooden cuts, by that master, after his own designs, the originals of which are preserved in the public library at Basle. Holbein painted in oil, distemper, and sometimes in miniature, which last he is said to have learned in England, from Lucas Cornelii, and carried it to the highest perfection. Some of these are now in possession of our gracious Queen Victoria, and most beautiful they are. The portraits of Holbein are distinguished by a pure and simple design, particularly characteristic of his model; his carnations are tender and clear, and his heads, without much shadow, have a surprising relief. In the reign of George II Queen Caroline discovered, in a bureau, an invaluable collection of Holbein's drawings of the portraits of the most illustrious personages of the court of Henry VIII. They had formerly belonged to Charles I. They remain in the royal collection; there are about ninety of them, some of which are extremely fine. Several of them have been admirably engraved, in the style of the original drawings, by Bartolozzi.

As an engraver on wood, Holbein deserves particular notice. He began to practise that art as early as 1511, when he was thirteen years of age, and before his departure for Switzerland, had executed a great number of wooden cuts. In these he was employed by the most celebrated publishers of his time at Basle, Zurich, Lyons, and at Leyden. Of his productions as an

Painted by Rubens

Engraved by George Cooke

Mars going to War

engraver, the most remarkable are the following:—A set of wood-cuts, known by the name of Death's Dance, engraved from his own designs; when complete, it consists of fifty-three prints, though it is seldom to be met with above forty-six. They are small upright prints, surrounded by a border. The first impression of them was made in 1530; but there are later publications of them, particularly one at Lyons, entitled, "Simolachri Historie, e figura della Morte, in Lyone oppresso Giov. Frelloni MDXLIX." They have been copied on wood by an old artist, but in a manner very inferior to the originals. We have also by him, a set of ninety small cuts of subjects from the Old Testament, executed in a bold masterly style, yet with great delicacy. The best impression of them was published at Lyons, in 1539, by Melchior and Gaspar Treschel. There is a later impression of them, with two Latin verses in praise of Holbein. This set was copied by Hans Brosamer, in a poor style. He also engraved a variety of vignettes, frontispieces, and ornaments, for goldsmiths. He usually marked his prints with the ciphers HB or BI, or signed them HANS. HOLB.

Holbein died of the plague in London, 1554, aged fifty-six. J. M. T.

MARS SETTING OUT FOR WAR.

(*Painted by Rubens.*)

This allegorical conception is truly poetical, and one of those which characterize, in a particular manner, the prolific genius of Rubens. We cannot better convey to our readers the idea of this great painter, than by detailing the explanation of the subject which he himself has given in one of his letters.

"The principal personage is Mars, who is seen leaving the temple of Janus. The god of war, armed with his sword and shield, threatens the people with the most fatal disasters; he resists the entreaties of Venus, who, accompanied by the Loves, endeavours to retain him by the tenderest caresses. The fury Alecto, holding her torch, conducts Mars to battle. She is preceded by two monsters, indicative of plague and famine, the inseparable companions of war. A female is extended upon the earth; beside her is a broken lute; this is Harmony, incompatible with the disorders which war produces. Not far from this figure is a woman holding her infant in her arms, signifying that war stifles the warmest sentiments, and restrains the expressions of maternal tenderness. The genius of architecture, bearing her attributes, is overthrown. This announces that the monuments erected in peace, for the ornament of cities and the utility of mankind, are ruined and destroyed by the devastation of war. Mars, the enemy of letters and of the arts, tramples under foot a book and some drawings. Some arrows are thrown on the ground near to the caduceus, the symbol of peace: united, they presented an emblem of concord, but the cord by which they were joined together is broken. The female following Venus, absorbed in grief, is Europe, exposed unfortunately, during a long series of years, to outrage, rapine and misery. She is characterized by the globe, surmounted by a cross, designating the christian world, which is borne by a little angel."

To this ample description, which Rubens has himself given of this admirable picture, it is almost unnecessary for us to add, that the execution is worthy of the idea, and that this performance exhibits all those excellencies of the art which are conspicuous in his best productions.

SALVATOR ROSA.

SALVATOR ROSA was born at Naples, in 1614, and received instructions in drawing and colour, from his kinsman, Francesco Francanzans. The too early death of his father exposed him, when young, to many hardships; to obtain subsistence, he was obliged to make sketches on paper, and sell them frequently in the public streets, to such purchasers as charity or accident sent. Some of these designs, together with a picture of Hagar and Ishmael, so affected Lanfranco the painter, that he sought Salvator out, encouraged and aided him, and procured his admission to study in the school of Spagnoletto. The works of that eminent master, together with the battle scenes of Falcone, had some influence upon his mode of grouping, and style of handling. His mind expanded with his fortune: and he soon distinguished himself by daring conceptions, bold freedom of hand, and gloomy splendour of colouring. His soul naturally delighted in scenes of savage magnificence and sacred grandeur; his spirit loved to stray in lonely glens, and gaze on mouldering castles. The bloom of summer, the ripe abundance of autumn, or cheerful fires and merry pastimes of winter, had no charms for him; he kindled his summer clouds with lightning, he sent firebrands and whirlwinds among the standing corn, and brought winter famished and gaunt from the north, scattering snow and hail among the shivering children of man. To his captivity in Calabria,—where he remained some times with bandits, by whom he was taken,—is to be attributed, in a great measure, his delight in pourtraying in his landscapes, savage scenery, Alps, broken rocks and caves, wild thickets, and desert places. His trees are shattered, torn, and dishevelled, and in the very atmosphere itself, he seldom introduced a cheerful hue, except occasionally a solitary sun-beam. He observed the same manner too, in his sea views. His style was original, and was conducted on a principle of savage beauty, as the palate of some persons is gratified with austere wines. His pictures also were rendered more acceptable from the small figures of shepherds, mariners, or banditti, which he has introduced in almost all his compositions, and he was reproached by his rivals with having continually repeated the same ideas, and in a manner copied himself. That Salvator was accused of imitating himself is less to be wondered at, than at the charge which has been urged against him, that he borrowed most of his excellence from Spagnoletto and Caravaggio. An artist so decidedly original in conception and handling, could only be compared with himself. And with respect to his imitation of other masters, there is no doubt that he profited by contemplating the strong, natural style, and dark colouring of his predeccssors; but his ideas are all of a different order, and his scenes are his own. To a man of his strong genius, imitation was far more difficult than original composition; his spirit was too buoyant to work in fetters. His genius was indeed comprehensive, and more strictly poetic than that of most painters. In contemplating a scene, he seemed to see only those strong and leading points, which a poet would select for song. His pictures

SALVATOR ROSA.
Painted by Himself.
Engraved by G. Cooke

are less difficult to describe than any other works of art; there is an allusion or a story in all he touches upon; the stormy beauties of his landscapes are generally united with human actions; for the wildest scenes he finds deeds equally wild; the storm in the sky is matched by the tempest of human passion on the earth; the roughest rock he delineates is scarcely more rugged than its rude inhabitant, who, with pistols in his belt, his hand on a sword, and his ears open to all sounds, stands ready for deeds of violence.

The genuine works of this great master are exceedingly rare, and of course valuable. A few of them are to be found in the galleries of our British nobility and gentry.

Though Salvator chiefly painted landscape, he was equally eminent for battle scenes, and storms at sea; he knew the passions and feelings of human nature, and loved to introduce them in his compositions. He did not look upon inanimate nature, however magnificent, as all that was worthy of his pencil; earth had its inhabitants, and he accordingly peopled the rock and the ruin, the wilderness and the cavern. He composed all his subjects in a grand taste, and was singularly correct in his design. The style in which he painted was formed by his own elevated genius, nor was he indebted to any preceding artist for any of his ideas, or for any traces of the manner which he always followed.

Among his chief compositions, we may mention the Regulus, in the Colonna palace; Saul and the Witch of Endor, at Versailles; a Martyrdom of Saints, at Rome; the Purgatory, in Milan; and the Catiline, in Florence.

He left his native Naples in his twentieth year, and established himself at Rome, where he lived to the age of sixty. His remains were placed in the Church degli Angeli, with his portrait and eulogy; and another portrait of him is to be seen in the Chigi Gallery:—the picture represents a savage scene; a poet appears in a sitting attitude the features are those of Salvator. He had a right to appear in the character of a poet, for he was a sharp satirist and writer of songs, which he took pleasure in singing. He was likewise a musician, a humourist, an actor, a dealer in those dubious sort of jokes, called practical, and such an admirer of liberty, that he declined serving any of the princes of the earth.

In the time of Salvator Rosa, it was greatly the fashion to represent extempore comedies. This impromptu mode of acting furnished opportunities for a perpetual change in the performance, so that the same scene repeated, still appeared a new one. Thus, one comedy might become twenty comedies. The historian Passeri, who lived in those times, in his life of Salvator Rosa, says, "Salvator Rosa, with a numerous company of his young friends, agreed together to perform extempore comedies; accordingly, one summer, they constructed a rustic stage in a cool and umbrageous situation, placing themselves under the direction of Messer Mussi, an ecclesiastic, and a man of letters.

"I went to their second comedy, which was numerously attended, and by good fortune, chanced to sit on the same bench with the Cavaliers Bernini, Romanelli, and Guido, all distinguished persons. Salvator Rosa, who, in the character of Formica, had already ingratiated himself with the Romans, opened the comedy by a prologue, which terminated in the following words, in the Calabrese dialect:

"'I desire not that we should represent comedies like those who cut clothes for this man or that man, for the cut of the scissars flies faster than the pen of the poet. Neither will I permit our stage to be defiled with bailiffs,

brandy-sellers, rakes, and such-like disgusting characters, whom I condemn as only meet for the pleasure of an ass.'"

It has been the fashion of some of our English professors to warn their pupils against imitating Salvator Rosa's works, which they hardly consider as ranking with the more regular and scientific compositions of the academies. Did they never consider the original, bold, free, and poetic character of his painting, and that few have the same poetic elevation of soul to equal

"What savage Rosa dashed." J. M. T.

A WOUNDED ROMAN SOLDIER.

(*Painted by Drouais.*)

This compositionis from the pencil of an artist whose talents reflect lustre on the career he selected: the subject is at once simple and interesting.

Having received a wound which is likely to deprive him of life, this soldier appears to look proudly indignant upon his rival, and to triumph over his affliction. He has put aside his cloak and sword, seeming to say in the words of Cato.

"Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power delivered down,
From age to age, by your crowned forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood :)
O let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence."

This figure is one of those studies which the young French artists, who are sent to Rome at the expence of the government, are accustomed annually to produce, in order to attest their progress in the art. Drouais, by this display of his powers, has shewn himself worthy of the reputation which he had previously acquired.

In the figure of the "*Wounded Soldier*" a bold and correct outline, a chaste and vigorous colouring, and a flowing pencil, are particularly to be admired. This was the first study sent by M. Drouais to Paris from Rome.

The figure is of the natural size.

GIRLS DRINKING.

(*Painted by Mademoiselle Chaudet.*)

The subject of this picture is perfectly simple. A young girl is in the attitude of drinking; her sister with one hand, pushes away her head, with the other, endeavours to seize the vase. The pleasing scene was highly applauded during its exhibition. The public appeared much gratified, that an artist, so estimable in private life, as Mademoiselle Chaudet, should employ her pencil, on subjects at once tender and ingenious, that appeared particularly compatible with the delicacy of her sex.

A Wounded Roman Soldier.

CHARLEMAGNE

Smith sculp.

CHARLEMAGNE.

CAROLUS MAGNUS, or Charlemagne, was born A. D. 742: the precise place of his birth is not known, but supposed to be at Aix-la-Chapelle, seven years before his father, Pepin the Brief, assumed the name of king. His mother was Bertha, daughter of Charibert, Count of Laon. Being a woman of exalted mind, it is supposed that to her was intrusted his education. Born in eventful times, the youth of Charlemagne was passed in the midst of grand and animating scenes; and notwithstanding, we cannot determine whether paternal or maternal care afforded the means of cultivating his intellect, or directing his pursuits. To a mind naturally great and comprehensive, like Charlemagne's, the world was a sufficient school,—the events by which he was surrounded, sufficient instructors.

The first public act of his own life—a task which combined both dignity and beneficence—was to meet, as a deputy for his father, the suppliant chief of the Roman Church, and conduct him with honour to the monarch's presence. The event in which he thus took part, and which afterwards affected the current of his whole existence, originated in the unhappy state of Rome, and in the continual and increasing pressure of the Lombards upon that unstable republic which had arisen in Italy, after its separation from the empire of the East.

This is also the first occasion on which we find Charlemagne mentioned in history; he being then only twelve years of age; but the children of the Francs were trained in their very early years to robust and warlike exercises. Taught by his father betimes all that was then known of warfare as an art, Charlemagne had but too frequent opportunities of gaining practical experience. The first occasion on which he is decidedly stated by the chronicles to have followed the king to any of the many military expeditions, which consumed the reign and the talents of Pepin, was on the renewal of the war with Waifar, Duke of Aquitaine, whose ambitious turbulence neither clemency could calm, nor punishment repress.

The vengeance of Pepin was prompt and powerful. He took the field, entered Aquitaine at the head of immense forces, and, with a rapidity almost incredible, subdued the whole province, from Auvergne to Limoges. Here Charlemagne had one of those examples of extraordinary celerity in the movement of large armies, which he afterwards so often practised himself with magnificent success. In the course of a very few weeks, many hundred miles

of an enemy's territory were conquered. Speed set preparation at defiance, and surprise changed resistance into terror.

Upon the return of Pepin from a last and successful expedition, he was seized with a fever at Saintes, and, after a protracted illness, he died in the monastery of St. Denis, at the age of fifty-three, dividing, with the consent of the principal men of the kingdom, his whole dominions between his two sons, Charlemagne, and Carloman the younger.

The brothers succeeded to one of the most fertile, extensive, and powerful kingdoms, which Europe has beheld since the fall of the Roman empire. The Pyrenees, the Alps, the Mediterranean, and the ocean, were boundaries supplied by nature to defend it from aggression, and to limit its extent; and the Rhine seemed intended for the same purpose, by the same beneficent disposer. But rivers, however large, are ever very feeble and inefficient barriers between nations; and continual struggles had taken place upon the German frontier of France, from the period of the first establishment of the Frankish dominion in ancient Gaul, to the accession of the Carlovingian race; the consequences of which affected the whole reign of Charlemagne.

The exact division of the country which took place upon the death of Pepin, the overthrower of the Merovingian race, is involved in much obscurity. Eginhard, the friend and servant of Charlemagne, assigns to him that portion of France called Neustria, which comprised the whole country from the mouth of the Scheldt, to the source of the Maine, and the mouth of the Loire, and to Carloman Austrasia; while other historians reverse the assignment. As, however, the latter prince was crowned at Soissons, which was then the capital of Austrasia, and Charles inaugurated on the same day at Noyon, which formed the capital of Neustria, there can be little doubt of the accuracy of Eginhard's account.

Charlemagne and his brother, perfectly satisfied with the division of the northern part of France, each took possession of his own; but the sovereignty of Aquitaine, re-united to the crown by the arms of Pepin, proved a cause of doubt and disagreement between them, which might have ended in open warfare, had not the early death of the younger intervened.

The first expeditionary warfare in which Charlemagne was engaged, was against Hunald, the Duke of Aquitaine, who, throwing off his allegiance, raised an army, and declared his sovereignty and independence.

Charlemagne instantly prepared to repress his rebellious subjects, and called upon his brother Carloman to aid him in his design. The latter promised his support; and even advanced into Poitou, to confer with Charlemagne as to the conduct of the war; but their meeting terminated in a manner unsatisfactory to either; and Carloman returned, refusing to take any share in the expedition.

His defection in the hour of need drew forth at once the great and overpowering energies of his brother's mind. The revolted duke was at the head of a large and increasing army, and was carried on by the power of a fresh and hitherto successful enthusiasm, in a bold, adventurous, and excited people. The forces of the young monarch, on the contrary, were but scanty in number; and, suddenly deprived of the aid on which he had confidently relied, he was left alone, unknowing alike the extent of his own powers, and of the attachment of his people, to lead the Francs to the field for the first time, against a warlike race, and a desperate enemy. He paused not, however, for a moment, but pursued his expedition undaunted, and with his small army subdued the revolted provinces with a celerity of movement, and a decision of

action, hardly equalled in ancient or in modern times. The energetic activity of the young monarch surprised and terrified his opponent; Hunald fled without fighting; and, hard pressed by Charlemagne, only escaped into Germany by his superior knowledge of the country. Seeking a place of refuge in the court of his nephew, Lupo, Duke of Gascony, who had covertly joined in the rebellion, he was received at first by the latter with an appearance of hospitality; but Charlemagne advancing to the banks of the Dordogne, sent on messengers, to summon his vassal, the Duke of Gascony, to yield the rebellious subject who had taken refuge at his court, and to make atonement for his own revolt, by instant submission and compliance. Obedience waited the command of the king. Lupo made no scruple to deliver up the man who had robbed his father of his sight; thus at once avenging the ancient injury of his house, and securing both pardon and favour from the young monarch, to whom he at the same time paid homage, and acknowledged his dependence.

No bloodshed attended his triumph over Hunald, gratified the revenge of Lupo, or blackened the Gascon's treachery by its consequences; and the young monarch spared his rebellious subject, though prudence, and even humanity, taught him to guard against future insurrection. Hunald was, however, confined in a seclusion scarcely more strict than that of the monastery which he had abandoned for the purpose of rebellion.

This display of clemency, energy, and power, was any thing but pleasing to Carloman; and the jealousy which he entertained towards his brother was greatly increased by the triumphant expedition, in which he might have gloriously shared, but which he had ignominiously abandoned. Men were not wanting in his court to urge him on to open hostility, and it required every effort of calmer and wiser counsellors to obviate the approach of internal warfare.

A mediatrix, however, existed of sufficient influence to avert actual war. Bertha, their mother, was equally beloved and honoured by each of her children; and her good offices between them succeeded, though with difficulty, in maintaining peace, and producing an apparent reconciliation. Her zeal in the cause of peace now led her to form the scheme of an alliance, which, however thwarted by the violent passions of others, and however unfortunate in its event, was wisely and nobly designed by her in whom it originated. This was a union with the court of Lombardy, and an extension of the relations between the various states of Italy and France. For the purpose of conducting the negotiations in person, the queen set out for the Roman territory; but took occasion to pass through Bavaria, in order to avert a rupture between Tassilo, duke of that country, and his sovereigns, the kings of France. Having succeeded in this mission, Bertha proceeded to Italy, on her journey of peace and reconciliation; conceiving that, by uniting her eldest son, Charlemagne, to the daughter of Desiderius, the king of Lombardy, he might be induced to restore contested territories, which had been arrested from Rome; and that tranquillity might be recalled to Europe. Her journey and its object soon reached the ears of Stephen; and all the influence of the Roman church was exerted to prevent an alliance between the hereditary friend and protector of the popes, and a daughter of the inimical Lombards. And so selfishly fearful was the pope of the new alliance, that he not only remonstrated, but threatened, and even proceeded to anathematize, all who should neglect his warning.

Notwithstanding his menaces and his wrath, the marriage took place; for Bertha, after having visited the court of Desiderius, paid her vows at the

shrines of the most esteemed saints in Italy, brought back her proposed daughter-in-law, Desideria, to France, witnessed the union of the latter with Charlemagne, and saw the papal opposition cease. Italy was tranquillized; the Roman pontiff was reconciled to his dangerous neighbour, Desiderius; and, in Bavaria, the queen's intercession had succeeded. Charlemagne readily consented to peace, on the first overture of Tassilo, and despatched Sturmius, Abbot of St. Fulda, to negotiate with his disaffected vassal. Terms were easily concluded with a clement king; and the aspect of all things promised tranquillity to the world.

Such auguries, however, soon proved false. But, though the germs of future warfare lay hid in all the circumstances of the peace—though the ambition of Desiderius looked upon it merely as a temporary means—and the turbulence of Tassilo, only regarded it as a short repose,—yet the first blow given to its stability was by Charlemagne himself; from a personal repugnance to the alliance he had formed. Some strong disgust seized on Charlemagne towards his Lombard wife; and he determined on seeking, through the lax laws of divorce which then existed, the only means of deliverance in his power. His purpose was not effected without considerable opposition from his nobles, his relations, and his mother Bertha. Charlemagne persisted, however, in his determination, and pursued his object without pause. The cause of divorce on which he insisted was incurable sterility, from natural defect: and the king found no difficulty in inducing his bishops to dissolve the marriage. Desideria was repudiated; and Charlemagne, whose temperament and desire of offspring did not permit of his remaining unmarried, immediately raised to his bed Hildegarde, the daughter of a noble family in Suabia, who proved a more prolific wife.

It was not to be expected that Desiderius should forget the insult thus offered to his race; and the means which had been employed to unite the Lombards to the Francs, by the bonds of peace, thus became the cause of new disunion, and added personal hatred to political opposition. The enmity of the Lombard king towards Charlemagne was at once taken for granted throughout Europe, and was acted upon by all who were inimical to the monarch of the Francs; so that the court of Pavia became a general refuge for the fugitives from Gaul. Hunald, Duke of Aquitaine, appears to have been the first who made it his asylum. How he effected his escape from the confinement to which Charlemagne had subjected him, is not now to be discovered; but, after a very short imprisonment, we find him seeking protection at Rome. Refused to be received by the pope, his stay in that city was brief. Hearing that the daughter of Desiderius had been put away by Charlemagne, he sought refuge at the Lombard court. Having while there embraced some heresy obnoxious to the Lombards, or abandoned Christianity altogether, he was stoned to death, within a short period after his arrival at Pavia.

Another fugitive soon appeared at the court of Desiderius, with claims and rights which gave that monarch new hope of dividing and neutralizing the power of the Francs, and of avenging the insult he had received in the person of his daughter.

Late in the year 771, Carloman, the sharer of the French monarchy, suddenly expired; without securing the succession of his territory to his children, or making any disposition in regard to its partition between them.

Scarcely had the funeral ceremony been performed, and the body of Carloman laid in the earth at the church of St. Remigius, at Rheims, when the evident disaffection of her husband's vassals, and the fear of a brother,

towards whom that husband had ever shewn jealousy and suspicion, induced Giberga, his widow, to fly to Italy to the court of Desiderius, and solicit him to establish her children on the throne of their father, without the consent, and contrary to the customs of the nation. Only a few of her husband's nobles accompanied her into exile; while the rest, forming the great body of the nation, unanimously declared Charlemagne their king.

A reign of two years over a considerable portion of the Francs had already sufficiently displayed the character of the young monarch, to shew that he possessed all those talents requisite to lead a barbarous nation, in difficult and momentous times. His courage, skill, and activity, as a commander, were well known throughout the land; and, after the death of his father, his liberality and protection had been extended to all the faithful friends and adherents of the great king to whom he succeeded. He was thus esteemed, admired, and loved by the clergy, the soldiers, and the people; and it is any thing but wonderful, that such a leader should have been the universal choice of the Francs in preference to an infant monarch and a female regent. It was therefore, without hesitation, that Charlemagne received the homage of those subjects, who, since the death of his father, had been placed under the dominion of Carloman; and the whole of France was again united beneath one sceptre.

The empire now placed to his command, was, beyond doubt, the most powerful in Europe. Italy was divided and exhausted; Greece was weak and debased; the north, portioned amongst various tribes, and under the government of each and all, was still barbarous and distracted. England, separated into many kingdoms, was inefficient as a whole; and Spain remained agitated and employed by the bloody struggles of her different conquerors. But France, blessed with an united, hardy, and a vigorous race, comprised the whole extent of country from the Mediterranean to the Ocean, from the Pyrenees to the Alps. A regularly organized state of society existed, though that state was far from perfect. Her laws, though scantly, were well known, were mild, and were more generally enforced than those of any other country. Her population was numerous, and her produce sufficient for her population. Her resources of all kinds were immense; and those resources were now entrusted to one, who, with extensive and extraordinary powers, combined love for his country, and feeling for mankind.

He determined at this time to turn his arms against those barbarous tribes, who ravaged the German frontiers of France, and who, with a ruthless disregard of oaths, engagements, and ties, which no chastisement could correct, year after year, pillaged and desolated the dominions of the Franes, slaughtered the inhabitants, and carried off the wealth of the country.

The chief of these nations was that people, or confederation of tribes, called the Saxons, of whom the Frisons were either a branch, or else perpetual allies. Surpassing all nations, except the early Huns, in fierceness, idolators of the most bloody rites, insatiable of plunder, and persevering in the purpose of rapine to a degree which no other nation ever knew, they were the pest and scourge of the north. Happily for Europe, their government consisted of a multitude of chiefs—they had no Attila amongst them, to combine all the tribes under the sway of one monarch, and to direct all their energies to one great object.

His resolution being immediately taken, the year after the death of his brother, and the choice of the people had placed him on the throne of the

reunited kingdom, he held a great diet of the nation at Worms, and announced his intention of leading his warriors to the chastisement of the Saxons; many of those who heard him had suffered, either in their property, or through their relations, from incursions of the barbarians; and all willingly assented to an expedition, which proposed to vindicate the insulted honour of France, and to punish the spoilers of her territory. The military preparations of the young monarch were soon completed; and entering the enemy's territory, he laid waste the whole land with fire and sword, according to the cruel mode of warfare in that day. No force appeared to oppose him, and he penetrated without difficulty to the castle of Eresburg. The fortifications were speedily forced, and a much more important conquest followed than that of the castle itself; namely, that of the famous temple of the Irminsula, or great idol of the Saxon nation. The temple consisted of an open space of ground, surrounded by various buildings, ornamented by every thing rapine could collect, and offer at the altar of superstition. In the centre rose a high column, on which was placed the figure of an armed warrior; and gold and silver, lavished on all the objects around, decorated the shrine, and rewarded the struggles of the conqueror.

The capture of their great idol was naturally an ominous event in the eyes of the Saxons; and, following rigorously his purpose of extinguishing their Pagan rites, Charlemagne at once overthrew the vain object of their worship, demolishing the whole structure. Three days were consumed in the work of destruction. This long delay, in the heat of summer, and in a dry and barren country, saw the waters of the rivers round about exhausted, and exposed the army of the Francs to all the horrors of a general drought. To advance became impossible—to retreat perilous. Charlemagne was now placed in a situation both painful and dangerous. A happy incident, however, intervened to save the monarch and his army. While the troops were reposing, during the heat of the day, a sudden torrent filled the bed of the river, which induced them to believe that a miracle had blessed and rewarded their destruction of the idol. Becoming elevated in mind, as well as refreshed in body, they marched boldly on to the banks of the Weser, ready to fight with all the burning zeal of fanaticism, or to die with the iron constancy of martyrs.

Disunion among themselves induced the Saxons to offer once more that submission they had so often rendered, and which they had so often thrown off. Charlemagne's clemency taught him to overlook the past; and, seeking rather to reclaim than punish, he accepted the twelve hostages which the Saxons offered as securities for their future tranquillity, withdrew his troops, and left the missionaries to effect, by persuasion, what the sword is impotent to enforce.

Returning home with all speed, new wars and new conquests lay before the monarch. Desiderius had taken advantage of his absence, attacked the Roman states, and even advanced to the walls of its capital. Adrian, who was at this time seated in the chair of St. Peter, had no forces whatever with which he could keep the open country against the power of the Lombards; but, though straitened in every way, attacked much more rapidly than he had expected, and blockaded in the very heart of the Roman states, he remained firm and inflexible, and resolved to defend the walls of Rome. The old gates, shattered by the siege of time, were taken down by his orders, and new ones erected in their place: an action which at once gave additional courage to the citizens, and expressed to his enemies his unconquerable determination.

Rome, however, could sustain no protracted blockade; and the aid of the Francs was absolutely neccssary to save from fresh capture and spoliation the city which had herself extended conquest so far.

Even to implore such aid was a task of difficulty. By this time the whole of the surrounding country was in the hands of the Lombards, and the only means of communication still open between Rome and France was by the Tiber and the Mediterranean. The citizens of Rome were little accustomed to the waves. Nevertheless, an ecclesiastic of the name of Peter was forced to undertake the task; and, having accomplished the maritime portion of his journey in safety, he arrived at Marseilles, from which place he was obliged to traverse almost the whole of France to Thionville, where, during the winter, Charlemagne was reposing after his expedition against the Saxons, and rejoicing in the birth of a son.

Admitted to the presence of the young monarch of France, the papal envoy urged, in strong language, the propriety and duty of succouring Rome and her pontiff from the oppression of King Desiderius, adding that he, Charlemagne, was the legitimate guardian and defender of that people, because Stephen the pope, of blessed memory, had consecrated him to the Roman pontificate, anointing him with the holy unction.

Charlemagne immediately saw that both policy and honour required him to interfere in behalf of Rome, and to support a prelate whose resolute adherence to his cause had brought upon him the danger against which protection was implored.

With a spirit of moderation, such as perhaps no monarch ever displayed but himself, Charlemagne employed every milder means ere he unsheathed the sword, and paused, in the hope of still avoiding war, and the severance of the happy bands of peace.

Desiderius, however, confiding in the advances he had already made against Rome, in the army he had raised, and in possession of the Alpine passes, rejected every pacific offer.

The situation of Rome had, by this time, become eminently hazardous; and Charlemagne felt that farther delay would be an act of injustice to his ally.

The first, but the most difficult and important step in the war, was to force his way into Lombardy. The strongest barriers which the hand of nature can pile up to separate rival nations, and mark the true limits of distinct countries, lay before him, in the gigantic masses of the Alps. Undeterred by frowning precipices and everlasting snows, multiplied obstacles, difficultics, and dangers, Charlemagne advanced upon his way; and, separating his army into two divisions, he directed one, under the command of his uncle, the Duke of Bernard, to cross the mountains by the Mons Jovis or Mont Joux, while he himself led the other into Italy by the passage over Mont Cenis.

Charlemagne's attempts to obviate the approaching warfare, and the continual rumour of his military preparations, had put the enemy on his guard, and had given time for every measure of defence. All the easier passes of the mountains were already occupied, and even fortified, by the Lombards; and no way remained of forcing an entrance into Italy, but by unequal and most hazardous battle, or by the long and painful march which he determined to accomplish. It would seem, that on this passage of the Alps great and extraordinary conquerors have taken a pleasure in trying the extent of their powers. Hannibal, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, have each undertaken, and

each succeeded in the enterprise ; but of all these, the monarch of the Francs had to contend with the greatest difficulties, with the least means of success. The Carthaginian, it is true, was harassed by enemies, and the Corsican was burdened with artillery ; but the one could call to his aid all the resources of ancient art, whose miracles of power shame our inferior efforts ; and the other could command all the expedients of modern science to support his own energies, and to smooth the obstacles of his way. Charlemagne stood alone in the midst of a barbarous age, when the knowledge of ancient Europe was extinguished, and the improvements of modern Europe were unknown, upheld solely by his own mighty mind in the accomplishment of an undertaking which he himself had conceived.

The design, however, was eminently successful. The Lombards, who guarded the different passages, considered by them impracticable, were put to flight, the army began to pour down upon Italy, and the two corps formed a junction at the foot of the descent.

The news of this sudden appearance of the Frankish army, in a quarter where they had been so little expected, passed like lightning to Desiderius, who hastened instantly with the main body of his forces to oppose the enemy, before they could quit the narrow defiles in which they were entangled. Collecting all his troops, he took possession of La Cluse, and made a demonstration of defending it with vigour. But Charlemagne, having fortified his camp in front, detached a considerable force through the mountains, to turn the flank of the Lombards. This movement was instantly perceived by Desiderius ; and, struck with sudden terror lest his retreat should be cut off, he abandoned at once his projects of resistance, and, flying to Pavia, left the country open to the Francs.

Determined that his conquest of the Lombards should be more effectual than that of his father, Charlemagne began the siege of Pavia, resolving to carry it on without pause or compromise ; and the Francs, yielding their national haste and eagerness to the purpose of their king, evinced a degree of patience new to all their habits.

The defence of Pavia, Desiderius reserved to himself, while he left the rest of the Lombard cities nearly to their fate, excepting Verona, one of the strongest towns in his dominions, the government of which he entrusted to his son, Adalgisus. The wife and children of Carloman were sent thither for their greater security. The youth and inexperience of Adalgisus rendered necessary the assistance of Gibergh, a Frankish noble, in his command.

No sooner had Charlemagne seen the treaties completed round Pavia, than he led a division of his army against Verona. Astonished at the rapidity of his progress, and cut off from all communication with Desiderius, Adalgisus lost heart ; and, instead of resisting, he abandoned the army committed to his care ; and, leaving Verona, fled, first to Pisa, and thence to Constantinople.

Verona surrendered immediately, and the widow and children of Carloman fell into the hands of the victor, by whom they were treated with kindness. He then hastened back to press the siege of Pavia ; and, contemplating a longer absence from his native country than he had first proposed, he gave directions for his wife and children to join him in the camp before Pavia, and their coming gave a new proof to the Lombards of his unchangeable resolution, and afforded to his soldiers a demonstration of the persevering patience with which he intended to carry on the siege.

Although the capital still held out, the other cities of the Lombard kingdom, one by one, surrendered to detached bodies of the Francs. Few of them offered any resistance, and, in general, the people seemed not unwilling to amalgamate themselves with a great and conquering nation. Pavia, nevertheless, was long defended with all the energy of valour, and the pertinacity of despair. The abundant stores with which it had been supplied, managed with care and frugality, kept up the spirits of the inhabitants, and preserved the obedience of the garrison. Days, weeks, and months passed by; summer, autumn, and winter fled; and yet the city maintained its resistance, though the whole of the rest of Lombardy had submitted.

At length, as the high solemnity of Easter approached, Charlemagne prepared to visit Rome, leaving to his officers the task of carrying on the siege, rather by blockade, than any more active measures, during his absence. Among the various motives which induced him to undertake the journey, were the extension of his power, and deriving the greatest benefit that could accrue from his expedition to Italy. Lombardy, except the capital, whose resistance could not be effectual, was already conquered. He was king of Lombardy by force of arms; but, at Rome he was to be received as Patrician, and Ravenna looked upon him as Exarch,—titles which had previously been mere names, but of which he now intended to exercise the rights. The people of Rome, by their voluntary act, had named him Patrician, or military governor, and both his father and himself had been called upon to perform the most arduous duties of that station, without exercising any of the power which the office implied. Without wishing to trample on Italy, he prepared to take upon himself the full character of his office, and to govern with his usual mildness.

The news of his approach flew rapidly to Rome, and the supreme pontiff, at once animated by original feelings of regard and esteem, grateful for services rendered, and mindful of benefits to come, prepared to receive the conqueror of his enemies, with all the solemn splendour which suited the man, the occasion, and the scene.

In the meantime, Charlemagne set out from Pavia, accompanied by a considerable army, and an immense train of bishops, priests, and nobles. Passing through Tuscany, he advanced by rapid journeys upon Rome. Shouts and songs of triumph greeted him on the way; towns, castles, and villages, poured forth to see him pass; the serf, the citizen, and the noble, joined in acclamations which welcomed the conqueror of the Lombards; and dead Italy seemed to revive at the glorious aspect of the victor. Thirty miles from the city, he was met by all those who could still boast of generous blood in Rome, with ensigns and banners; and, at a mile's distance from the walls, the whole schools came forth to receive him, bearing in their hands branches of the palm, and the olive, and singing, in the sweet Roman tongue, the praises and gratulations of their mighty deliverer. Thither, too, came the standard of the cross, with which it had been customary to meet the Exarchs on their visit to the city; and, truly, since the days of her ancient splendour, never had Rome beheld such a sight as entered her gates with the monarch of the Franks.

On so solemn an occasion as his entry into Rome, the general simplicity of his attire was laid aside, and he now appeared blazing in all the splendour of royalty, his robes wrought of purple and gold, his brow enriched with jewels, and his very sandals glittering with precious stones.

As he approached the church of St. Peter, and was met by the Exarch's cross, the monarch alighted from his horse, and, with his principal followers, proceeded on foot to the steps of the cathedral. The marks of his reverence for the shrine of the apostle were such as a sovereign might well pay, whose actions and whose power left no fear of respect being construed into submission, In the porch near the door, he was met by Pope Adrian, attended by all his clergy, clothed in the magnificent vestments of the Roman church; and while loud shouts rent the air of "Blessed be he who cometh in the name of the Lord!" the pontiff held his deliverer to his heart, poured forth his gratitude, and loaded him with blessings.

The meeting was one of great interest, both to the priest and the monarch. Though Charlemagne was a great conqueror, and a clear sighted politician, an ambitious king, and a dauntless warrior, yet having a heart full of the kindest and the gentlest feelings, all the finer emotions of his bosom were affected by his meeting with the Roman pontiff. That he revered Pope Adrian as a prelate, and loved him as a man, his after life sufficiently evinced; and when he met him, for the first time, in the midst of Rome, he remembered that, sooner than bring discord and strife into his dominions, the old man before him had dared the enmity of a powerful and vindictive monarch, had seen his country wasted and destroyed, and had exposed himself to be besieged in a vast, but ruined and depopulated city. Such feelings on the young monarch's part, while the pope, on the other hand, acknowledged in him the saviour of Rome, and the deliverer of the church, could not fail to create between them a bond of sympathy and regard, such as circumstances seldom suffer to exist amongst the great of the earth; and friendship, thus begun, continued through their mutual lives.

After the arrival of the monarch, several days were spent in celebrating the solemnities of Easter; but neither the pope nor the king neglected those matters of jurisdiction which were now tending towards a more clear and decided establishment than Italy had known for many years. Charlemagne was thus received as sovereign by the pope, and by the people of Rome. He was crowned with the diadem of the Patricians, or Exarchs, and exercised, for the first time, the extensive sway with which that office invested him. There was no struggle, dispute, or misunderstanding about authority. It was assumed by him at once, and granted by the clergy and the people as the undoubted right of the Patriciate; nor did he ever cease to use the supreme power, first as Patrician, and afterwards as Emperor, from his arrival in Italy to the close of his life and reign. To him all great causes were referred; the pope himself appeared before him as before his judge; and we find repeated instances of his having extended his jurisdiction to ecclesiastical as well as civil affairs, throughout the whole of the Roman territory.

After regulating some clerical affairs of little interest, he hastened back to Pavia, where his presence had become necessary, for the purpose of supporting and encouraging his soldiers under the wearisome labours of the longest and most difficult siege which the Franes had undertaken. At the same time, many circumstances imperatively required that he should press the Lombard capital to its immediate fall, and turn his steps towards his own paternal dominions.

One of the most urgent of these circumstances, was the state of his north-eastern frontier, from which continued accounts of the most alarming character reached him in the heart of Italy. It appears, that no sooner had the

news of his absence from France spread abroad, than the Saxons hastened to take advantage of so favourable a moment, and to avenge their recent subjection, by ravaging the borders of their territory.

Charlemagne now took rigorous measures to render the blockade of Pavia more severe than ever, and famine beginning to undermine the courage of the Pavians, they threw open their gates to the Francs, after a siege of fourteen months.

To compensate for the obstinate resistance, which they feared the conqueror might construe into crime, the Lombards delivered up Desiderius, his wife, and daughter, to Charlemagne, without any stipulation in their favour, relying entirely upon the mercy of the conqueror. Their reliance was not in vain; no cruelty stained the glory of the triumph. Pavia did not even suffer from plunder; and the treasures found in the palace of the vanquished Desiderius, repaid the Frankish soldiers for their long fatigues, though no part went to swell the stores of their own liberal monarch, who now took the title of king of Lombardy, and was crowned with the iron circle which the monarchs of that country had assumed after their settlement in Italy; directly after which, he set out for France, and reached it in the middle of August, leaving but few troops in the Lombard kingdom, the people evincing a willingness in their submission.

Four armies were immediately despatched against the Saxons, which penetrated into their territory in four different directions, and after amply avenging and repaying themselves for the ravages which the Saxons had committed on their frontiers during their absence in Italy. The Franks returned loaded with spoil, and crowned with victory.

The Saxons, however, were still unsubdued, for in a short time after, they made another incursion, when Charlemagne in person, again, at the head of a most considerable army, with extraordinary rapidity, entered Saxony, capturing the castle of Sigisbourg, removed the fortress of Eresburg, which the Saxons had taken, and marching on the Weser, forced the passage of that river, overcoming every obstable opposed to him. A fearful number of the enemy paid with their lives the penalty of their perfidy. The whole land was now bowed in perfect submission; and Charlemagne, leaving garrisons at Sigisbourg and Eresburg, now led his victorious army back to their native country.

Scarcely had he reached it, when he received intelligence that the nobles of Lombardy had rebelled against him, at the head of which rebellion were Rodgaud, Duke of Friuli, and Hildebrand, Duke of Spoleto. A letter from the pope also entreated Charlemagne to guard against the intrigues that were everywhere surrounding him.

Perils with the young monarch were always encountered as soon as known; and without loss of time he crossed the Rhine, with a select body of troops, and advanced rapidly towards Italy, hoping to effect his passage before the snows had blocked up the roads. The year, however, had too far proceeded in its course towards winter, for the monarch to make much progress; and he was forced to pause at Shlesdadt, in Alsace. The delay was nevertheless productive of no evil consequence. The first melting of the snows saw him once more across the mountains, and in full career against his enemies. Pavia had been secured by the troops he had formerly left there; and, traversing the country with immense speed, he left behind him Treviso, though strongly garrisoned for the revolted chiefs; advanced upon Friule, and

attacked the faithless Lombards before they knew he had passed the Alps. Immediate destruction overtook the conspirators, and the death of Rodgaud, their leader followed.

In leaving behind him so large a city as Treviso, strongly fortified and garrisoned, while he struck the decisive blow at the chief of his adversaries, Charlemagne followed a system of warfare, which has appeared new and bold when executed by an extraordinary general even in our own day. But the moment he had disconcerted the plans of Rodgaud, the monarch turned from Friuli, and, with the brilliant celerity which characterised all his exploits, marched directly upon Treviso, where Stabilinus, the uncle of the fallen duke, had shut himself up, resolved to hold out the city to the last. The strength of the place, and the desperation of its defenders, promised to render the siege as long as that of Pavia ; but an Italian priest, of the name of Peter, who happened to be in the fortress, agreed to betray the gates of the Lombards to the Francs, and before Easter, Treviso also was taken, without its being followed by any severity.

The submission of all the other Lombard nobles was prompt and complete. The cities which had been in revolt, were consigned to Frankish governors, and provided with Frankish troops. The garrisons throughout Lombardy were strengthened and increased, and the whole country was reduced to obedience, and secured by every provision for its government and defence. But a small space of time was allowed him for securing his Italian dominions against fresh commotions, for at Treviso, the news reached him that the Saxons were again in arms upon his northern frontier, and ravaging as usual. Passing the Alps with inconceivable rapidity, adding what reinforcements he could gather in his Italian army, he entered the territory of his pertinacious enemies like a mighty tempest, sweeping the whole country from the Rhine to the Lippe, and spreading terror and consternation throughout the land.

Again subdued, the Saxons met him in great numbers on the banks of the Lippe, supplicating peace and pardon; and again offering hostages, they declared their resolution of embracing the Christian religion. Charlemagne, with unwearied clemency, acceded to their demands ; but taking greater measures of security, he added several fortresses to those he had before built, and employed his troops in again restoring the often demolished castle of Eresburg. While thus employed, the Saxons presented themselves in immense numbers, with their wives and children, for the purpose of receiving baptism ; and the monarch, imagining that the greatest step had yet been taken towards their civilization, and that the tranquillity of his own dominions, was now gained, left them in peace, and returned to France.

Scarcely had Charlemagne time to bestow a thought on the internal affairs of his kingdom, when the perfidious Saxons again broke out, and were again punished more severely, the monarch declaring, that if they again violated their faith, they should lose both their liberty and their country.

On the return of Charlemagne from this last expedition, he found one of the Saracen Emirs of Arragon awaiting him, who prayed for protection and redress, offering to hold the whole of his territories from Charlemagne, rather than from the crown of Cordova. At the same time he held out a prospect of easy victory, extended dominions, and vast advantage. The petition met with immediate attention; and this was the first war in which the great warrior ever engaged with the sole view of conquest.

As soon as the defiles of the Pyrenees were passable, collecting all his

forces on the frontier, he led one large division of his army through the mountains of Spain, and advanced rapidly on Saragossa. At the same time, a considerable force passed the mountains of Rousillon, and made themselves masters of Catalonia. Navarre and Arragon were also soon reduced to submission, and the Emir, Abu al Arabi, and his companions, restored to their dominions, who, giving hostages and tribute, rendered themselves vassals of the crown of France.

Garrisons were now placed in particular cities, to secure the country which had been won—every measure of precaution and defence was adopted, and what has been called "the Spanish March," comprising a broad band of country, extending along the southern foot of the Pyrenees, was added to the dominion of Charlemagne. The Saracens, however, not long after revolted. The Francs were attacked near Saragossa, but victory declared in favour of the former, and thus was the dominion of Charlemagne more firmly secured.

Dangers of the most pressing kind threatening his provinces on the Rhine, the monarch's march was immediately directed towards the Pyrenees. Dividing his forces into two bodies, he advanced in person at the head of the first division, and, for the sake of greater speed in his own progress, left all the baggage with a strong rear-guard. The names of Eggiard and Anselm have come down to us, together with the nephew of Charlemagne, Rolando, or Orlando, as the commanders of the second division, which had to suffer from unforeseen hostility.

Lupo, the perfidious Duke of Gascony, thought this a favourable opportunity to revolt against Charlemagne; and knowing that the rear-guard of the army, loaded with baggage and treasure, was separated from the rest of the troops, Lupo resolved upon an undertaking, for which punishment seemed remote, and in which success was probable, and rapine sure.

Mounted on heavy horses, and loaded with a complete armour of iron, the soldiers of Charlemagne returned from their victorious expedition into Spain, and entered the gorges of the Pyrenees, without ever dreaming that an enemy beset their footsteps.

The monarch himself, with the first division of his host, were suffered to pass unmolested; but when the second body of the Francs, following leisurely at a considerable distance, had entered the wild and narrow valley, called the Roscida Vallis, now Roncesvalles, the woods and mountains around them suddenly bristled into life, and they were attacked on all sides by the perfidious Gascons, whose light arms, distant arrows, and knowledge of the country, gave them every advantage over their opponents.

In tumult and confusion, the Francs were driven down into the bottom of the pass, embarrassed both by their arms and baggage. The Gascons slaughtered them like a herd of deer, singling them out with their arrows from above, and rolling down the rocks upon their heads. Never wanting in courage, the Francs fought to the last man, and died unconquered. Rolando and his companions, after a thousand deeds of valour, were slain with the rest, and the Gascons, satiated with carnage, and rich in plunder, dispersed amongst the mountains, leaving Charlemagne to seek for immediate vengeance in vain.

During the lapse of centuries, tradition has hung about the spot, and the memory of Rolando and his companions is consecrated in a thousand shapes throughout the country. Part of his armour has there given name to a flower, the Casque de Roland, a species of hellebore; and the Breche de

Roland, a deep fissure in the crest of the Pyrenees. The perfidious Lupo, however, did not escape the punishment of his treachery, for he some time after forfeited his life as a just retribution for his villany.

Charlemagne, continuing his march, again entered the Saxon territory, and at length completely subjugated the perfidious race, who had once more entered his kingdom, and ravaged the whole territory from Cologne to Coblentz, bearing destruction, rapine, massacre, and flame.

Charlemagne was visited in his dominions at this period, A. D. 779, by many of these calamaties, which from time to time, in the course of nature, affect whole countries and nations. Tremendous earthquakes shook his Lombard kingdom, casting down many of the finest buildings, and spreading death and ruin through the land, while a pestilence and a severe scarcity added to the horrors of the time.

Upon returning from a journey he made to Italy, shortly after these calamities, to quiet some turbulence caused by the intrigues of Adalgisus, Charlemagne was visited on his way, at Parma, by an English priest, named Alcuin, who had come to Rome by the desire of the Archbishop of York. The renown of the monarch had drawn the priest to Parma; his learning and eloquence had a powerful effect on the mind of the monarch, who found that the cloisters of England contained men able and willing to co-operate in the great design of civilizing and instructing the nations under his dominion; and Alcuin was invited at once to visit France, and to combine with the monarch in forming a plan for reviving the light of past ages, and dispelling the darkness of the present.

The whole empire now slept in peace, and Charlemagne closed the year without any warlike movement, an event which occurred but seldom during his long protracted reign.

The following year, he visited his Saxon dominions, and had scarcely quitted them, when a Sclavonian tribe, called Sorabes, upon the frontiers of Saxony, poured in upon the Saxons, ravaging the country, and part of Thuringia, which had long been dependent on France. While a force was sent under Theodoric, a cousin of Charlemagne, to quell the enemy, a revolt of a serious nature, headed by Witikind, who had before led an insurrection in Saxony, and who had secretly returned from Denmark, whither he had fled, took place, which obliged the monarch to again march in person, at the head of a large army, into Saxony, to subdue the revolt. Wearied by such endless perfidies, he determined no longer to indulge his clemency. His very name was sufficient to carry dismay into the hearts of the Saxons. His victorious army, like a morning mist before the sun, dispersed them in every direction, and their chief, abandoned by his followers, again sought safety in flight. As a terrible example in future, the French monarch ordered four thousand five hundred of the most criminal who had borne arms against him, to be executed in one day.

Even this terrible example had not the expected effect; for in a short time we find Witikind, again returned into Saxony, and the whole country was once more in revolt and with two armies, such as had never taken the field against Charlemagne before.

A domestic grief, the death of Hildegarde his queen, at this moment, retarded his movements against the enemy. As soon as possible, however, he advanced rapidly upon Dethmold, where the army of Witikind had taken up a strong position, with an immense force. Notwithstanding a long and weari-

some march, Charlemagne attacked the enormous mass opposed to him on their own ground, and after a short, but terrible conflict, succeeded in almost annihilating their army.

Few are said to have escaped alive of all the Saxon host; but of course, such a struggle could not take place, without great loss also on the part of the Francs. A hostile country, and another powerful army, were yet before the steps of Charlemagne; and his forces were too much weakened by the battle which he had won, to admit of his advance, without much risk of his retreat being cut off. Retiring, therefore, upon Paderborn, he awaited the arrival of fresh troops, which were in preparation throughout France; and, immediately after their arrival, he once more marched forward, to encounter the second army of the Saxons, which occupied the banks of the Hase, in Westphalia. Scarcely a month had elapsed after his former victory, when he achieved another. The army which opposed the passage of the river, were as totally defeated as that which had encountered Charlemagne near Dethmold.

Another victory, gained some little time afterwards by Charles, the eldest son of Charlemagne, at length completely subdued the Saxons. Witikind, their leader, who had again fled, being pardoned, visited the court of the monarch, where he was solemnly baptised, Charlemagne himself appearing as sponser. All Saxony now embraced at once the Christian religion. At this time, Queen Bertha died, deeply regretted by her son, and all the nation. Not long after this event, the monarch again married, taking to his bed, Fastrada, the daughter of Rodolph, a Frankish noble of high repute. This queen proved an intriguing turbulent woman, and gave much inquietude to Charlemagne, and the whole nation.

We shall pass over the various expeditions of this wonderful monarch, in which he conquered all the enemies who endeavoured to wrest the sceptre from his hands, greatly adding, by his victories, to his already extensive empire. Nor did he, during all this turbulence, ever neglect the internal affairs of his territories. He had rendered France the most cultivated country in Europe, as far, at least, as regarded trade and manufacture. The stores of ancient learning, and the remains of ancient magnificence, were still the ruined inheritance of prodigal Rome; but even prior to the year of which we now write, A. D. 789, we find Rome herself applying to the monarch of the Francs for skilful workmen and overseers, to superintend those architectural labours for which Italy had been renowned; and he snatched each interval of repose, to secure all those facilities to commerce and manufacture, by which alone they can be brought to flourish and increase.

About this time Charlemagne was much afflicted at the treachery of Pepin the Hunchback, an illegitimate son of his, who, by being made the tool of ambitious and turbulent men, rebelled against his father—instigating the Saxons, the Huns, the Saracens, and other nations, to unite in driving Charlemagne from the throne, in order to place himself thereon. Supported by his two eldest sons, the mighty monarch soon scattered all his enemies before him, like dust before the wind, and subjected them eventually to his entire dominion. Nor did he, for a moment, relax in his efforts to soften their barbarism, and court them to a better state. Cities and towns rose up on the path of Charlemagne, and a civilised population became gradually mingled with the original denizens of the country. The schools which he had established in every different province and curé, throughout his dominions, had now made great progress. Germany has yet to bless him, as the guide which first led

her from darkness into light. His court was not only the refuge of the unfortunate, but was the resort of all nations.

In the year 794, Queen Fastrada died, whose deeds had served to darken the splendour of her husband's character. About three years after this event, the famed Caliph of the East, Haroun al Raschid, struck with admiration of Charlemagne, sent him the keys of the holy places, together with a standard, as a mark of sovereignty in Jerusalem.

Shortly after the above period, the fourth wife of Charlemagne, Queen Hildegarde, died. She was a most beautiful and excellent woman, and passionately loved by the monarch.

Having been invited to Rome by the pope, Charlemagne was crowned emperor of the Romans in the Church of St. Peter's, on a Christmas day, surrounded by all the splendid clergy of Italy. Approaching the altar, to offer up his prayers, arrayed in his Patrician robe, he knelt on the steps, and after ending them, was about to rise, when the pope, Leo, advanced, and raising an imperial crown, he placed it suddenly on the brows of the monarch, while the imperial salutations burst in thunder from the people, "Long life and victory to Charles Augustus, crowned by God great and pacific Emperor of the Romans!"

From that hour, the titles both of king and patrician were laid aside; and the monarch of the Francs became emperor of the Romans. Thenceforward his coins were inscribed with his new dignity, and his acts were dated from the years of his empire.

Some time after being crowned Emperor of the Romans, Charlemagne was acknowledged Emperor of the West. By unequalled efforts against a thousand enemies, he had nearly secured general peace, and sought to enjoy it; but, nevertheless, no desire of ease could prevent him from affording aid to such of his allies or dependents as required the support of military intervention. Already considerably past the age which his father and his grandfather had attained, Charlemagne, notwithstanding the great degree of corporeal vigour that he still enjoyed, and the robust constitution which promised years of health, determined to prepare against the approach of death, and to provide, as much as human foresight could, against those dissensions amongst his children which had caused the difficulties and cares of his own early reign, which might destroy the empire he had acquired, and sweep away the institutions he had founded.

He accordingly determined to remove all future cause of dispute, by himself allotting amongst his sons the territories which they were to possess at his death. His children at once gave their consent to that distribution which he thought fit to provide against the period of his death; and the general assembly of the nation sanctioned it without hesitation. The princes and the nobles swore to observe the partition; and a copy of the document was transmitted to the head of the Christian church, that the authenticity of the deed might be preserved undoubted, by a transcript, attested by the supreme pontiff himself, remaining in the archives of the church.

The farther dispositions of the monarch are directed to keep peace and amity amongst his children. No precaution was wanting on the part of the monarch to secure the future concord of his sons; and, under the warrant of the oath which they mutually took to obey his will, he commands them, in case of any dispute in regard to their territories, to abstain from arms, and to have recourse to the judgment of the cross, a judgment which, like every

other sort of ordeal, supposed the active interposition of God, to establish an earthly right.

Such was the charter of division; and certainly, the clearness of his judgment, and the benignity of his heart, were never more fully displayed than in that document.

The dominions of Charlemagne were now as extensive as the proudest ambition could well desire to possess, or the mightiest genius could pretend to govern. The whole of France and Belgium, with their natural boundaries of the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Ocean, the Mediterranean, and the Rhine, formed no inconsiderable empire. But to those possessions were added, to the south, all that part of Spain comprised between the Ebro and the Pyrenees, and to the north, the whole of Germany to the banks of the Elbe. Italy, as far as the lower Calabria, was either governed by his eldest son Charles, or tributary to his crown; and Dalmatia, Croatia, Liburnia, and Istria, with the exception of the maritime cities, were joined to the conquered territories of Hungary and Bohemia. As far as the conflux of the Danube, with the Teyss and the Save, the east of Europe acknowledged the power of the Frankish monarch. Most of the Sclavonian tribes, between the Elbe and the Vistula, paid tribute and professed obedience; and Corsica, Sardinia, and the Balearic Isles, were dependent on the emperor's possessions in Italy and Spain.

Such were the dominions of Charlemagne, at the conclusion of the Venetian war in 810, and such were the dominions which he proposed to leave divided amongst his sons.

This division was destined never to take place. A severe stroke awaited him.

His first loss was that of his eldest daughter, Rotruda. Scarcely had the news of his son's victories over the Venetians reached his ears, when they were followed by the tidings of his decease; and scarcely had the monarch secured to the son of Pepin the kingdom which he had formerly assigned to the father, ere Charles, for whom the imperial throne had been reserved, was also called to the tomb.

Of the emperor's three sons, none now remained but Louis, King of Aquitaine, and in him centered all the affection of the monarch. At a general assembly of the people, their consent was unanimously given to the nomination of Louis as heir to the empire: And in the church of Aix-la-Chapelle, Charlemagne then, after a pious exhortation to his son, placed the crown on his head, as "a gift which he held from God, his father, and the nation."—Thus participating his son with him in dominion.

Notwithstanding frequent attacks of the gout, and a degree of lameness which that disease had left, he still followed the chase, in which he had always delighted, with unabated ardour, and still enjoyed the bath, wherein he had so long been accustomed to exercise himself in swimming. It was one day after he had been using the thermal waters at Aix-la-Chapelle, that he felt the first attack of that malady which terminated his life. He was suddenly seized with a violent pain in the side, which was soon proved to proceed from pleurisy. In common with all men who, during a long life, have possessed robust health, Charlemagne despised and rejected the aid of medicine, and imagining that abstinence was the sole remedy for all sorts of sickness, he refused food of every kind, and only allayed his feverish thirst with small quantities of water. The violence of his disease required more active means of cure; those were not employed, and at length, after a few

day's illness, on the 28th of January, 814, Charles the Great expired, in the seventy-second year of his age, and the forty-seventh of his reign.

Above the ordinary height of men, Charlemagne was a giant in his stature as in his mind; but the graceful and easy proportion of all his limbs, he spoke the combination of wonderful activity with immense strength, and pleased while it astonished. His countenance was as striking as his figure; and his broad high forehead, his keen and flashing eye, and bland unwrinkled brow, offered a bright picture, wherein the spirit of physiognomy, natural to all men, might trace the expression of a powerful intellect and a benevolent heart. He was sober and abstemious in his food, and simple to an extreme in his garments. Passionately fond of robust exercises, they formed his great relaxation and amusement; but he never neglected the business of the public for his private pleasure, nor yielded one moment to repose or enjoyment which could be more profitably employed. His activity, his quickness, and his indefatigable energy in conducting the affairs of state, having already been spoken of at large, it only remains to be said, that in private life he was gentle, cheerful, affectionate, and kind; and that with his dignity guarded by virtues, talents, and mighty renown—he frequently laid aside the pomp of empire, and the sternness of command.

No man that ever lived combined, in so high a degree, those qualities which rule men and direct events, with those which endear the possessor and attach his contemporaries. No man was ever more trusted and loved by his people, more respected and feared by other kings, more esteemed in his lifetime, or more regretted at his death. And we end by saying, as Gibbon did of him, that Charlemagne is the only prince in whose favour the title of great has been indissolubly blended with the name. J. M. T.

THE PUNISHMENT OF A VESTAL.

(Painted by Peytavin)

Two particular duties were imposed on the priestesses of Vesta—the care and preservation of the holy fire, and the observance of the strictest continence. She who, by her negligence, suffered the sacred flame to become extinct, was severely scourged by the high-priest, the punishment being inflicted in an obscure place, and the Vestal closely veiled.

To those who violated their vow of virgin purity, was awarded capital punishment. Numa condemned them to be stoned. A posterior law enjoined that they should be decapitated; and it is believed that Tarquin the elder established the custom of burying them alive: this punishment was, for the first time, carried into effect under his reign. Two sisters, convicted of incest, obtained the privilege of Domitian to choose the manner of their death. Another was condemned to be precipitated from the summit of a rock; she fell without doing herself an injury: they had, however, the cruelty to renew the execution.

The Vestals were sometimes exposed to the torture, and when the proof of their crime appeared to be sufficiently established, votes were collected before punishment was pronounced.

On the day appointed for carrying out the sentence, the religious chief, followed by the pontiffs, went to the temple of the goddess, where the guilty person was despoiled of her ornaments, with every mark of degradation.

After having bound her with cords, they caused her to ascend a litter,

The Sacrament of a Lover

closed on every side, in order that her cries might not be heard, and in this state she was led to punishment. The friends of the priestess had permission to follow her. The procession moved on slowly, and with the utmost silence. The day was regarded by the people as unfortunate, and they refrained as much as possible from being upon the road when this dreadful cavalcade was passing along.

Arrived at the gate of Collina, the Vestal was delivered into the hands of the executioners upon the tomb destined to receive her. This tomb was a subterrancous cavity, of the form of a long square, into which the offender was compelled to descend by means of a ladder; and having placed her on a bed, adjoining which was a table, a lighted lamp, a small quantity of oil, bread, milk, and water; they closed the opening to the vault, and covered it with earth. Such was the ceremony of these horrid executions. The painter of the picture before us has followed the descriptions given of this barbarous custom by various authors, with much interest and effect.

BELISARIUS.

(*Painted by David.*)

Belisarius, who had so frequently led to victory the troops of the Emperor Justinian—who concluded an honourable peace with Cabades—took Carthage —defeated the Vandals—returned conqueror to Constantinople, and numbered among his prisoners a rebellious prince, whom he caused to increase his triumph—this very Belisarius, who, after having successively steered his fleet to the coast of Sicily, taken possession of Catanea, Syracuse, Palermo, and Naples—opposed the successor of Theodates—refused the crown offered by the vanquished to the victor—fought Chosröes king of Persia, whom he put to flight—fled to the succour of Rome, besieged by Totila the Gothic king, and preserved the city from destruction: the saviour, in short, of the empire, whose name and achievements the people of Constantinople venerated and extolled:—This hero, worthy of a better fate, fell a victim to the jealousy of the great, or rather to the weakness of a mistrustful and cruel emperor. Reduced to the most deplorable condition, deprived of his sight, he presents, in the picture before us, where in that miserable state he is recognized by a Roman soldier who had served under his banners, a sad example of the inconstancy of fortune, and of the ingratitude of mankind.

Historians by no means agree as to the last epoch of the life of Belisarius; but after this manner it was offered to the pencil of the artist, and M. David has omitted nothing that could give tenderness to the scene. It is, however, to be remarked, that we are still in possession of the medals of Justinian, representing, on one side, the emperor receiving Belisarius, conqueror of the Goths, and on the reverse, the image of Belisarius, with these words, *Belisarius gloria Romanorum*. What a contrast do these exhibit to those circumstances which tradition has preserved, and which it is pretended that Belisarius displayed from the walls of his prison, to move the pity of those that passed—*Date obolum Belisario!* This inscription David has placed in his picture, the subject of which it would fully explain, could it, in so fine a painting, be in the least degree equivocal.

This celebrated work was executed at Rome, and exhibited at Paris in the year 1782. The etching is not sketched from the picture, but from the engraving by Morel, in which the author made some alterations, under the direction of the painter. The figures in the picture are of the natural size.

MAHOMET II.

MAHOMET II., called the Great, succeeded his father Amarat in 1451, He was the most fortunate of all the infidel princes. Making war upon the Greeks, he took the city of Constantinople in 1453; conquered twelve kingdoms, and took above two hundred towns. Besieging Belgrade, he received a wound and retired. The famous John Hunniades and John Capistran, had a share in that victory. Scanderbeg beat him out of Albania in 1457; but he was afterwards conquered in Hungary, Persia, Mysia, Bornia, Wallachia, Transylvania, and Albania. Besides these, all Peloponesus was likewise conquered, together with Carinthia, Stiria, Sinopi, and other places; but as he was preparing to carry the war into Egypt, he was seized with illness, which carried him off at Nicomedia, on the 3rd of May, 1481, in his fifty-second year.

In features and person, Mahomet was handsome and well formed, and possessed of wit and courage. He spoke Greek, Latin, Arabic, and the Persian languages fluently, and had great skill in astrology. Yet he was a debauchee, of no religion, and as little probity. He was cruel and barbarous, and at the storming of Constantinople, he treated our Saviour's image with great disrespect and indignity.

THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.

(*Painted by Rubens.*)

However transcedent the genius of the painter or the poet, a fit opportunity does not always present itself for either to display the treasures of his art. Without a felicity in the choice of subject, a consideration highly important, no success can be complete. How many pleasing subjects have been undertaken by artists without any previous reflection on their talents; and how often has the dignity of the arts been debased by such presumption.

But when a painter, of speculative endowments, conceives a grand or pathetic design, he produces one of those extraordinary efforts of genius, which is not only the object of the student's veneration, but beyond the power of his contemporaries, or of posterity to imitate.

Such is the famous Descent from the Cross, by Rubens, which raised his reputation in a very eminent degree. The admirable manner in which this subject has been treated, is manifest in this simple sketch. What solicitude is visible in our Saviour's followers, as they take from the Cross his sacred and inanimate body! What grief pourtrayed in the countenance of the Virgin! What tender attachment in the action of Mary Magdalene; The most beloved disciple of Christ is characteristically depictured as bearing the greatest part of his hallowed remains. These are the poetical beauties of the picture: it is no less excellent in point of execution. The lights and shadows are distributed with such magic touches, that the eye of the spectator is ever directed to the principal object. The figure of Christ is, perhaps, the finest that has been ever drawn; while the position of the head, and the reclining posture of the body, describe the heaviness of death, so as to interest the feelings in a surprising manner.

Painted by Berlini.

Engraved by T. Cooke

Painted by Rubens *Engraved by George Cooke.*

Descent from the Cross.

N. Dawson pinx.t

W. Cooke sculp.t

The Finding of Moses

But it is impossible for any engraving, or for any copy, to convey an idea of the energy observable in this picture; which renders it not only the *chef d'œuvre* of Rubens, but one of the finest productions of the art. This great painter, so eminent for colouring, seems to have surpassed himself in the richness and propriety of the local tints. The effect produced by the white sheet upon which the body is placed, in contrast with the flesh, is a proof of the judgment of this celebrated artist, and is one of those bold attempts of which superior masters only are capable. In short, to complete the unity of essential beauties, Rubens, who has incurred censure for being at times deficient in taste, and incorrect in drawing, exhibits parts in this composition worthy of the greatest masters of Italy or France.

This wonderful picture is in the Museum at Paris, where may be seen a finished sketch of this production. In the latter the tints are more delicate, and of a more exquisite touch: it has the advantage of being wholly by the hand of Rubens. The same gallery also possesses the drawing which the author made to direct his composition, in which are observable all the fire and vivacity so conspicuous in the picture.

FINDING OF MOSES.

(Painted by N. Poussin.)

THERE are two pictures by this celebrated artist, in which Moses while an infant, is represented as being taken from the borders of the river Nile, by order of the princess Thermutis, daughter of Pharoah, king of Egypt.

This incident, however, has been very differently treated in each; which is an incontestible proof that Poussin possessed the art of representing the same subject in various ways, without repetition of imagery, or the smallest deviation from that simplicity, correctness, and purity of style, to which he owes his celebrity.

In the picture now before us, three women only form the suite of the princess: Thermutis is observed in the midst of them, leaning upon the youngest, with her hand extended towards the infant, who is presented to her by the slave. Moses smiles at the woman while she is taking him in her arms. On an elevation, at some distance, several men are seen preparing to pass the river in a boat. Aqueducts, a temple, and some buildings, enrich the back-ground of the picture; and to indicate the place of the scene, a pyramid is placed adjoining the city of Memphis.

It is by the introduction of these classical ornaments that Poussin is distinguished among the artists of modern times, and by which his works possess the air of paintings of antiquity. An enlightened critic, and eminent professor of this country, has observed, that "He lived and conversed with the ancient statues so long, that he may be said to be better acquainted with them than the people about him."

In each of these pictures the river Nile is represented by an animated figure. It is a poetical idea, which Poussin, no doubt, appreciated; for similar figures are observable in many of his other compositions. The introduction, however, of mythology and allegory, in sacred subjects, is nevertheless difficult to approve.

This picture has been in the collection of the king of France from the time of Felibien. The other was painted for a private gentleman, from whose hands it passed into the cabinet of the Marquis de Seignelay.

MARSHAL TURENNE.

HENRY Duke of Bouillon, who, by marriage, was sovereign of Sedan, and from his distinguished military and political talents, the friend, the companion, and the adviser of Henry IV. of France, during the civil dissensions that desolated that country towards the middle of the sixteenth century, was the father of the subject of our present memoir.

Henry de la Tour d'Auvergne, Viscomte de Turenne, was born at Sedan on the Meuse, the 11th September, 1611, being the second son. His brother, the heir to his father's honours and estates, who was five years older than himself, was soon separated from him, and sent to pursue his military studies in Holland, while the young Turenne, a delicate and feeble boy, remained at Sedan, under the immediate care of his father. Notwithstanding his delicacy of frame, he very early imbibed a great natural inclination towards the profession of arms. His father conceiving that his weak constitution would never be able to sustain the fatigues of war, Turenne, to prove his hardiness, escaped from his preceptor one evening, and making his way to the ramparts, passed there the greatest part of a severe winter's night. After a long search, he was found asleep upon the carriage of one of the cannons. In another instance, at a very early age, he challenged one of his father's officers, for speaking disrespectfully of Quintus Curtius, his favourite author. The officer, to amuse the Duchess of Bouillon, Turenne's mother, accepted the defiance, and the young duellist was punctually upon the ground. There, however, instead of an adversary, he found a hunting breakfast prepared; and his mother having appeared as second to his antagonist, the business was laughed off and forgotten.

The first studies of Turenne were slow and laborious. He discovered no disposition for learning any thing, and it was only by piquing him upon it, as a point of honour, that he could at all be induced to comply. Gradually, however, he acquired a taste for that which was at first most unpalatable; and, aided by a happy memory, he rendered himself a very elegant, if not a very profound scholar. Before he was twelve years old he lost his father; but the same course of education continued to be pursued with Turenne, under the direction of his mother; and hardy exercises were added, which probably improved his health and invigorated his constitution. Many high qualities were now so distinguishable in his heart and mind, that they were marked and remembered in after years. He was mild, moderate, just and charitable, capable of drawing nice distinctions, and an unswerving lover of truth.

At the age of thirteen, he was sent by his mother from his native place, to study the art of war under his uncle, the famous Prince Maurice of Nassau. The Duchess of Bouillon had thereby a double object to fulfil: the advantages of an education under the first military genius of the day, and, as a member

TURENNE.

R. Sands sculp

of the reformed church, his removal from the power of the Cardinal de Richelieu, who, while he vigorously supported the Protestants of Holland in their war against Spain, had expressed his full determination of crushing them in France and its dependencies.

During the first few months that Turenne had joined the army of the States, his uncle suffered neither his rank nor their relationship to gain from him any exemption from the most laborious duties of his profession. He was received but as a simple volunteer, bore his musket, and served in the ranks with the rest, and thus acquired a minute knowledge of all the details of military service. By his patience, activity and obedience, Turenne shewed himself worthy to command, and won the highest praise from his uncle. Before he received any promotion, the latter died, and was succeeded by his brother, Henry Frederic, who invested his nephew with the command of a company. In this situation, Turenne served three years against the famous Spinola, studying with the most profound attention the more extended branch of science displayed before him, while at the same time he performed most scrupulously all his duties. His company was always in better order than any other, and he himself always ready, calm and obedient.

For some time no enterprise of great importance occurred, in which he could distinguish himself. At length, however, the siege of Bois-le-Duc was undertaken by the Prince of Orange; and, as this was at that time one of the strongest fortresses of the Netherlands, skill, courage and activity, had a wide field to display themselves. Turenne did not lose the opportunity, and on every occasion signalised himself both by his energy and talent, in conducting whatever military operation was entrusted to him. So little care did he take of the safety of his own person, that he drew down upon himself a reproof from the Prince of Orange for exposing himself unnecessarily; but, at the same time, that commander is said to have remarked to those around him, that if he was not much deceived, that youth Turenne would some day equal the greatest captains of his age.

For five years Turenne continued to serve in Holland; but, at the end of that time, the Cardinal de Richelieu, who, though nominally but a minister, possessed in reality the whole power of France, threatened to garrison Sedan with French troops, lest it should revolt from its allegiance to that crown. The Duchess of Bouillon, in order to avert a proceeding which would have converted a separate sovereignty into an inferior town, and rendered her son a simple gentleman instead of a tributary prince, consented to the demand of Richelieu, that her second son should be sent as an honourable hostage to the court of France, as a guarantee for her good faith.

Upon his arrival at the capital, the reception of Turenne was as distinguished as even a young and ardent mind could have anticipated; and, without any solicitation, he received the command of a regiment in the French service immediately on his arrival.

For a few years Turenne does not seem to have been employed under any circumstances which could afford opportunity for the display of his abilities. At length, however, Lorraine having been invaded and conquered by the French, with the exception of the single town of La Motte, siege was laid to that place four years after Turenne had entered the service of France, and here for the first time we find him acting a conspicuous part. The extreme obstinacy of the defence gave full scope for the display of those high military qualities with which Turenne was so pre-eminently endowed; and the very

first lodgment made on one of the enemy's bastions was effected by himself, after the Marquis de Tonniens had been repulsed with loss in making the same attempt. His conduct was rewarded by the rank of Maréchal de Camp, and from this period all eyes turned upon him as one of the brightest in that galaxy of great men that was then rising over France. Turenne was not without ambition, and he saw with joy the wide field of glory open before him, in a war against Austria, which power Richelieu was determined to crush. Soon four armies were on foot for that purpose: we shall only follow one of these, merely because Turenne was attached thereto as Maréchal de Camp.

We must here notice the inconsistencies of policy, in which this army was placed, together with the object it was to effect. The most bitter persecutor of the Protestants of France, Richelieu had raised the army for the express purpose of co-operating and aiding the Protestants of Germany. It was commanded by the Cardinal de la Valette, one of the princes of the church of Rome, who chose, himself, the Protestant Turenne to second him as his Maréchal de Camp against the Catholic princes of Austria.

With this army Turenne was present during the whole of the glorious campaign, in which the Cardinal and the Duke of Saxe Weimar forced Count Mansfield to retire from before Mayence, drove back Galas, and compelled the city of Francfort to adhere to the Protestant League. But he had also their reverses to share as well as their success; and his true merit appeared more fully during the famine which the army was obliged to endure after quitting Francfort, and during the difficult and precipitate retreat it was obliged to make, than even in the moments of its highest fortune. During the dearth which reduced the troops to live on roots and herbs, and even food from which humanity revolts, Turenne sold every article of value he had brought into the field to administer to the wants of the army.

We shall but briefly notice the events of Turenne's life while acting under the command of another. It may, however, be necesary to mention a severe wound in the arm which he received on the last day of the siege of Savergne, not alone from the importance of the event as affecting his health, and inflicting on him a long and painful abandonment of his pursuits, but also on account of the grief and mourning that spread through the whole camp during his illness, and joy caused by his recovery—an eloquent testimony of the love which he had already inspired in the bosoms of the soldiery. The only separate command which he took during this campaign was even before his wound was healed. On this occasion he was completely successful, attacking General Galas, who was in the act of entrenching his army near Jussey, in Franche Comté, and, after a severe struggle, forcing him to quit his lines to retreat on Brissac, and ultimately once more to cross the Rhine.

The following year Turenne accompanied his friend and general, La Valette, into Flanders, where his share in the successes of the campaign consisted in the capture of the fortress of Sobre, one of the strongest places in Hainault, and in the glorious defence of Maubeuge against the whole force of Spain. We next find him at the siege of Brissac, which lasted more than seven months, though all the horrors of famine had been felt within the walls for long before its surrender. Innumerable efforts were made by the imperial forces to succour the place, or compel the French to raise the siege; but all in vain, owing in a great measure to the skill and activity of Turenne. The taking of the last ravelin, which terminated the defence of the place, was

accomplished by himself, at the head of four hundred men, who, under a tremendous fire, cut down the palisade with axes, and forcing their way in, put the defenders to the sword.

The reputation of Turenne had now risen to so high a pitch, that Richelieu offered him one of his nieces in marriage. Turenne, however, declined an honour which was never refused by any one but himself with safety. The motive of this refusal was one which the cardinal himself approved—the difference of religion; for though before this time his brother, the Duke of Bouillon, had embraced the dogmas of the church of Rome, Turenne still held firmly to the reformed church.

The scene of Turenne's exploits now changed to Italy; and, under the Cardinal de la Valette and the Count de Harcourt, he went through all the war in Savoy. And although no great battles were fought, he distinguished himself as much as the generals who commanded in contributing to the success that was obtained.

After the death of Louis XIII., and Richelieu, which took place with a very short interval, Turenne joined himself to the party of the queen in the brief intrigues for the regency of the kingdom during the minority of Louis XIV. The queen, in recompense, once more gave him the subordinate command of the French army in Italy, commanded in chief by Prince Thomas of Savoy; and, after a very short space of time, sent him the baton of field-marshal. Shortly after this, Turenne was called to the command of the army in Germany, which had been left, at the death of the Maréchal de Guebriant, in a complete state of disorganization. His first care was to ameliorate the condition of his soldiers, and, after a short time, he brought them into winter quarters in Lorraine. In the commencement of the following year, 1644, the Bavarian army to which Turenne was opposed proceeded to besiege Fribourg. Although greatly inferior to that army, he hastened with all speed to its succour, but was mortified to find that the place had capitulated. It was at this time he was joined by the great Condé, after whose arrival the three battles of Fribourg took place, which ended by the retreat of the Bavarians, under General Mercy, and the consequent raising of the siege.

It may not be irrelevant to pause here to remark that the characters of Turenne and Condé were as opposite as that of any two generals can be. Turenne, prudent, cautious, and skilful, was never bold but as an effect of calculation, and avoided difficulties rather than surmounted them. Condé, bold, ardent, and impetuous, was a great general from nature rather than education, and thought that heaven threw difficulties in his way only that he might triumph in overcoming them. Nothing could have been more painful than for Turenne to be commanded by Condé, except for Condé to be commanded by Turenne, and yet Turenne served under his great rival without a murmur, aided in his bold projects, and contributed to his success. Such is true greatness.

After the battles of Fribourg, Turenne still followed Condé to the siege of Philipsburg, and remained with him till that city surrendered. He was then, however, detached for the purpose of attacking Worms, which opened its gates to receive him. This example was followed by Oppenheim and Mayence; and Turenne pursued his course towards Landau, which was already besieged by the Marquis d'Aumont. That general, however, had been severely wounded in the first approaches, and the continuation of the siege fell entirely upon Turenne, to whom the garrison capitulated five days after

his arrival. Manheim, Newstadt, and the rest of the adjacent places, surrendered after the fall of Landau, so that the Palatinate, the country between the Moselle and the Rhine, and the course of the latter river, as far as Coblentz, remained as the fruits of one year's success.'

Condé now retired to Paris, and Turenne was left with the army, to support the whole weight of the war in Germany. His forces, from garrisons thrown into the various captured cities, had become so considerably weakened, that it was with great difficulty, and the most skilful manœuvering alone, that he prevented the junction of General Mercy and the Duke of Lorraine, whose united forces would have been sufficient to overwhelm him. Succeeding in this, he swept the whole country of provisions, and maintained his position between the two armies during the whole winter.

Owing to an error in judgment at Mariendal, in the following spring, as well as the neglect of General Rosen, to whom the advance had been entrusted. Turenne was unexpectedly attacked by the Bavarians, and obliged to fall back on the Landgravate of Hesse, covering the retreat himself with only two regiments. With this small force he succeeded in effecting it; which was considered as a most brilliant effort of military skill, and which, in some degree, compensated for his error at Mariendal.

He was now eager to repair this defeat, but Condé was once more despatched into Germany, to take the command of the army; the minister, Mazarin, being alarmed by the defeat of Mariendal, and little competent to judge of military talent, imagined Turenne incapable of commanding a large separate force. Whatever might be the feelings of Turenne, that calm sense of duty which formed the great governing principle of all his actions, soon taught him to suppress his mortification, and to contribute, with his whole soul, to work out the triumph of his country. In the victory of the campaign that followed —the battle of Norlinghen—Turenne had a great share in the success of that day, so that Condé himself could not claim a higher meed for his conduct in the battle.

The illness of Condé soon obliged him once more to resign the command to Turenne and Grammont, who determined to proceed into Suabia for the purpose of refreshing their troops. The duke of Bavaria having received considerable reinforcements from the Emperor, the French generals found themselves too weak to maintain their position, retreated on the Rhine, where they formed their camp under the cannon of Philipsburg. The Archduke commanding the united forces of the Empire and Bavaria, followed close upon their track, and after examining the camp of Turenne for several days, and finding it next to impregnable, retired, and turned his army against Vimpfeu, which was taken, the scantiness of his forces obliging Turenne to relinquish a design he entertained of marching to its succour, and the same cause gave the power to the Archduke of regaining all the late conquests of France.

The army of the Archduke then separated from that of Bavaria; and though the forces of Grammont had also quitted Turenne, the latter seized an opportunity of striking at least one stroke for France, before the close of the campaign. The Elector of Treves had been not only deprived of his dominions, but also imprisoned by the allies on account of his attachment to France. To reinstate him by force of arms, appeared to Turenne the surest way of depressing his opponents. For this purpose, he marched with the utmost rapidity upon Treves, though the winter had already set in, and

after a vigorous attaek of four days, foreed that plaee to surrender. After fortifying his eonquest, that it eould not easily be retaken, and visiting and strengthening all the frontier line on the Moselle, he returned to Paris, to enjoy for a time in repose the reward and glory he had so well merited.

During this time, many unsueeessful attempts were made to eonvert him to the Catholic faith, and partieularly by the excellent Bishop of Lizeux, whose motive being personal affection, and whose zeal being tempered with the most kindly mildness, attaeked the eitadel of Turenne's eonseienee through the easy opened position of the heart. The winter, however, passed, and Turenne, still uneonverted, quitted Paris to join the army on the Rhine. Here, having formed the whole plan of his campaign, and determined, by a junetion with the Swedish troops, to oppose an equal foree to the Imperial and Bavarian army, he was suddenly stayed in his progress by the eommands of Mazarin. After the rupture of conferenees at Munster, the Duke of Bavaria had succeeded in deeeiving the Freneh minister, by promising that if the army of Franee would not pass the Rhine, he would refrain from joining the forees of the Emperor. In consequenee of this, Mazarin eommanded Turenne to keep on the French bank of the river, and to lay siege to Luxembourg. Turenne, however, was not to be deeeived, and though he obeyed, as far as the non-passage of the river was eoncerned, he took eare not to undertake a siege whieh would have ruined the prospeets of the war. In the mean time, as Turenne had foreseen, the Duke of Bavaria, smiling at having outwitted the wily Italian, marehed onward, totally unmindful of his promise, and, foreing an easy junction with the Imperialists, threw themselves between the Freneh and Swedish forces. Turenne now waited no more eommands; but writing his own intentions to Mazarin, he instantly set out, to nullify by his own skill the treachery of the Duke of Bavaria.

Fording the Moselle, and passing through the territory of Cologne, he foreed his way rapidly through a part of Holland, in spite of the slow eaution of the Dutch, passed the Rhine, eut aeross Westphalia, and at length, after one of the most extraordinary marches on record, effeeted his junetion with the Swedes upon the frontiers of Hesse, and thus was the Duke of Bavaria outwitted in his turn.

The Imperial troops now retreated before the sagaeious Turenne, and passing the river Mein, he eontinued his march towards Franefort. He was here joined by a large body of infantry, and then deseending the Mein, he took town after town, on his way, in most cases blowing up the fortifieations, as his army was not suffieiently strong to permit of his plaeing garrisons in the eaptured eities. A road was now opened for him into the heart of Franconia and Suabia, and while the Imperial forees remained in thunderstruek inactivity, he marehed on from triumph to triumph.

The Duke of Bavaria found the enemy whom he had deeeived, in the heart of his territory. Augsburg was now besieged; Raiu was taken, and had not the Arehduke advaneed with all speed to the aid of the former, it and Munieh would have fallen into the hands of the Freneh. The Imperial army, however, was now swelled by reinforeements, and Turenne was obliged to retire; but his retreat was more fatal to the eause of Austria than his presenee eould have been; for falling upon Landsburg, whieh had been established as a magazine for the Imperial troops, he not only supplied his own army abundantly, but eut off the supplies of the enemy, and foreed them to separate, and retire to winter quarters. The eonsequenee of this *coup-de-maitre*

was even more important than it seemed at first. The Duke of Bavaria, irritated at the coldness with which he had been seconded by Austria, and finding the French army absolutely at his gates, abandoned the interests of the Emperor, and entered into a separate treaty with France.

Turenne, leaving several of his places in the hands of the French troops as sureties, by order of the minister, led his victorious troops towards Flanders, after having gained a greater extent of country, taken a greater number of fortified cities, and baffled his enemy more completely than perhaps was ever known, and without fighting a single battle, thus concluded his glorious campaign in Germany.

A circumstance occurred during his march to Flanders, which displayed more firmness, judgment, and courage, than had appeared in any of his campaigns. The Weimarian troops, which formed nearly a third part of his army, revolted at Savergne, from a disinclination to quit Germany, as well as from their pay being many months in arrear; nor could all the efforts of Turenne prevent them from retreating across the Rhine. As they were necessary to the success of the French arms, instead of suffering them to depart alone, he despatched the whole of his French troops to continue their march on Flanders, and singly accompanied the mutineers in their retreat. He persuaded, he threatened, he commanded; and, after having gone with them as far as Etlinghen, he caused General Rosen, by whom the sedition was kept alive, to be arrested; won over a great part of the soldiers; charged and dispersed the remainder, and made a number of the most refractory prisoners.

After this he proceeded, as he had been directed, towards Flanders: but by this time affairs had taken a new aspect; so that, after forming a junction with the troops of Sweden, he once more returned to Germany, and overran all Bavaria, and the first districts of the empire.

It would occupy too much space, even to touch upon the wars of the Fronde, than merely to observe, that therein Turenne had his share with the rest, in the follies, the defeats, and the successes that were alternately the meed of all parties. In the first war of Paris, we find him wishing to act as an armed mediator between the court and the parliament; and shortly after, we see him deprived of his command, and seeking refuge in Holland. After the imprisonment of Condé, again we find him raising an army to release him, leaguing with Spain, becoming general-in-chief of the Spanish forces, and suffering a defeat at Rhetel. Peace, however, again succeeded, and in exchange for the principality of Sedan, which had been yielded by the Duke of Bouillon, and had never in any way compensated, there were now ceded some of the most valuable domains of the crown, comprising the duchies of Albret, and Château Thierry, and the countries of Auvergne and Evreux.

Turenne now returned to Paris, and, according to De Retz, lived there in great retirement. The civil war, however, was soon re-lighted, and we find that Turenne now took the part of the court against Condé, and adhered thereto, through every change of fortune, till he once more brought the king back in triumph to Paris, and terminated the civil wars of the Fronde.

About this time took place his marriage with Mademoiselle de Caumont, only daughter of the Duke de la Force. She is represented as having been mild, amiable, and affectionate. Turenne was doomed to enjoy her society but a short time; for a Condé was in the field, commanding the Spanish armies against France, and a Turenne as needed to defend the native country of both.

The campaigns that followed, ended in a peace between France and Spain, and Condé returned to France, restored to all his honours. As a recompense for the great services of Turenne, Louis XIV., now arrived at the age of manhood, offered to revive, in his favour, the dignity of Constable of France, upon the sole condition of his embracing the Roman Catholic religion. Turenne, however, declined; and Louis, who knew how to appreciate such firm integrity, created a new title of honour in his favour, appointing him Marshal-General of the Camps and Armies of the King.

At St. Jean de Luz, whither the court repaired to solemnize the marriage of Louis with the infanta of Spain, Philip IV. hearing that Turenne was present, desired to see the General who had so often fought against his armies, and on Turenne being presented to him, he said, after gazing on him in silence for some minutes, "So this is the man who has made me pass so many a sleepless night."

The days of Turenne now rolled on in peace. Negociations and consuls succeeded the more active enterprises in which he had been engaged. His views were generally fulfilled, and the first thing which broke the calm of his tranquillity was the early death of his wife, for whom he entertained a sincere affection.

The conquest of Flanders now became the declared object of Louis, and with Turenne to aid him he resolved to carry on the war in person. His first campaign, which, we may say, was fought under Turenne, was crowned with success, and the strong city of Lisle was the fruit of victory. Peace was, however, soon after concluded, much to the aggrandisement of France.

Thus ended the first short campaign of Louis XIV., and Turenne returned to Paris. Though he had hitherto resisted all reasonings and persuasions, he at length yielded to the arguments of the famous Bossuet, and his own conviction, and professed himself a convert to the Roman Catholic Religion. His change of opinion is also attributed to another cause, the multitude of sects into which the people of England were at that time divided, as well as the various absurdities and blasphemies which the complete licence of the Church had brought about. Whatever might be the cause, Turenne's abjurement of the Protestant Religion, cannot be wondered at, when it is considered, that surrounded by its enemies, pressed by interest, friendship, persuasion, argument, and the wishes of the king, he should have at length given way, when he might have done so, when he would have triumphed by yielding, and when weakness would have met with both honour and reward.

The powerful desire of glory, instigated the ambitious Louis to attack Holland, for which purpose he assembled an immense army, separating it into four grand divisions, the command of one of which was of course bestowed upon Turenne. Town after town was taken, province after province invaded, and at the end of summer, 1672, the only defence remaining to the states of Holland, were the friendly waters which had so often protected them against their oppressors. The Dutch called upon the surrounding nations to aid them in their necessity. The princes of Germany rose at their appeal, and while Louis himself returned to Paris, Turenne was left as generalissimo of the whole army, to defend the conquests which he had made, and to meet the storm which was gathering in the east, which he weathered most manfully. Success every where followed his arms, having beat back and followed the Imperialists into the heart of their country.

Two anecdotes of his disinterestedness are attached to this campaign. O

one occasion an officer of rank came to propose to him a plan for gaining four hundred thousand francs in a few days, without the possibility of the transaction being known. Turenne heard him with his usual mildness, and then replied: "I am much obliged to you, but having often found similar opportunities without taking advantage of them, I do not think it would be worth while to change my conduct at my time of life."

The inhabitants also of one of the towns towards which he was marching, sent out to offer him a hundred thousand crowns, if he would take another road. Turenne replied, that their town was not precisely in the line of march, and therefore he could not accept their money.

In a short time, Louis, being abandoned by all his allies, had to struggle alone against the united power of Europe, but he still maintained not only the hopes of successfully defending himself, but making new conquests.

The campaign that followed was as brilliant a one as the most profound skill and tactical knowledge could make it. Turenne, by passing the Rhine, had carried the war into the enemy's country. Montecuculi, universally acknowledged as one of the greatest generals of the day, made every effort to force him to re-pass the river, but in vain; stratagem after stratagem was tried by each general to circumvent his adversary. Turenne was resolved not to re-pass the Rhine without fighting, and Montecuculi was determined to force him to do so by cutting off his supplies and harrassing his troops. At length, the famine which began to manifest itself in the French camp obliged Turenne to change his position; but the change on which he determined was any thing but to pass the Rhine, and he advanced upon Montecuculi in order to force him to a battle. The latter, however, retired at his approach, still watching in his retreat for some favourable opportunity of attacking any detached portion of the French army. So passed their march for several days, till at length, almost at the same time, the French and German forces appeared on either side of the little town of Saspach, near Acheren. Montecuculi occupied the strongest ground, having taken up his position upon the slope of a hill well defended with hedges and low woods, while a rivulet flowing through some deep ravines lay in front of the infantry, and the church of Saspach formed a strong advanced post at a little distance from the general line.

Turenne calmly examined every part of the enemy's position, and for some time seemed to deem it almost unattackable. At length, in reconnoitreing their left, he discovered that they had left a defile unguarded, and remained for some time silently calculating all the chances which that neglect threw in his favour. He was then heard to say, "'Tis done with then; I have them now; they cannot escape me; now we shall gather the fruit of this laborious campaign."

After remarking for some time a movement and agitation in the enemy's army, which was caused in fact by the preparations for a retreat, Turenne retired to breakfast and to rest himself beneath a tree. Either from a conviction that the enemy could not escape or some other cause, Turenne remained longer than usual inactive, and he was still seated behind the tree when he was informed that the enemy's infantry were seen making a movement towards the mountains. Rising instantly and springing upon his horse, he proceeded to a slight eminence, to ascertain the cause of the motion which had been observed. At this time the Imperial army was keeping up a heavy fire upon the French position, in order to conceal the retreat which they

were attempting to effect undisturbed, and Turenne, commanding all his attendants to remain behind, advanced alone. "Stay where you are, nephew," he said to the Duke d'Elbœuf; "by turning round and round me, you will cause me to be recognized by the enemy."

A little farther on he met the Lord Hamilton, then serving in the French army, and paused to speak with him. "Come this way, my Lord Marshal." said the Scotch nobleman, "they are firing in that direction."—"I do not intend to be killed this day," replied Turenne, with a smile, and rode on. A moment after, he was met by the commander-in-chief of the artillery, named St. Hilaire, who called his attention to a battery he had caused to be constructed near the spot, and held out his hand to point out some particular object.

Turenne reined his horse a step or two back, when suddenly a cannon-ball carried off the arm of St. Hilaire, and, passing on, struck Turenne in the midst of the stomach. His face fell forward instantly, and his horse feeling his hand relax its grasp of the reins, turned its head, and galloped back to the staff, where Turenne fell dead into the arms of his attendants, on the 27th of July, 1675.

The consternation that spread through the army was dreadful. The soldiers, who loved Turenne almost to adoration, demanded clamorously to be led against the enemy in order to avenge his death, shouting loudly to turn out his horse, la Pie, before the ranks, and she would bring them, they asserted, right to the foe. The general officers, however, held a council, in which terror and haste reigned much more than sense and resolution. The French army retreated, the Imperial troops advanced, and all that the skill, the wisdom, and perseverance of Turenne had gained for France, was lost again by his death.

By Voltaire, Turenne has been compared to Gonzalves de Cordova, the Great Captain, and in their military character there is certainly a great resemblance. Each had skill, patience, perseverance, calmness, and judgment. But in private life no two men could be more strikingly different. Turenne was anything but brilliant in conversation, and no way remarkable for the graces of his person, either natural or acquired. He was mild, tranquil, even retiring, hating pomp and display, giving no signs of quickness of apprehension, and loving reflection and solid sense far more than brilliancy and wit. Although the great qualities of the two generals might be the same, their faults and failings were entirely opposite.

The character given of Turenne by the Cardinal de Retz is probably nearer to the truth than any other, because it was drawn from the life by an acute observer, who in this instance had no object in deceiving.

"Monsieur de Turenne," says de Retz, "had from his youth upwards all the good qualities, and very early he acquired all the great ones. He wanted none but those which he did not know of. He had all the virtues as natural gifts, without having the tinsel of any of them. It has been thought that he was more capable of commanding an army than leading a party, and I believe so also, because he was naturally not enterprising;—nevertheless who can say? In himself, as well as in his conversation, there was always a certain something of obscurity, which never developed itself except in great opportunities, but then always developed itself to his glory."

Such is the picture of Turenne as drawn by de Retz; and it may farther be said, that he had none of the pride of wealth, of rank, or of talent,

Being once applied to by some mechanics, who did not know him, to measure a disputed distance, he did so with his cane, and on the one, to whose opinion he was unfavourable, declaring he did not judge fairly, he knelt down and measured the ground over again. He was far less severe on others than on himself; and however great was the fault he committed, he was ever ready to acknowledge and to atone.

Such was Turenne. We have already seen what he was as a general: and the few traits here given of his private life may serve better to tell what he was as a man than the most long and laboured discussion. The greatest tribute to the memory of Turenne was the grief and consternation that spread through France on the tidings of his death: "Every one seeks the other to speak of Monsieur de Turenne," says Madame de Sevigné; "they crowd together. Yesterday all were in tears in the streets—every other business was suspended;"—and again, "The news of the death of Turenne arrived at Versailles on Monday. The King was afflicted as one ought to be on the death of the greatest captain and most excellent man in the world. Never was man regretted so sincerely. All the quarter where he lived; the whole of Paris; the whole people, were in trouble and emotion. Every one spoke and crowded together but to regret the hero. J. M. T.

ULYSSES, ICARUS, AND PENELOPE.

(*Painted by Gauffier.*)

The beauty of Penelope, and her fidelity to her husband Ulysses, have been celebrated by the poets of Greece. This princess was the daughter of Icarus, brother of Tyndarus, king of Sparta. Several of the Grecian princes aspired to her hand. Her father, apprehensive that the preference she might manifest towards some would excite the enmity of others, proposed they should contend for his daughter in their military games, and promised that she should be the prize of the conqueror. Ulysses prevailed over his rivals, and Penelope was assigned him. In this manner is the tale related by the Greek writers, with the exception of Appollodorus, who pretends that Penelope became the wife of Ulysses through the friendship of Tyndarus, to whom his councils had been of essential service in his marriage with Helen. When Ulysses was desirous of returning with his wife to Ithaca, Icarus had recourse to the most pressing solicitations to induce him to fix his residence at Sparta. This Ulysses refused, and departed with Penelope. Icarus immediately ascended his car, and proceeded with such expedition that he overtook them;—he renewed his entreaties—but in vain. Ulysses persisted in his resolution, but gave his wife the choice of continuing her journey, or of returning to Sparta with her father. Penelope was silent, but casting her eyes downward, covered her face with her veil. By this action Icarus was sensible of the futility of opposing her inclination. He then withdrew himself, and erected on the spot a temple dedicated to modesty.

Gauffier, the painter of this charming picture, was born at Rochefort, and was sent in his youth to Paris, although his parents were far from affluent; there he commenced his studies in painting, and soon developed very extraordinary talents. He contended, in 1783, for the Roman prize, the subject of which was the Canaanite at the feet of Jesus Christ, in which he greatly distinguished himself. He then went to Rome, where he resided six years,

Ulysses, Icarus and Penelope

Poussin Pinxt.

W. Wade sculp.

Moses trampling on the crown of Pharoah.

and, on his return to Paris, was elected a member of the academy of Painters; but the attraction which Rome possesses to artists, soon induced him to revisit that city, where he married a woman endowed with talents and virtue, and a mind congenial to his own. Some time after, he settled in Florence, where his wife died.—Gauffier, whose health had been long on the decline, was unable to sustain a shock so disastrous, and two months after, followed her to the tomb, being then only thirty-eight years old. His best works are at Paris, among which may be reckoned, his "Alexander recommending secresy to Hephæstion;" "The Ladies of Rome offering their Jewels and Ornaments for the Benefit of the State;" "Laban and Rachel;" &c.

MOSES TRAMPLING ON THE CROWN OF PHARAOH.

(*Painted by N. Poussin.*)

To Josephus, the celebrated Jewish historian, is Poussin indebted for the subject of this picture. This author, zealous for the glory of his nation, has introduced in the life of the law-giver of the Jews, circumstances which had been transmitted to him by tradition, but which are not manifest in the Holy Scriptures. He relates that Thermutis, the daughter of Pharaoh, king of Egypt, after the preservation of Moses on the banks of the river, caused him to be suckled by her mother Jocabed, and became strongly attached to the child. She one day presented him to the king, observing that she had adopted him, and beheld in him already the successor of his house. The monarch, flattered with this idea, placed on the head of Moses his royal bandeau, when the infant indignantly tore it from his brow, and trampled it under foot.

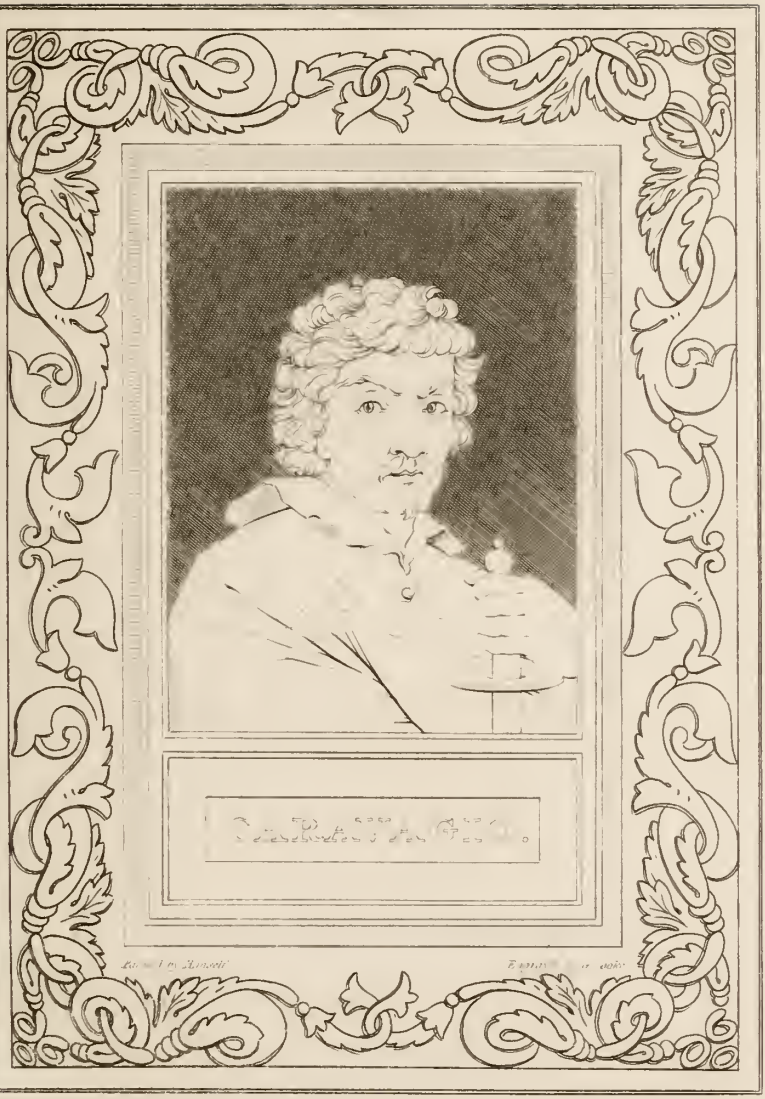
The king is seated on a couch of the antique form, and betrays considerable astonishment at what he beholds. The princess, and several of her attendants, join in the surprise of the king, yet seem solicitous about the child. One of them snatches him in her arms, and is seen protecting the child from the enraged eunuch, who, with a dagger, is desirous of revenging the insult offered to his master. Three old men are near the king, absorbed in reflection on what they have observed, and appear to augur, from the action of Moses, the most sinister predictions. The scene is represented as passing in a rich apartment.

At a first glance the original picture has nothing in it attractive. The carnations through the ravage of time, present now only sombre or livid tints. The general effect is wholly destroyed, since certain colours, such as the red drapery of the king, and the yellow mantle of the old man, retain much vivacity, while others have more or less a dark appearance.

But when this first impression subsides, and the picture is examined with the attention befitting its merits, all those essential features of the art which placed Poussin in the rank of our first painters, may be easily recognised. The composition is masterly, each figure has a determined motive. The expressions are admirably just, and equally removed from insipidity and exaggeration. The design is uniformly correct, the heads are from the finest models, and the draperies admirably adjusted. In a word, in the general effect, as in the details and accessaries, that severe, pure, and refined taste, which pervades the compositions of Poussin, is in this picture eminently displayed.

CARAVAGGIO.

MICHAEL AMERIGI ANGELO DA CARAVAGGIO was born at Caravaggio, a village in the Milanese, in 1569. He was the son of a mason, and was employed when a boy to prepare the plaster for the fresco painters at Milan. The habit of seeing them work inspired him with the ambition of becoming an artist; and without the instruction of any particular manner, he attached himself to a faithful imitation of nature, and formed for himself a style, which, from its singularity, and a striking effect of light and shadow, became extremely popular. For a few years he confined himself to painting fruit, flowers, and portraits, which were much admired for the fidelity of their resemblance. Such was his rigid adherence to the precise imitation of his model, that he copied nature even in her deformities, and he afterwards continued the same slavish mechanism in the higher department of historical painting. He passed the early part of his life at Venice, where he greatly improved his colouring by studying the works of Giorgione; and the pictures painted in his first manner are infinitely preferable in point of colour to his latter works. On leaving Venice he went to Rome, where his first performances were executed in conjunction with Cavilliere Guiseppe Cesari. The novelty of his manner both pleased and surprised, and his works soon became so generally the objects of public admiration, that some of the greatest artists then in Rome were induced to imitate, without approving, the new style of Michael Angelo. Guido and Domenichino, to gratify a corrupt public taste, were for some time under the necessity of abandoning their suavity and their grace, to follow the vulgar though vigorous trickery of Caravaggio. This infatuation did not, however, continue long; the attractions of the grand and the beautiful resumed their dominion over public opinion. The merit of Caravaggio is confined to colour, to an extraordinary effect, produced by a daring contrast of light and shadow; which only belongs to nature in abstracted situations. To give it veracity, we must suppose the light to proceed from a partial and prescribed aperture, which alone can sustain the illusion. He seldom ventured on works that required the arrangement of a grand composition, to which his want of academic study rendered him totally inadequate; he contented himself with



Mansfield pinxt

Sands sculpt

Assembly of Drinkers

subjects that he could represent in half-length figures, and which did not demand a correct delineation of the nude. His saints and heroes are the representatives of the porters who served him for models, and which he never thought it necessary to attempt to ennoble. It must, however, be admitted, that his works possess wonderful force, and that the distribution of light and shadow is conducted with admirable intelligence. His principal works at Rome are, the Crucifixion of St. Peter, in the church of Santa Maria del Popolo, and the Entombing of our Saviour, in the Chiesa Nuova. At Naples, in the church of St. Domenico Maggiore, there is a fine picture by him of the Scourging of Christ, and in St. Martin's is one of his most admired works, representing Peter denying Christ.

Caravaggio was as singular in his temper as in his gusto of painting; full of detraction, and so singularly contentious, that his pencil was no sooner out of his hand, but his sword was in it. He treated his contemporaries very contemptuously, Gioseppino, his former master, particularly, whom he used to make a jest of publicly; which, however, brought him sometimes into danger. Thus one day, in a dispute with Gioseppino, he run a young man through the body, who was for adjusting the affair between them; upon which he was forced to fly to the Marquis Justiniani for protection. Justiniani obtained his pardon from the pope; but he was no sooner at liberty, than giving loose to his passions, he went to Gioseppino, and challenged him. The latter answered, "He was a knight, and would not draw his sword against an inferior. Caravaggio, nettled at this answer, hastened to Malta, performed his vows and exercises, and received the order of knighthood as a serving-brother. While he was there, he painted the Decollation of St. John the Baptist for the great church, and the portrait of the grand master De Vignacourt. When on the point of quitting the island, he insulted one of the principals of the order, and was thrown into prison, from whence he escaped at the risk of his life. Pursued by the guard, he was fired at, and wounded, and again imprisoned. But his courage was undaunted; he perforated the walls of his dungeon, and was enabled to escape. A felucca conveyed him to the shores of Italy; but, on his landing, he was surrounded by a guard, and seized as a pirate. The error was soon discovered, but in the contest, he lost the little treasure that he possessed. So many accumulated misfortunes plunged him in a state of despondency: abandoned, and without resources, he wandered for some time about the country, when, finding himself attacked by a violent fever, he reached with some difficulty Porto-Ercole, where he died in his fortieth year. J. M. T.

ASSEMBLY OF DRINKERS.

(*Painted by B. Manfredi.*)

The figures of this picture, at half length, are of the natural size. This is one of those familiar compositions which is divested of those three great principles of the art—invention, grandeur of design, and sublimity of expression. Michael Angelo de Caravaggio was the founder of a school which rivalled that of the Caracci, although the talents of those celebrated masters were of a superior kind. Despising the study of the antique, and scrupulously disposed to follow nature, Caravaggio delineated, with scarcely any previous intention, yet with surprising energy, whatever she presented to his pencil. The Venetian artist Saracino, Valentino, Joseph Ribera.

called Spagnoletto, and Manfredi, followed the style of M. A. de Caravaggio, exhibiting in their works a portion of his beauties and defects.

Manfredi, one of his disciples, most happily succeeded in this species of imitation: the truth of colouring and vigour of pencil which characterize his productions, have caused them often to be confounded with those of his model. In the pictures of Manfredi, as in those of Caravaggio, we discover incorrectness of drawing, nature without discrimination, and bad taste. These defects, however, are less offensive in familiar compositions than in the higher branches of the art.

History furnishes but few details of the life of Bartholomew Manfredi. He was born at Mantua, and studied painting under Pomerancio, before he entered the school of Caravaggio. Like his master, he delighted in representing—Bodies of Soldiers—Concerts—Fortune-tellers—and Gambling parties. He also painted historical subjects. His frequent excesses injured his reputation and shortened his life. He died at Rome, at an early age. The paintings of this artist are rarely to be seen or purchased.

THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.

(*Painted by Poussin.*)

Among the several pictures that have been painted on this subject, this noble and expressive composition of Poussin has been particularly distinguished.

Solomon is discovered seated upon his throne. He appears at that period of his life when he received the gift of superior wisdom. He orders one of the soldiers to divide the body of the infant claimed by the women, fixing, at the same time, his eyes upon them to ascertain which is really the mother. The parent extends her arms, and seems to speak—her looks, her attitude announce the excess of her affliction. The ferocious joy is well pourtrayed on the livid cheek of the unnatural mother. Some Israelites, astonished at a decree apparently so inhuman, regard the king with peculiar attention; while two females, one of whom is a mother, evince very forcibly the horror and pity which the scene inspires; and the soldier, by his action, appears to partake of their sensibility.

24 And the king said, Bring me a sword. And they brought a sword before the king.

25 And the king said, Divide the living child in two, and give half to one, and half to the other.

26 Then spake the woman whose the living child *was* unto the king, for her bowels yearned upon her son, and she said, O my lord, give her the living child, and in no wise slay it. But the other said, Let it be neither mine nor thine, *but* divide *it.*

27 Then the king answered and said, Give her the living child, and in no wise slay it: she is the mother thereof.

The figures of this picture are admirably drawn. Poussin has, perhaps, assumed a liberty in representing the soldier half naked. The figure has, moreover, the air of a Greek warrior, rather than that of one of the guards of the King of Israel.

The draperies are adjusted with that fine taste which bespeaks a study of the antique, for which Poussin was so remarkable. The picture is considered very beautiful both in harmony and expression.

Poussin pinx. *Stave sculp.*

The judgment of Solomon

PYRRHUS AT THE COURT OF GLAUCIAS.

(*Painted by M. Vincent.*)

Few princes have had so precarious an existence as Pyrrhus, King of Epirus. The Molossians, having revolted against Æacides his father, were desirous of destroying the whole of the royal family—Pyrrhus was then in his cradle. Some faithful domestics, however, contrived to conceal him from his murderers, and fled with him to the Megarians; but, upon the road, they very narrowly escaped being overtaken by their pursuers. "At length," says Plutarch, "having eluded their vigilance, they arrived at the palace of Glaucias, King of Sclavonia, whom they found seated, with his wife, and placed the child before him. The King remained, for some time, silent, revolving in his mind in what manner he should act, since he dreaded Cassander, who was the mortal enemy of the Æacideans. In the mean time, Pyrrhus, crawling on his hands and knees, took hold of the King's robe and raised himself by it before him. This, at first, excited the prince's attention; afterwards, an emotion of pity:—he appearing in the light of a supplicant, throwing himself freely upon his protection." Some say it was not to Glaucias that he addressed himself, but to the domestic gods, whom, raising himself beside them, he embraced. Glaucias conceiving this adventure to be by divine command, committed the child into the hands of his wife, and ordered that he should be brought up with his own children.

Rollin says, that:—"Cassander, the mortal enemy of Æacides, solicited the King to deliver the young prince into his hands, and offered him two hundred talents on that occasion; Glaucias, however, was struck with horror at such a proposal, and when the infant had attained the twelfth year of his age, he conducted him in person to Epirus with a powerful army, and reinstated him in his dominions; by which means the Molossians were compelled to submit.

"When he had attained his seventeenth year, he began to think himself sufficiently established on the throne; and set out from his capital city for Illyria, in order to be present at the nuptials of one of the sons of Glaucias, with whom he had been brought up. The Molossians taking advantage of his absence, revolted a second time, drove all his friends out of the kingdom, seized all his treasures, and conferred the crown on Neoptolemus, his great-uncle. Pyrrhus being thus divested of his dominions, and finding himself destitute of all succours, retired to his brother-in-law Demetrius, the son of Antigonus, who had espoused his sister, Deidamia.

"This young prince distinguished himself among the bravest in the battle that was fought in the plains of Ipsus, and would not forsake Demetrius, even after he was defeated. He also preserved for him those Grecian cities which that prince had confided to him; and when a treaty of peace was concluded between Ptolemy and Demetrius, by the mediation of Seleucus, Pyrrhus went into Egypt as a hostage for his brother-in-law.

"During his continuance at the court of Ptolemy, he gave sufficient proofs of his strength, address, and extraordinary patience, in hunting exercises, and all other labours. Observing, that of all the wives of Ptolemy, Berenice had the greatest ascendancy over him, and that she surpassed the others in prudence, as well as beauty, he attached himself to her in particular; for as he was already an able politician, he neglected no opportunity of making his court to those on whom his fortune depended, and was studious to ingratiate himself with such persons as were capable of being useful to him. His noble and engaging demeanour procured him such a share of Ptolemy's esteem, that

he gave him Antigone, the daughter of Berenice, his favourite consort, in preference to several young princes, who demanded her in marriage. This lady was the daughter of Berenice, by Philip, her first husband, who was a Macedonian lord, little known with respect to any other particular. When Pyrrhus had espoused Antigone, the queen had so much influence over her consort as to induce him to grant his son-in-law a fleet, with a supply of money, which enabled him to repossess himself of his dominions."

Poussin, in one of his landscapes, admirably represented the flight of Pyrrhus to the Megarians; and two modern artists, of great celebrity—M. Vincent, professor of the Academy of Painting, at Paris; and Mr. West, President of the Royal Academy—have each depictured the moment in which Pyrrhus implores the protection of Glaucias. These two compositions possess very signal merit, and are remarkable for the beauty of their expressions, the happy disposition of the drapery, for freedom of execution, and strength of colouring.

The picture of Pyrrhus, one of the first pieces of M. Vincent, the figures of which are of the natural size, was exhibited at the Louvre a short time before the revolution, and was wrought in tapestry by command of Louis XVI.

GARRICK IN THE CHARACTER OF RICHARD III.

(Painted by Hogarth.)

"Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!
Have mercy, Jesu! soft; I did but dream,
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue! It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh"

Act V. *Scene* 3.

In character and expression of countenance, Hogarth has been peculiarly happy; but in resemblance he has failed. "The features," says Ireland, have no likeness to the features of Mr. Garrick, and the figure gives an idea of a larger and more muscular man." The accompaniments are no less appropriate than judicious: the lamp shedding a *religious light*, the crucifix placed at his head, the crown, sword, and armour before him, exhibit the descriptive powers of this celebrated genius.

The figures and tents in the back ground are likewise introduced with great propriety, and contribute to the interest of the scene.

Hogarth in his Analysis of Beauty observes, "The robes of state are always made large and full, because they give a grandeur of appearance suitable to offices of the greatest distinction," a precept which the drapery illustrates. This composition is simple, and the figures accurately drawn.

In painting Mr. Garrick in this character, Hogarth evinced considerable judgment. It was the first he appeared in, on the 19th of October, 1741, at Goodman's Fields, and his performance gave proof of those extraordinary talents which secured to him the celebrity he afterwards attained.

The paper adjoining the helmet, on which the following distich is written:—

"Jockey of Norfolk be not so bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold,"

not being brought to Richard until after the time represented in this scene, can only be reconciled by that *licence* which poets and painters exclusively possess.

Painted by Wm Hogarth. *Engraved by Geo. Cooke.*

MR GARRICK, *in the* CHARACTER *of* RICHARD IIIRD.

FRANKLIN.
Drawn by Cochin
Engravd by G Cooke

FRANKLIN.

On the 17th of January, 1706, Benjamin Franklin was born at Boston, in New England, North America; and was the youngest but two of a family of seventeen children. His ancestors, as far as they can be traced back for above three hundred years, were small freeholders at Eaton, in Northamptonshire: and by the surname of the family—the ancient Norman appellative for a country gentleman—we may conclude they had originally been of some consequence. His father, who had emigrated from England about twenty-four years before, followed the occupation of a soap-boiler and tallow-chandler, a business to which he had not been bred, and by which he with difficulty supported his numerous family. At first it was proposed to make Benjamin a clergyman, and he was accordingly put to the Grammar-school, at eight years of age;—an uncle, whose namesake he was, and who was an ingenious man, encouraged the project, and presented him with several volumes of sermons to set up with, which he had taken down in a short-hand of his own invention, from the different preachers he had been in the habit of hearing. Young Franklin, however, had not been quite a year at the Grammar-school, when his father reflecting that the expence of a college education for him was what he could not well afford, and considering that the church in America was a poor profession after all, removed him. He was then placed for another year under a teacher of writing and arithmetic; after which his father took him home, when he was no more than ten years old, to assist him in his own business; but he soon testified such repugnance to the cutting wicks for candles, running of errands, waiting in the shop, with other drudgery of the same nature, that, after a tedious trial of two years, he was sent on trial for a few days to a cousin, who was a cutler, but that relative being desirous of a larger apprentice-fee than his uncle could spare, Benjamin was recalled. A short time previous to this period, his brother James had returned from England, whither he had been sent to learn the printing business, and set up a press and types on his own account at Boston. To him, therefore, after no little persuasion, Benjamin at last agreed to become apprentice, and he was indentured accordingly for the term of nine years.

The choice of this profession, as it turned out, was a lucky one; and it was made after much careful observation on the part of the parent. He had watched his son's increasing fondness for books, and thirst for information, and that, too, of a solid and instructive sort. He therefore judiciously resolved to place him in a favourable situation for gratifying this propensity in the youthful mind. Franklin thus speaks of his early and insatiable craving after knowledge:—

"From my earliest years I had been passionately fond of reading, and I laid out in books all the money I could procure. I was particularly pleased

with accounts of voyages. My first acquisition was Bunyan's collection, in small volumes. These I afterwards sold, in order to buy an historical collection by R. Burton, which consisted of small cheap volumes, amounting in all to about forty or fifty. My father's little library was principally made up of books of practical and Polemical Theology. I read the greatest part of them. There was also among my father's books Plutarch's Lives, in which I read continually, and I still regard as advantageously employed the time devoted to them. I found, besides, a work of De Foe's, entitled "An Essay on Projects," from which, perhaps I derived impressions that have since influenced some of the principal events of my life."

By his assiduity, Franklin soon attained great proficiency in his business, and became very serviceable to his brother. At the same time, he formed acquaintance with several booksellers' apprentices, by whose furtive assistance he was enabled to extend the sphere of his reading. This gratification, however, was, for the most part enjoyed at the expense of his natural rest. "How often," says he, "has it happened to me to pass the greater part of the night in reading by my bedside, when the book has been lent me in the evening, and was to be returned the next morning, lest it might be missed or wanted! His studious habits and intelligent conversation also attracted the notice of a wealthy merchant who was in the habit of coming about the office, who invited him to his house, and gave him the use of an excellent library.

From the delight he took in the perusal of books, Franklin, at last, bethought him of trying his own hand at composition; his first efforts were of a poetical nature. His brother encouraged him to proceed, thinking such a talent might prove useful in the establishment. At the suggestion of the latter, therefore, he finished two ballads, which, after being printed, he was sent round the town to sell; and one of them, the subject of which was a a recent affecting shipwreck, had, he says, a prodigious run. But his father having heard of the circumstance, soon humbled the young poet's vanity, by analyzing his verses before him in a most unmerciful style, and demonstrating, as Franklin, says, what "wretched stuff they really were." This sharp lesson, which concluded with a warning that versifyers were almost uniformly beggars, effectually weaned him from his rhyming propensities.

Franklin immediately afterwards betook himself to the composition of prose, and the first opportunity of exercising his pen and his faculties in this way occurred in the following manner—He had an intimate acquaintance of the name of Collins, who was, like himself, passionately fond of books, and with whom he was in the habit of arguing upon such subjects as they met with in the course of their reading. Among other questions which they discussed in this way, one accidentally arose on the abilities of women, and the propriety of giving them a learned education. Collins maintained their natural unfitness for any of the severer studies, while Franklin took the contrary side of the question—"perhaps," he says, "a little for dispute sake." As they parted without bringing it to a termination, and as they were to be separated for some time, an agreement was made that they should carry on their argument by letter: This was accordingly done; when, after the interchange of several epistles, the whole correspondence happened to fall into the hands of Franklin's father. After perusing it with much interest, his natural acuteness and good sense enabled him to point out to his son, how inferior he was to his adversary in elegance of expression, arrange-

ment, and perspicuity. Feeling the justice of his parent's remarks, he forthwith studied most anxiously to improve his style; and the plan he adopted for this purpose is equally interesting and instructive.

"About this time," he says, "I met with an odd volume of the Spectator. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent; and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With that view, I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by a few days; and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the sentence again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should occur to me. Then I compared my Spectator with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual search for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound to the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales in the Spectator, and turned them into verse; and after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collection of hints into confusion; and after some weeks, endeavoured to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the subject. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of the thoughts. By comparing my work with the original I discovered many faults and corrected them; but I sometimes had the pleasure to fancy that in certain particulars of small consequence I had been fortunate enough to improve the method or the language; and this encouraged me to think that I might in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious."

Even at this early age nothing could exceed the perseverance and self-denial which he displayed, in pursuing his favourite object of cultivating his mental faculties to the utmost of his power. When only sixteen, he chanced to meet with a book in recommendation of a vegetable diet, one of the arguments at least in favour of which made an immediate impression upon him—namely its greater cheapness; and from this and other considerations, he determined to adopt that way of living for the future. Having taken this resolution, he proposed to his brother, that he should give him weekly only half what his board had hitherto cost, to board himself, an offer which was immediately accepted. "This," he says, "was an additional fund for buying books: but I had another advantage in it. My brother and the rest going from the Printing Office to their meals, I remained there alone, and dispatching quickly my light repast, which was often no more than a biscuit, or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins, or a tart from the pastrycook's, and a glass of water,—had the rest of my time, till their return, for study; in which I made the greater progress, from that greater clearness of head and quicker apprehension which generally attend temperance in eating and drinking."

It was about this time that, by means of Cocker's Arithmetic, he made himself master of that science, which he had twice attempted in vain to learn while at school; and that he also obtained some acquaintance with the

Elements of Geometry by the perusal of a Treatise on Navigation. He mentions, likewise, among the works which he now read, "Locke on the Human Understanding," and the "Art of Thinking," together with two sketches on the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, which initiated him in the Socratic mode of disputation.

A few years before this his brother had begun to publish a Newspaper, the second that had appeared in America. This brought most of the literary people of Boston occasionally to the Printing Office; and young Franklin often heard them conversing about the articles that appeared in the Newspaper, and the approbation which particular ones received. At last, inflamed with the ambition of sharing in this sort of fame, he resolved to try how a communication of his own would succeed. Having written his article, therefore, in a disguised hand, he put it at night under the door of the Printing Office, where it was found in the morning, and submitted to the consideration of the critics when they met as usual. "They read it," he says; "commented on it in my hearing; and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation; and that in their different guesses at the author, none were named but men of some character among us for learning and ingenuity." Encouraged by the success of this attempt, he sent several other pieces to the press in the same way, keeping his secret, till, as he expresses it, all his fund of sense for such performances was exhausted. He then discovered himself, and immediately found that he began to be looked upon as a person of some consequence by his brother's literary acquaintances.

The two brothers, however, lived together on very disagreeable terms, in consequence of the hasty and overbearing temper of the elder; and Benjamin anxiously longed for an opportunity of separating from him. This at last occurred. His brother was apprehended and imprisoned for some political article which offended the local government, and upon his liberation was prohibited from ever printing his Newspaper again. It was therefore determined that it should be published in Benjamin's name, who had managed it during his brother's confinement with great spirit and ability. To avoid having it said that the elder brother was only screening himself behind one of his apprentices, Benjamin's indenture was delivered up to him, discharged, and private indentures entered into for the remainder of his time. This underhand arrangement was proceeded in for several months, the paper continuing to be printed in Benjamin's name; but his brother having one day again broken out in one of his violent fits of passion, and struck him, he availed himself of his discharged indentures, well knowing that the others would never be produced against him, and gave up his employment. Franklin afterwards regretted his having taken so unfair an advantage of his brother's situation, and regarded it as one of the first errors of his life. His brother felt so exasperated on the occasion, that he went round to all the printing houses, and represented Benjamin in such a light that they all refused his services.

Seeing this, Benjamin, after selling his books to raise a little money, embarked on board a vessel for New York, without communicating his intention to his friends, who he knew would oppose it. In three days he found himself at the end of his voyage, near three hundred miles from his home, at the age of seventeen, without the least recommendation, or knowledge of any person in the place, and with very little money in his

pocket. Finding no employment at this place, he proceeded to Philadelphia, a hundred miles further. Applying, the day after his arrival, to a printer of the name of Keimar, he was taken into employment. After he had been some months in Philadelphia, he attracted the notice of the Governor of the Province, Sir William Keith, who advised him to return to Boston, when he would give him a letter to his father, who would, no doubt, from this, advance him the necessary sum to commence business in Philadelphia. Franklin accordingly set out for Boston by the first vessel, and upon his arrival, was very kindly received by all his family, except his brother, and surprised his father, not a little by presenting him with the governor's letter. For some time his father said little or nothing on the subject, merely remarking, that Sir William must be a person of small discretion, to think of setting a youth up in business who wanted three years to arrive at man's estate. The father, at length, decidedly refusing to have any thing to do with the arrangement, Benjamin returned to his patron, to tell him of his bad success, going this time, however, with the consent and blessing of his parents, who, finding how industrious he had been while in Philadelphia, were willing that he should continue there. When Benjamin presented himself to Sir William with his father's answer to the letter, the governor observed that his father was too prudent: "but since he will not set you up," added he, "I will do it myself." It was finally agreed that Franklin should proceed in person to England, to purchase types and other necessary articles, for which the governor was to give him letters of credit for one hundred pounds.

Upon Franklin's arrival in London, he presented one of the governor's letters to a stationer there to whom it was directed. "Oh, this is," exclaimed the latter, "from Riddlesdon,"—an attorney in Philadelphia, whom Franklin knew to be a thorough knave—"I have lately found him to be a complete rascal. Giving back the letter, the stationer turned on his heel. Upon this, Franklin's confidence in his patron began to be a little shaken; and, after reviewing the whole affair in his own mind, he resolved to lay it before a very intelligent mercantile gentleman, who had come over from America with him, and with whom he had contracted an intimacy on the passage. His friend very soon put an end to his doubts. "He let me," says Franklin, "into Keith's character; told me there was not the least probability that he had written any letters for me; that no one who knew him had the smallest dependence on him; and he laughed at the idea of the governor's giving me a letter of credit, having as he said, no credit to give."

Thus thrown once more on his own means, our young adventurer found there was no resource for him but to endeavour to procure some employment at his trade in London. Accordingly, having applied to a Mr. Palmer, a printer of eminence in Bartholomew Close, his services were accepted, and he remained there for nearly a year. During this time, he published a pamphlet in refutation of Wollaston's "Religion of Nature," which was the means of making himself known to a few of the literary characters then in London, among the rest to the noted Dr. Mandeville, author of the "Fable of the Bees;" and to Dr. Pemberton, Sir Isaac Newton's friend. He also became acquainted with the famous Collector and Naturalist, Sir Hans Sloane, the Founder of the British Museum, who had heard of some curiosities which Franklin had brought over from America. Among these was a purse of Asbestos, which Sir Hans purchased from him.

While with Mr. Palmer, and afterwards with Mr. Watts, near Lincoln's

Inn Fields, he gave very striking evidence of those habits of temperance, self-command, industry, and frugality, which distinguished him through after life, and which were undoubtedly the source of much of the success that attended his persevering efforts to raise himself from the humble condition in which he passed his earlier years.

After spending about eighteen months in London, Mr. Denham, the mercantile gentleman before mentioned, informed him he was going to return to Philadelphia to open a store there, and offered him the situation of his clerk, at a salary of fifty pounds. The money was less than he was now making as a compositor; but longing to see his native country again, he accepted the proposal. Accordingly they set sail together; and after a long voyage, arrived in Philadelphia on the 11th October, 1726.

Mr. Denham had only began business for a few months, when he died, and Franklin was once more left on the world.

He then engaged again with his master, Keimar, the printer; but remained but a short time with him, he joined one of his fellow workmen, named Meredith, and began business with him, types having been procured from England. He now established a newspaper, which had great success, and observations which he wrote therein on a colonial subject, obtained him many friends in the House of Assembly, so that he and his partner were appointed printers to the House. Meredith's father having failed to advance the capital which had been agreed upon, the former proposed to Franklin to relinquish the partnership, and leave the whole in his hands, if the latter would take upon him the debts of the concern, return to his father what he had advanced on their commencing business, pay his little personal debts, and give him thirty pounds and a new saddle. By the kindness of two friends, who, unknown to each other, came forward unasked to tender their assistance, Franklin was enabled to accept of this proposal; and thus, about the year 1729, when he was yet only in the twenty-fourth year of his age, he found himself, after all his disappointments and vicissitudes, with nothing, indeed, to depend upon but his own skill and industry for gaining a livelihood, and for extricating himself from debt; but yet in one sense fairly established in life, and with at least a prospect of well-doing before him.

His subsequent efforts in pursuit of fortune and independence were eminently successful. The first circulating library in America was established by him. A publication, in recommendation of a paper currency, obtained him at the time much popularity. In 1732 he first published his celebrated almanac, under the name of "Richard Saunders," but which was commonly known by the name of Poor Richard's Almanac. He continued this publication annually for twenty-five years. The proverbs and pithy sentences scattered up and down in the different numbers of it, were afterwards thrown together into a connected discourse, under the title of "The Way to Wealth," a production which has become so extensively popular, that every one of our readers is probably familiar with it, and which has been translated into various languages.

In 1733, Franklin says that he began to study languages; and soon made himself master of French, Italian, Spanish, and Latin. In 1736, he was chosen clerk of the General Assembly, and was soon after appointed deputy-postmaster to the state. These honourable preferments induced him to incline his thoughts to, and take a more active part in public affairs than he had hitherto done.

He first turned his attention to the state of the city police, which was then in a shameful condition, and he soon effected a reformation in the whole system. He afterwards suggested and promoted the establishment of a fire insurance company, the first that was projected in America. Shortly, again, he organised a philosophical society, an academy for the education of youth, and a militia for the defence of the province. In short, every department of the civil government, as he tells us, and almost at the same time, imposed some duty upon him. "The governor," he says, "put me into the commission of the peace; the corporation of the city chose me one of the common council; and the citizens at large elected me a burgess to represent them in assembly."

We will now proceed to introduce Franklin to our readers in an entirely new character, in which he lived to attract not his own countrymen alone, but the whole civilized world; so as to be a responsible agent in the production of events as mighty in themselves, and as pregnant with mighty consequences, as any belonging to modern history. We have to speak of Franklin's wonderful electrical discoveries. As the whole of his discoveries are to be found in the Treatise on Electricity, in the Library of Useful Knowledge, we cannot here attempt to give more than a general account of them.

The beginning of the year 1746 is memorable in the annals of electricity for the accidental discovery of the possibility of accumulating large quantities of the electric fluid, by means of what was called the Leyden jar or phial. The first announcement of its wonders excited the curiosity of all Europe. The accounts given of the electric shock by those who first experienced it are perfectly ludicrous, and well illustrate how strangely novel an unexpected result suddenly came upon it. This newly discovered and extraordinary phenomena very early engaged the attention of Franklin; and his inquisitive mind immediately set itself to work, to find out the reason of such strange effects. Out of his speculations and experiments arose the ingenious and beautiful theory of the action of the electric influence, which is known by his name; and which has ever since been received by the greater number of philosophers as the best, because the simplest and most complete demonstration of the phenomena that has as yet been given to the world. He considerably improved the Leyden jar by contriving the electrical battery.

Franklin was by no means the first person to whom the idea had suggested itself of a similarity between electricity and lightning. It is, however, to him alone that the glory belongs of both pointing out the true method of verifying this conjecture, and of actually establishing the perfect identity of the two powers in question.

He had known for some time the extraordinary power of pointed bodies, both in drawing and in throwing off the electric fire. The true explanation of this fact did not occur to him. In possession, however, of the fact, we find him concluding a paper on the subject, as follows: "The electric fluid is attracted by points. We do not know whether this property be lightning; but, since they agree in all the particulars in which we can already compare them, it is not improbable that they agree likewise in this. Let the experiment be made."

And he was the first that did make the experiment. His attention having been one day drawn by a kite which was flying, it suddenly occurred to him that here was a method of reaching the clouds preferable to any other.

Accordingly, he immediately took a large silk handkerchief, and stretching it over two cross sticks, formed in this manner his simple apparatus for drawing down the lightning from its cloud. Soon after, seeing a thunder-storm approaching, he took a walk into a field in the neighbourhood of the city, in which there was a shed, communicating his intentions, however, to no one but his son, whom he took with him. This was in June, 1752.

The kite being raised, he fastened a key to the lower extremity of the hempen string, and then, insulating it by attaching it to a post by means of silk, he placed himself under the shed, and waited the result. For some time no electricity appeared. A cloud, apparently charged with lightning, had even passed over them without producing any effect. At length, however, just as Franklin was beginning to despair, he observed some loose threads of the hempen string rise and stand erect, exactly as if they had been repelled from each other by being charged with electricity. Presenting his knuckle to the key, to his inexpressible delight, he drew from it the well known electrical spark. His emotion was so great at this completion of a discovery which was to make his name immortal, that he heaved a deep sigh, and felt that he could that moment have willingly died. As the rain increased, the cord became a better conductor, and the key gave out its electricity copiously. Had the hemp been thoroughly wet, the bold experimentor might, as he was contented to do, have paid for his discovery with his life.

He afterwards brought down lightning into his house by means of an insulated iron rod, and performed with it, at his leisure, all the experiments that could be performed with electricity. His active and practical mind was not satisfied even with the splendid discovery, until he had turned it to some useful purpose. It suggested to him the idea of a method of preserving buildings from lightning; consisting in nothing more than attaching to the building the well-known pointed metallic rod.

In one of his letters to Mr, Collinson, dated so early as 1784, he thus expresses himself.—"Chagrined a little that we have hitherto been able to produce nothing in this way of use to mankind, and the hot weather coming on, when electrical experiments are not so agreeable, it is proposed to put an end to them for the season somewhat humorously, in a party of pleasure on the banks of the Skuylkill, spirits at the same time are to be fired by a spark sent from side to side through the river, without any other conductor than the water—an experiment which we have some time since performed to the amazement of many. A turkey is to be killed for dinner by the electrical shock, and roasted by the electrical jack, before a fire kindled by the electrical bottle; when the healths of all the famous electricians in England, Holland, France, and Germany, are to be drunk in electrified bumpers under the discharge of guns from the electrified battery."

The account of Franklin's experiments, struck Buffon so forciby, that he had them translated into French, and printed in Paris. The Royal Society was induced to resume the consideration of the papers that had formerly been read to them. One of their members verified the grand experiment of bringing down lightning from the clouds; and upon his reading to them an account of his success, "they soon," says Franklin, "made me more than amends for the slight with which they had before treated me. Without my having made any application for that honour, they chose me a member; and

voted that I should be excused the customary payments, which would have amounted to twenty-five guineas; and ever since have given me their transactions gratis. They also presented me with the gold medal of Sir Godfrey Copley, the delivery of which was accompanied with a very handsome speech of the President, Lord Macclesfield, wherein I was highly honoured."

Some years afterwards, when he was in this country with his son, the University of St. Andrew conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws; and the example was followed by the Universities of Edinburgh and Oxford. He was also elected a member of many of the learned societies throughout Europe.

Upon the breaking out of the fatal disturbances, in consequence of Mr. Grenville's Stamp Act, Franklin had again returned to England, as agent for Pennsylvania and other states. He was every where received with respect, as a writer and philosopher. Finding all his endeavours ineffectual to induce a reconciliation between the mother-country and the colonies, he returned to America in 1775. In 1778, he was sent as ambassador to the court of France, after hostilities had commenced, when he brought about an alliance between that nation and the North American States. Upon the recognition of their independence, the definitive treaty to that effect was signed at Paris on the 3rd of September, 1783, by Dr. Franklin, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Jay on the part of the States. Franklin continued at Paris for the two following years; but at his own urgent request was recalled. Shortly after his return he was elected President of the Supreme Executive Council, and lent all his still perfect energies to consolidating the infant government. Age and infirmities, however, obliged him, in 1788, to retire altogether from public life; his last act—and it was one in beautiful accordance with the whole tenor of his life—was putting his signature as President of the Anti-Slavery Society, to a memorial presented to the house of Representatives, praying them to exert the full powers intrusted to them to discourage the revolting traffic in the human species. From this day forward, he was confined almost constantly to his bed with the stone, from which he suffered the most excruciating agony. Sinking gradually into a lethargic state, he quietly expired on the 17th of April, 1790, at the age of eighty four years and three months. The following epitaph, written by himself many years previous to his death, was inscribed on his tomb-stone:—

"The body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer,—like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stript of its lettering and gilding,—lies here food for worms; yet the work itself shall not be lost; for it will, as he believed, appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author."

No philosopher of the age stood on a prouder eminence than this extraordinary man, who had originally been one of the most obscure of the people, and had raised himself to all this distinction almost without the aid of any education but such as he had given himself. Who will say, after reading his story, that any thing more is necessary for the attainment of knowledge, than the determination to attain it. The secret of Franklin's success in the cultivation of his mental powers was, that he was ever awake and active in that business; that he suffered no opportunity of forwarding it to escape him unimproved; that, however poor, he found at least a few pence, were it even by diminishing his scanty meals, to pay for the loan of the books he could not buy; that however hard he wrought, he found a few hours in the

week to read and study them. Others may not have his presence of mind; but his industry, his perseverance, his self-command, are for the imitation of all mankind.

During this time, Franklin was once challenged to fight a duel, the circumstances of which were not a little curious, and were as follows. He was one night in a coffee house in London, in company with a number of literary and scientific gentlemen, who greatly admired his conversational powers, both for force and originality. A stranger, who was afflicted with a most offensive odour, and who seemed pleased with the conversation, came into the box in which the party was assembled. Franklin proposed that his friends should remove to another box, to escape the horrid smell. They did so, but the stranger followed them. Again, at Franklin's instance, they removed; and again the stranger followed: when, the former's patience getting exhausted, he addressed him, requesting him not to follow them again, for his seent was so offensive it could not be borne. He of the smell took this as a gross insult, and challenged Franklin, the next morning, to a duel. The latter thus replied to the challenge—"If I accept your challenge, and we fight, and you kill me, I shall, in a few days, smell as bad as you do now; if I kill you, you, will, if possible, smell worse than you do at present. In neither case can I see how any benefit can result to ourselves and others, and therefore I decline the challenge."—At this answer, Franklin's friends could not restrain their laughter, while the challenger thought it best to retire, rather than stand the brunt of the ridicule he had thus descrvedly inspired.

Upon receiving a letter once from a friend, who apologized for his bad spelling, Franklin in replying to it, comforts him in the following humorous manner:

"You need not be concerned, in writing to me about your bad spelling; for in my opinion, what is called bad spelling is generally the best, as conforming to the sound of the letters. To give you an instance, a gentleman received a letter in which were these words:—'Not finding Brown at *hom* I delivered your *messeg* to his *Yf.*' The gentleman called his wife to help him to read it. Between them they picked out all but the *yf*, which they could not understand. The lady proposed calling her chamber-maid, 'because Betty,' says she, 'has the best knack of reading bad spelling of any I know.' Betty came, and was surprised that neither of them could tell what *yf* was. "Why," she replied, '*yf* spells wife—what else can it spell?'—And, indeed, it is much better, as well as, a shorter method than *doubleyou*, i, f, e, which, in reality, spells doublewife"

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